



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. XIII., No. 4. }

APRIL, 1871.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

North British Review.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, AND METAPHYSICS.

THE three words, philosophy, psychology, and metaphysics, are words so frequently confounded, they are words of such comprehensive signification, and, lastly, they are words the use of which is so absolutely unavoidable by all deep thinkers—even those who most dislike the subjects which they represent—that it is worth while to attempt accurately to distinguish and define their meaning. I believe that they are all necessary words, and of perfectly distinguishable meaning; and I shall accordingly attempt to define each of them in turn.

I. In the times when the word Philosophy was first invented, there could have been no question with any intelligent man as to its true meaning, nor any need for a definition or explanation of it. As the love of wisdom, it stood to signify the whole sum of those efforts by which men get to know what is truest, highest, most important for their welfare. Nothing was

excluded from it; nothing lay outside its circumference. It was the attempt to comprise in one view all those relations, the knowledge of which is our guide to happiness. No one would then have dreamed of putting philosophy in antagonism to science, and arguing, from the splendid attainments of inquirers in certain definite lines, that the deep-rooted instinct of man to make a way for himself in the unknown, the unexperienced, the novel, the obscure, was henceforth to be quenched and die away. Such was not the temptation of a primitive age; they had too little accurate knowledge to be inclined to set up that which they had as a model to which all the future investigations of men must conform; they were not oppressed by the magnitude of their possessions; they had the freedom of all first beginnings. What they were not, we are. We have gained such wealth of knowledge that we are afraid to desert the structures that have been built for us

by the energy and ability of our predecessors. Here, we think, we are secure; here let us remain. Nevertheless in this, as in all other respects, the freedom of man must be vindicated. Even in the most firmly organized societies different members are perpetually severing themselves from the parent body to become the founders and originators of a new order of things, to establish offshoots and colonies which shall be instinct with a spirit as yet unheard of; and so it is with our knowledge. Whatever the solidity of our achievements, there is a necessity forever to refuse to be enslaved by them. To prevent our enslavement is the task of philosophy. Philosophy then is rightly opposed to science; but it is opposed to it not as if they were rival and incompatible endeavors, nor again as if they were different methods of pursuing the same object, nor again as if they were the pursuit of different branches of knowledge, as astronomy and geology are different branches. It is opposed to science as the germinal impulse is opposed to the perfected fruit, as the universal energy of creation is opposed to the particular concrete attainment. Astronomy, geology, chemistry, all the separate sciences, are the divers kind of produce which the teeming force of the human intellect has brought forth to the light of day and solidified in concrete manifestation; but the vivifying energy which created these is not confined to these, any more than the productive power of nature is limited to those plants and animals which at present exist; and the creative spirit must ever retire from the cosmos which is its accomplished work, and seek new modes of origination from the darkness from which it first issued.

Let us then consider the nature of this philosophical impulse, the different views held respecting it, its characteristics in birth and growth, its real and true aim as contrasted with that which may erroneously be assigned to it. The first idea of those who endeavor to take extensive and original views of things is to find some formula which shall be applicable to every imaginable circumstance and phenomenon. This was the aim of Thales, of Heraclitus, of Pythagoras; and these celebrated men put down water, fire, and number respectively as the ultimate foundation, as the key to the solution

of all things. What notions they had about the value of their doctrines to men, of the future progress of the race in knowledge, it would be vain to inquire. They doubtless thought, as many after them have thought, that they had arrived at finality, that after them none could any more move from the centre which they had established; and thus they fell into the first great danger of philosophy. The notion that the universe contains some one secret, the discoverer of which will be the greatest of mankind, is one into which original minds are the most prone to fall. It inspires them with the most brilliant ambition, the ambition of being the king of the intellects of the world, to whom all succeeding inquirers will acknowledge that their own victories are due.

But this notion, that there is any one secret in nature, which she jealously hides from us, but which we may, if clever enough, wrest from her, is the bane of philosophy. As long as it is entertained, it will be useless to try to avert the ridicule of men of the world or men of science, who will insist on putting the awkward question, whether philosophers have yet found what they are looking for. Secure in their own success, since they sought after the clearly attainable, they will plausibly argue that philosophers, in the endeavor to gain a deeper insight, have grasped at mere moonshine and shadow.

But let it once be acknowledged that there is no such single secret of nature, and philosophy is free again. Secrets enough nature has; to unfold them one after another is the highest intellectual delight; it is the very task of philosophy to feel that what has hitherto been supposed to be open and plain really conceals depths of being, to exhibit which fully is a task for long ages. But this is an infinite process; the end of it will never be reached. If we are to accept in any sense that legend of the veiled Isis, we must interpret the veil as signifying, not any mysterious self-concealment of an unknown power, but the pure open infinity which escapes our apprehension by its simple magnitude.

Nothing has so much tended in modern times to foster the idea of a single secret of nature as the great discovery of Newton. To those who during the last century saw the unfolding of the theory of gravita-

tion, and the universality of the region over which it prevailed, it was no unnatural thought that this was that to which all future inquiry must be subservient. And yet, whether gravitation according to Newton's law be really universal or not, it is certain that even physical science has not by any means tied itself down by a rigid connection with the theory. Electricity, magnetism, the development of species, the development of language, are all subjects which, at any rate at present, lie quite outside the theory of gravitation. It therefore was very useless trouble in many of the promoters of spiritual science to endeavor to obtain some great spiritual principle which should displace Newton's theory from its imagined position of arbiter of the universe. It was more than useless; it was even injurious to them. For the great secrets of the universe are not specially disclosed to those who have an extraordinary ambition to discover them, but at the time when the minds of men are ripe for them.

When then I say that philosophy has for its aim to quit the certain, clear, and definite, and to elicit new modes of origination and discovery from the obscure and dark parts of the universe, this must not be taken to mean that philosophy has for its aim to find out the secret of the universe. Doubtless that unity of feeling and impulse, that kinship of nature, which runs—so we cannot avoid believing—through all things animate, and as some would think even through what we call the inanimate, will impress itself on the philosopher, and guide him in his research. Doubtless, too, the philosopher must aim at universality. This is an essential part of the distinction between him and the scientific inquirer; for the scientific inquirer avowedly takes only a portion of the field of knowledge as his own. But there is the widest difference between the idea that nature has one ultimate secret, and this impulse after universality. The latter does not presuppose finality; the former does.

To proceed. It is an error to suppose that philosophy is connected in a special manner with the science of mind. It is an error, too, purely of recent times; no ancient philosopher conceived in this way of philosophy. Thales and Heraclitus, Plato and Aristotle, all regarded the physical universe as material for the most widely speculative intellect. It is true

that the way in which these four thinkers respectively regarded physical research was very different. To Thales and Heraclitus, the difference between mental and physical inquiry had not yet suggested itself; nor indeed did they contemplate any division of the field of knowledge into separate branches. When Heraclitus declared that fire was the essence of the universe, and that all things are in a state of flux, he did not regard himself as a physical inquirer, or as a mental inquirer, but as an inquirer simply. In Plato's time physical science was beginning to develop itself as a separate study; and, as we see in the *Phædo*, he rejected it. But it is to be observed why he rejected it. He did not, like many modern writers, allow the excellence of physical science, and then set it side by side with philosophy, as separate subjects; in which case he would certainly have limited the area of philosophy to mental science. But he rejected the physical science of his day precisely because it was erecting itself as a separate subject, because it did not submit itself to that deeper philosophy which he sought to promote. So far was he from excluding the physical universe from his thought, that in the *Timæus* he made an elaborate theory of it. He did indeed err in this rejection; for none without deliberately shutting his eyes can deny the splendid success of physical science as a separate subject. But his error was the error of a noble mind. He had an intellect that imperatively demanded unity. He could not endure schism either in the universe, or in state polity, or in the thought of man. And it is evident that when physical science or any other pursuit separates itself from the central aim of man's nature, a schism is, to a certain extent, produced in that nature. It required more experience than Plato perhaps could have possessed to discern that such a schism is only superficial, that knowledge is advanced by men's devoting themselves to the separate branches of it respectively, and that such a separation of pursuits does not imply that each inquirer is cut off from the central root, the unity of the whole, which is on the contrary that which supplies to all inquirers their life and energy. Aristotle was the first to teach the separation of the sciences; and this was one of the greatest steps ever taken in the

development of knowledge. But Aristotle was very far from thinking that knowledge was entirely multiform, and that philosophy had to do with one branch of it, and not with another. He was as well aware as Plato that all knowledge was a single realm, though he had not the enthusiastic eagerness of Plato to contemplate this whole realm at once.

It is clear then that in the primitive original idea of philosophy, investigation into the physical universe formed a part of it. It is, however, a different and much harder task to show that this is still a part of philosophy—that the physical sciences are not independent, isolated systems, but that they have their root in the philosophical impulse, and that it is by this impulse that they become connected and receive development. And to show the full relations of physical science with philosophy, it is necessary to have recourse to wider principles than physical science can supply.

All true philosophy seeks, as has been said, to be universal, and to contemplate the universe as a whole possessed of an intrinsic unity. Hence all true philosophy must assume that the dualism of mind and matter (the broadest division of things with which we are acquainted) is only an apparent dualism, and that beneath it lies a more comprehensive unity. Every true philosopher is penetrated by the sense of this unity, and seeks as far as possible to exhibit it. No philosopher has yet exhibited it fully; and the full exhibition of it is more likely to come about by the gradual development of thought than by any sudden discovery. But there are two ways in which a philosopher may attempt, as far as he is able, to exhibit the unity of matter and mind, or, to use a better term, spirit. He may set down matter as ultimate, and make spirit a function of matter; or he may set down spirit as ultimate, and make matter a function of spirit. The former is, in one respect, the most obvious, and at present certainly the most workable method. For the material universe is given to our eyesight as a whole; all its parts are continuous; whereas the spiritual world appears to consist of a number of isolated, independent beings, and it is very difficult to conceive of it otherwise. It is then much easier, in our investigations, to consider spirit as a

function of matter, than to consider matter as a function of spirit. Nevertheless, few who reflect on the question are able to resist the conclusion that the universe is, fundamentally, spiritual. If we analyze what we mean by matter, we find that each of its elements taken separately—such as color, smell, taste, even size and shape—is capable of being considered a function of mind. The percipient is as necessary to the existence of these elements as is the thing perceived. If there were no eyes in the world, there might be the vibration of an undulatory ether, but there would not be color, in our sense of the word color. It used to be thought that shape and size were absolute qualities of matter; but the eminent English psychologists have shown that without the energy of the percipient these qualities would also fade away into unmeaningness. Hence it is that there is no quality of matter which is incapable of being exhibited as a function of the percipient mind. But, on the other hand, there are spiritual qualities incapable of being exhibited as functions of matter. Our passions and emotions are purely spiritual. Take anger or fear, for example. The signs of anger or fear, the redness or paleness, may indeed be exhibited on the face of a man; but these signs are no more to be identified with the emotion itself of anger or of fear than are the letters of the words anger or fear printed on this paper. These considerations appear to prove that if we could contemplate the universe as a single whole the fundamental character of it would be seen to be spiritual.

If this be true, then it must be the effort of the philosopher to subordinate the material to the spiritual, to assign to every external law a meaning derived from the internal, to show that gravitation, electricity, the cohesion of granite, the fluidity of waters, have in them that which is not without kinship to the impulses of man. But this is a hard task; nor, in saying that it must be the effort of the philosopher, is it implied that it must be his total effort. For the search after knowledge has, as was implied in what was said about Plato, a double character. Partly we have to throw ourselves freely over the wide realms of nature, and gather in the diversity of objects which she presents to

us; partly we have to discern the unity of character and principle prevailing among the diversity of objects. The philosopher must not, while pursuing the latter aim, neglect the former; or his philosophy will wither up for want of sustenance. He, above all other inquirers, must desire to be Catholic, universal, uniform; but there are schisms in our knowledge which he must tolerate, to which he must at present submit himself.

Those philosophers who endeavor to bring to its completion this great tendency of philosophy, to exhibit the spiritual unity of the world as dominating over and comprising all other laws, are called metaphysicians. Of their methods more will be said presently. Here it will be sufficient to remark, that their end, though one that all men must hope for and believe in, is yet not one immediately practical and visible. Time will, as I believe, work on their side; the material will be gradually penetrated and transformed by the spiritual. But we must beware of thinking that metaphysics is the only philosophy, or that the physical sciences will remain in their isolated schismatic state until that final culminating moment when they shall be shown to be subordinate to the spiritual unity.

On the contrary, philosophy is even now, and has ever been, at work among the sciences. A vast and gradual influence tends to bring these separate portions of our knowledge into connection with each other—an influence sometimes vaguer, sometimes clearer, but always rising out of vagueness into clearness, sometimes tending to attach only some two or three sciences together, sometimes applicable to the whole range of our knowledge. Thus the nebular hypothesis, if true, would connect astronomy and geology, and if carried far enough, would probably wholly unite these sciences; but it need not touch upon any science but these two, though, of course, it might do so. Thus the nebular hypothesis is a philosophical effort, though one of a limited character. Its tendency, as far as it goes, is to make our knowledge uniform; but it does not go very far in this direction. On the other hand, the theory of evolution, of the development of the heterogeneous out of the homogeneous, as given by Mr. Herbert Spencer, is a very wide philosophical effort; there is hardly any portion of our

knowledge, material or spiritual, to which it is not applicable; it has a strong tendency to promote the unity of our knowledge. Not that even this, or any effort within our present capacity, attains to anything like the dimensions of a final philosophy. It is enough that the tendency exists; that all our knowledge is undergoing a perpetual remodelling, a fundamental change which is not destruction but renovation. There is not an atom of it which is not continually being set in some new point of view, wherein it is harmonized with other portions that have hitherto been supposed alien to it. This change is the work of philosophy; and it is evident that all philosophy is not spiritual philosophy. The tendency of philosophy is spiritual; those who seek to bring all our knowledge into harmony will be compelled to have recourse to spiritual principles; but as there are purely material parts of our knowledge, so there are purely material ways of harmonizing those parts.

Thus while philosophy has a clear and universal aim—namely, to bring all knowledge, all reality, into harmony—and while philosophy, as a whole (unless the view here maintained be wrong), has a metaphysical and spiritual tendency, and the principles which will gradually shine clearer and clearer in proportion to our increased command of truth are spiritual principles, yet this latter belief is no part of the meaning of the word Philosophy, as it is a part of the meaning of the word Metaphysics; and the philosopher will not bind himself down to any spiritual principle, but will seize upon any facts, any forms of representation, which appear to him able to harmonize and link together different portions of our knowledge. Thus a philosopher may know his theories to be partial, and not universal, as would be the case with those who thought of the nebular hypothesis; but he could not call himself a philosopher without a belief that his theories directly aided the establishment of a universal harmony.

Here, however, it is that philosophy touches upon science. For the essential characteristic of science is, that it submits to be partial for the sake of clearness; so that when philosophy submits to be partial, even with a view to furthering the universal harmony of knowledge, it touches the border of science. And in fact there is no

clearly marked line between philosophy and science; though of some views we may say decidedly, "these are scientific," and of others, "these are philosophical." It is the first aim of the scientific inquirer, not to enlarge his range, but to be accurate and complete within his range; it is the first aim of the philosopher to embrace a large compass, so that he is compelled to submit to a want of definiteness for the sake of universality. The solid masses of knowledge, which we call the sciences, stand in a manner isolated, like the planets and stars in the heaven; and just as in the material universe there floats an ether, dividing and yet uniting the solid orbs, so those parts of our knowledge which we are entitled to consider fixed and certain are separated and at the same time united by large tracts of obscurity, enlightened by only a few elementary principles. Philosophy is bound not to shrink from dealing with these tracts of comparative obscurity; the scientific inquirer does, with reason, pass them over: but it is not unimportant to our welfare that they should be kept before our notice. Thus all theories on the nature of things which are too large to be corroborated and verified by such observation of facts as we can command, and yet are such as within this limitation approve themselves to our reason, are essentially philosophical. Scientific men are afraid of vagueness; but it is right not to be too much afraid of vagueness, though no one should be content with resting in it. Those who refuse at the outset to take into their consideration regions that to their apprehension are dark or dimly lighted, who confine themselves to clear ideas and irrefutable logic, will never effect anything original. Few men indeed are aware how great their ignorance is; or, if they are compelled to own it in any case, their next resource is to represent the subject as inaccessible to human inquiry altogether, so that at any rate they may not be inferior to others. But the truth is, there are immense tracts, of which we are ignorant now, which are not necessarily inaccessible to human inquiry, and in which patient observation may disclose to us here one gleam, there another; and it is a most essential part of philosophy not to let us ignore these tracts. Even in such sciences as chemistry and astronomy, how much there is which must be true, which will be dis-

covered, of which we have not the shadow of an idea now; and how much more when we come to the thoughts and faculties of men or of brutes. The obscure, inchoative character of philosophy is intimately connected with the originality and universality of it.

And if it be objected that what is here said of the obscurity of the realms of philosophy is not consistent with what was previously said of philosophy being the endeavor to harmonize all knowledge, this is by no means the case. Philosophy is not responsible for the fact of our ignorance, though it is that which convinces us of our ignorance: in obeying the purely free and unconfined impulse to know the world in which we live, we do actually find that the fields of our knowledge are but as islands in an ocean of the unknown. Is it possible, in endeavoring to harmonize all reality, to ignore realities which are unknown or half-known, as if they were non-existent? It is impossible; and therefore philosophy, in the endeavor to be universal, must of necessity linger among the obscure.

Yet philosophy is not alien from science; and if we like, we may consider science simply as philosophy contracting itself for the moment and bringing itself to a focus. For philosophy is nothing more than thought, the thought of the successive generations of men; and though thought is infinite in its capacity, it can narrow itself to grasp the finite. And when we come to the great generalizations of science, the highest successful achievements of the human intellect, we feel it not unnatural to call the authors of them philosophers. We call Newton a philosopher. And again, if we look at these great generalizations, it is observable that they were, for the most part, distinctly reached by the way of philosophy; that is, they occurred not to men whose minds were bent on the clear and comprehensible, but to men whose minds roamed over the spaces of the unknown. The theory that the earth goes round the sun was thought of centuries before Copernicus; and even Copernicus did not prove it; so gradually did it emerge out of the category of the fantastic into the category of the demonstrated. Kepler's laws were not certainly thought of before Kepler; but if Kepler had not possessed

an immense imaginative power, such as on other occasions displayed itself in hypotheses seemingly the most eccentric, all the clear thinking in the world would never have discovered what he discovered. Gravitation was thought of before Newton; the atomic theory, in quite ancient times; the development of species is even yet rather a hypothesis believed from its adaptation to our reason, than a theorem proved on the evidence of facts.

One of the best instances of the aid which even a partly erroneous philosophical theory may lend to the formation of clear science, is afforded by the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. And this is especially noticeable; for the Ptolemaic system grounded itself on observation more than most scientific systems do; so that if we can see the remodelling impulse, the element native to thought, working in this system, it will be plain how greatly it must prevail through all science. Now the theory of epicycles and eccentrics, on which the whole Ptolemaic system was based, and without which it would have been impossible to register and preserve those observations which were the indispensable preliminaries of the Copernican system, was essentially philosophical. It sprang up in the Platonic school; it was adopted by Aristotle. It was a theory that, rough as it was, still demanded the effort of thought, and not merely the keen eyesight. It had another characteristic common in philosophy; in it we see truth gradually emerging from error, the truth and the error at first commingled in one hypothesis, and then the slow deposition of the error, and the liberation of the truth that had previously been contained in solution. The theory of epicycles, as is well known, was this: that every heavenly body moved in an orbit traced by some point of a wheel revolving round another wheel. Now originally, these wheels were supposed to be actual material, solid, though invisible bodies, and the planets and stars to be stuck on to them, as a stone may stick on to the wheel of a carriage. In this form the theory was untrue; yet it contained the germ of a truth. Nor perhaps could the truth at first have been set forth, or at least have taken hold of the minds of men, without the admixture of error. The living truth lay in the dead error, as a chicken before

it is hatched lies in the egg-shell. The hard lifeless shell can withstand the external forces which would overpower the living thing were it too soon exposed to them. And, precisely in the same way, the lifeless, unproductive mass of error may, by the fact of its easy intelligibility, take hold of men's minds far more readily than the exact truth, which is always difficult to understand, could have done; and in this way the truth is enabled to survive till a period comes when it is strong enough to break from the surrounding crust, and develop without fear. This is a process which we constantly see; and where the error is simply dead error, and has not a pernicious activity, it is a very beneficial process. And accordingly, when Hipparchus came, he discarded that portion of the theory of epicycles which had been necessary to render the theory originally comprehensible, namely, the materiality of the wheels, and retained the rest. And in this form the theory of epicycles, in its broad features, was actually true; not the highest astronomical truth, not so comprehensive as the hypothesis of Kepler, but still true and for the time most important. And both Hipparchus and Ptolemy would probably have agreed in this further characteristic of their theory—that it was a tentative theory, which might in time be superseded by something better; and this tentativeness, implying as it does a radical development, and not merely change in the subordinate branches of a hypothesis, is essentially philosophical. We know at all events that Ptolemy was as well aware of the cumbrousness of his epicycles as was Milton or King Alfonso.

No considerable development can take place, either in any separate science, or in the great whole of knowledge, which comprises so much that is not yet formed into the solidity of a science, without passing through this stage, which is the philosophical stage—the stage of tentativeness, incompleteness, formation. But sometimes this stage may be contained within very narrow limits. And occasionally, in the development of a particular science, the philosophical stage will be confined to the breast of one individual, so that to the multitude it will appear as if there was no philosophical stage at all—as if the science had simply widened from one

clear hypothesis to another equally clear and wider. Thus botany, as a particular science, has had perhaps the minimum of philosophical speculation; the Linnaean classification has been superseded by the natural classification, not certainly without tentativeness, but with as little tentativeness as is possible in such a change. On the other hand, geology has always been, and still is, open to a vast amount of tentative speculation. And when we come to the great whole of knowledge—to the connections of the sciences and the interspaces between them, to all the array of facts and principles that cannot be set down as belonging to any particular science—there must, we may be sure, always be room for the philosophical impulse to work in. Nor will any new science arise except by this philosophical impulse determining itself in a particular direction; so that philosophy may justly be considered the parent of science.

Let us then recapitulate the characteristics of philosophy. The philosophy of an individual is the view which the world as a whole presents to the mind of that individual; so that, as has often been said, every man must have a philosophy. But it is seldom thought worth while to speak of the view which any man takes of the world as a philosophy, unless where the man has tried to grasp and hold consistently the total sum of knowledge possessed by his generation. Philosophy, then, is the effort of each successive generation to contemplate the world as a whole; to look at the universe with its own eyes and not under a merely traditional aspect; to unfold from the realms of obscurity new principles which may unite and harmonize those portions of reality which at present we know only as disconnected; to suggest modes of harmonizing where certainty is unattainable; to arrange all reality in order, from the seed to the tree, from the genesis to the perfect development. Universality and originality are the essential aims of philosophy. And for the sake of these it must resign itself to being inchoative and obscure in many parts, especially in its most fundamental principles: whereas science resigns universality for the sake of clearness. Yet philosophy is not separated by any broad line from science; for what is universal to one man and one age may be partial to another man or another age. There

is only one assertion in the above pages respecting philosophy that needs further proof—the assertion, namely, that it has a spiritual tendency, that the universal view of the world tends more and more to become a spiritual view. But the proof of this will come more fitly when we consider metaphysics.

II. Psychology is the science of mind considered as a function of the material world. In saying this, it is of course not denied that psychology may gradually disclose the spiritual unity of which mention has been made. But it bases itself on the material unity; this is its primary foundation.

No one can look out into the world, and not be conscious that he knows a great deal more than the simple phenomena of sense. He knows that there are living beings beside himself, who like himself have sight and hearing and feeling, and moreover, like himself, have desire and pleasure and pain. Men, beasts, birds, insects—not to go any further than these, it is at any rate unquestionable that these do actually see and hear, desire and feel. The question then immediately arises, What is it that these men and living creatures round us see, desire, and know? Can we appropriate to ourselves truly their mental state, put ourselves into their position, see as they see, desire as they desire, think as they think? We know that within certain limits we can; and we know that we can progress in this knowledge of our fellow-creatures. And just as the object of physical science is to enable us to represent to ourselves those portions of nature which are capable of striking on our senses, but which do not actually strike on our senses, because they are absent from our immediate neighborhood and environment, so the object of psychological science is to enable us to represent to ourselves those feelings and desires, that knowledge and thought, which belong to other living beings than ourselves.

It is quite impossible to deny the reality and solidity of psychological science. As certain as we are that the cities, the houses, the rivers, the sun, and the sky do really exist, and are real objects, into the nature and properties of which we can inquire, so certain are we that every one of

our friends and relations, that every man in the streets, every beast and bird and insect, has feelings, senses, desires. *What* is felt or thought or desired, either by men or by the beasts and birds, we do not know, or at least we do not know with anything like the accuracy with which we know our own feelings and sensations; but we are sure that their mental state is not a mere dream of our own, and that by the growth of our own experience, and thought, and reflection, we can get to know more and more of what is passing in the minds of others, whether of other men or of creatures other than men. Further; not only is psychology most certainly a real science, but it is also a most assiduously and successfully cultivated science; and the welfare of the world depends on its successful cultivation. If men did not know what was passing in the minds of their fellow-men, if certain persons had not a very wide and clear knowledge of what was passing in the minds of their fellow-men, would not the world collapse in a month? It is because we can anticipate what others will think and feel in consequence of actions of our own that we are able to act in harmony with others. Families are preserved, states are preserved, the whole society of nations is preserved in happiness, prosperity, and continual progress, because the different members of families and states, and the different several nations, have the knowledge of each other's thoughts and feelings. Directly this knowledge departs from a family or a state, that family or that state begins to fall asunder and decay. Barbarians have far less knowledge of each other's minds than civilized men have; and this is why barbarous tribes are so fleeting and unstable. Nay, we cannot carry our eyes back two hundred years in the world's history and not perceive that the knowledge which mankind possess of each other has been largely increased during the interval; different nations and different religious bodies have no longer that distrust and hatred of each other that they had then. And this has been effected by no cause so much as this (though other subsidiary and partly material causes might be named), that writers of various kinds who by study and natural insight have become possessed of wide knowledge of their fellow-men have made

it their business to diffuse that knowledge through the world.

It will be obvious to remark that the conception of psychology presented above includes much more than is found in the ordinary treatises on psychology. It is so; and yet I think that my account of psychology is fully justified, or rather demanded, by the history of the word. The word psychology was first invented to indicate a science of mind founded on an experimental basis. Those who invented it thought the aim of the metaphysicians—the complete subordination of matter to spirit—too ambitious an effort at all events for our present powers. But, they said, at any rate we can know something about mind; mind is presented to us as a phenomenon in the universe; as a phenomenon let us study it. This, then, was the primitive aim of psychology,—to study mind as it is given to us in connection with the actual world. And does not this aim fully cover the account of psychology given above? It would perhaps be better to speak of the psychological sciences than of psychology; for our whole experimental knowledge of mind is capable of being divided into as many separate portions as our experimental knowledge of matter. But psychology is the shorter term, and so far preferable. Nor is there any prescriptive usage sufficiently strong to tie down psychology to the meaning which Mr. Spencer and Mr. Bain give to it, namely, the account of the origin and development of the faculties of man. And besides, to say the truth, able as the treatises of those writers are, and numerous as are the points of light evolved in their inquiry, I conceive that a continuous and progressive science of the nature of that which they seek to establish requires a wider basis than they have given to it. I must then now proceed to point out the numerous divisions of the experimental science of mind; and I think it can be shown that they all have their correspondent in physical science.

First of all, there are parts of physical science which deal not with principles at all, or at least not primarily with principles, but with simple facts. Take geography, for instance. This is mere description of what exists; the geographer does not enter into the question how the mountains, rivers, and seas came into existence, the date of the foundation of towns, the

rise and fall of the nations whom he marks in his maps, but simply says: There they are; these mountains, rivers, seas, towns, nations, do exist; and I record their existence. Nor can there be the slightest doubt of the utility of such a pursuit. Now the history of the annalist is in mental science that which corresponds to geography in physical science. The object of the annalist is to describe men, men as they actually exist, what the acts are that concrete human beings have done, what the feelings by which they have been moved, what the organizations that they have made. It is not the main duty of the annalist to philosophize, to generalize, to discuss political and social problems. True, he may do all this incidentally, just as the geographer may have a chapter on the geology of the countries which he describes; but the main purpose of his work is to describe concrete facts, namely, the actions, thoughts, and passions of individual men. Natural history, again, is a branch of physical science which is almost entirely descriptive. The explorer who traverses the Brazilian forests or the islands of the Eastern archipelago has one principal duty—to say what he sees there, what variety of birds, beasts, insects, trees, herbs, occupy those regions. He may philosophize; but this is not his most immediate task. And there is a natural history of mind as well as of matter. To describe the different races of men, or the different classes—such, for instance, as the blind or deaf, or those who pursue special occupations, as miners, sailors, weavers—to describe them not merely externally, but in respect of their faculties, habits, desires, is a worthy object, and one that has in many instances been undertaken with success. This, the least scientific portion of science, is that which most approaches the function of the artist. Vivid representation is the first, second, and third duty of the artist. He is better for being a philosopher as well; but, if he is not, it is no vital error.

But the great mass of science, physical or mental, has far more generalization than belongs even to that of the geographer or the annalist—very far more than belongs to poetry or art. Thus it is that we have those great sciences which extend themselves beyond the limits of our experience, and from slight signs

deduce the knowledge of what has been but never met the eye of man, and of what will be but will never meet the eye of him who predicts it, which does not even in imagination come before the eye of the thinker as he predicts it, but is understood through symbols only. Astronomy, geology, botany, zoölogy, are among these; the distant in space or time, the long sequence of causes through the ages, the metamorphoses which the forms of nature, animate or inanimate, have gone through in their progress to their present state, are rendered comprehensible by such sciences as these. In them the penetrating and unravelling power of thought adds far more to the simple senses than the telescope and microscope add to the naked eye. And there are psychological sciences which correspond to these physical sciences. Political phenomena, social phenomena, respectively afford materials for systems not less broad, not less real, though at present less developed, than astronomy and geology. Little as I am able to agree with the total conception of philosophy and science entertained by the Positivists (as far at least as its polemical and best-known phases are concerned), to this extent I can go along with them—that political and social science is of all the spiritual sciences that which promises at present most immediate fruits to our research. But there are many more branches of psychological science. The capacities of the lower races of mankind furnish an interesting subject for investigation; an equally interesting and more practical subject is furnished by the capacities of the poorer classes among civilized nations. How little is this understood, and yet how important is the understanding of it! The simple character of the intellect of the poor, not incapable of entertaining the most generous ideas but unable to limit those ideas by considerations of practical necessity, is a matter which statesmen are imperatively required to understand, but which few understand rightly. Curious, again, as a more accurate gauge of intellectual power than perhaps any that could be instituted, would it be to compare the capacity for apprehending number and mathematical formulæ in different races and classes. There are savages, it is said, who cannot count beyond five. Can we enter into, understand the possibility of, such a state of

mind? We cannot; in such a case it is hardly more difficult for the lower intellect to advance to the higher, than for the higher to retrace its steps, and, through imaginative sympathy, put itself in the position of the lower. Yet it is a real problem for us to do so; and the solution of it might have most important results. Again, the mental and intellectual condition of beasts is a subject of which it would be difficult to overestimate the interest. Those most conversant with beasts, most able to understand their feelings and capacities, have hitherto had too little of the scientific spirit. But that it is a most fruitful subject does not admit of question. In all these subjects, physical science can contribute much, in some cases essential, aid; but the subjects themselves are psychological.

Further, just as there is a science which deals with the highest and most universal abstractions of the material universe, namely, mathematics; so there is a science which deals with the highest and most universal abstractions of mind, namely, logic. The material universe can be surveyed in many aspects; but in all its aspects it has one common property—it can be measured; and mathematics is the science of measurement. So, too, mind can be regarded in many aspects; but one common property it always has—it reasons, consciously, or unconsciously; and logic is the science of reasoning. But yet, just as mathematics is not the deepest philosophy of the material universe—just as a far more concrete theory, whether it be the atomic theory or any other, is required to lie at the root of the great physical sciences, to be to them as a common origin, a common principle, and to bind them together—so logic is not the deepest philosophy of mind. Logic is concerned with the form of thought, as the Germans express it, not with its substance; it is a science of abstractions, which may indeed be illustrated, by concrete instances, but does not primarily take any concrete phenomenon, or series of phenomena, as its subject. A more fundamental philosophy of mind is required. Now if the materialist view be true, that matter is the absolutely fundamental element, of which mind is merely a function, then of course the fundamental philosophy of mind is to be looked for in those atomic theories which are the deepest in

all physical research, and all psychology must centre in these, and radiate from these. There are, however, reasons compelling man to believe spirit to be the deepest element in the universe; and hence a philosophy has to be sought which ought indeed to amalgamate with the deepest philosophy of the material sciences, but ought to underlie it, and be plainly the original of which that is the derivative. This deepest philosophy of the psychological sciences is metaphysics; and to the consideration of metaphysics we must now proceed.

III. Metaphysics is the endeavor to demonstrate and bring clearly to light the spiritual unity of the world, not as contradictory of the material unity, but as underlying it, and being the source from which it proceeds.

The connections between metaphysics on the one side and philosophy and psychology respectively on the other side have already been indicated; but it may be worth while to repeat them. Philosophy is the endeavor to take a view of the world as a whole, with all its parts ranged in the order of their genesis and development; and if, as I believe, in such an arrangement a spiritual force, a spiritual principle, is found to be the most primitive element, then philosophy will be found to centre round metaphysics. Psychology is the endeavor to know all we can about spiritual beings and spiritual faculties as exhibited in the world, without necessarily endeavoring to reduce our knowledge on these subjects to an organic unity. But if we do endeavor to bring out such an organic unity, and if such a unity is necessarily a spiritual unity, then the search after such an organic unity is metaphysics. Thus, while it is quite impossible to deny philosophy and psychology their place as rational and useful attempts, there is one hypothesis, and only one, by holding which we should deny the possibility of metaphysics—the hypothesis, namely, that matter is capable of being rationally taken as the origin of all things, and that spirit, in all its manifestations, is capable of being exhibited as a function of matter. I have given reasons for believing this to be impossible; and it must now be shown how natural is the belief that spirit is the absolute first origin of things, and how perfectly it is re-

concilable with what we know of the laws of the physical universe. I must premise, however, that I do not promise absolute demonstration, or the explanation of all the phenomena. A belief may be the only rational belief, and yet such as we cannot verify in detail.

That we all "live, and move, and have our being" in God; that we are "children of God," and therefore brethren of each other—such are the most familiar expressions by which it has been endeavored to express the intrinsic unity of spiritual beings; and schemes of conduct have been laid down as the fit and natural result of the belief thus expressed. These schemes of conduct belong to religion, and into the subject of religion I cannot here enter; but the meaning of the belief itself it will be proper, as far as possible, to elucidate.

If we regard, on the one hand, the phenomena of the external world, and on the other hand all those different personalities endued with passions, senses, faculties, that together make up what we understand by the spiritual world, these two classes of intelligible things move to a certain extent parallel to each other in such a way that the material phenomenon is the symbol or, so to speak, the shorthand register of the spiritual state. This parallelism, indeed, is not manifest beyond certain limits. There are many thoughts, many emotions, that pass through our minds, which do not give, even for a moment, any token of their existence to the bystander who watches our bodily frame. Conversely, in the external world, inorganic matter appears purely soulless. And even among organic living beings it is only animals that by their outward frame give us any index of a spiritual state; and in most cases the index is a vague and imperfect one. Still, however imperfect, the parallelism is real. If we look at the broad types of character and faculty, each is attached to some definite outward characteristic, from which it is never dissociated. A powerful intellect is invariably united with a complex structure of the brain. If we analyzed the brain of a Newton, and then the brain of a Hottentot, we should be quite certain that the latter would have far fewer convolutions than the former. If we found an animal without eyes, we should assume at once that it could not see. The habitual feel-

ings of men leave an unmistakeable stamp on their face, their mien, and bearing; even transient momentary feelings have an equally distinct mark, unless where care is taken to suppress this mark, as is generally the case with civilized men. And it is to be observed that the more permanent is the feeling or faculty the more permanent is the outward index which denotes it. Thus the paleness of fear passes away with the fear, the blush of shame with the shame; but intellect, being of a more permanent nature, has a more permanent symbol in the brain, and so has the faculty of sight in the eyes, and the faculty of hearing in the ears.

All these are obvious facts. That to which I shall now proceed is the extension of the principle involved in these facts to regions where it is only possible to conjecture, and not to see clearly its operation. But the conjectures that will be brought forward are those, as I think, naturally suggested by a view of the universe as it is.

I say then that this function of material bodies, to be the expression of spiritual states and spiritual agencies, is no mere casual function, one out of many; that, on the contrary, it is the one primitive function of matter, its fundamental essence, to be the intermediate agency in the spiritual world, the means by which the parts of the living whole communicate with and affect each other; that body is strictly definable as the manifestation of spirit to spirit. The proposition conveyed in this sentence calls for considerable explanation; but before proceeding to this, attention may be directed to two distinct speculations—one philosophical, the other scientific—which tend to confirm the mediating function here assigned to matter and to the material world.

It is well known in what difficulties Locke found himself involved in attempting to explain the meaning of the word Substance. The word itself is a scholastic word; but the sense of it is broadly popular; nor is there any difference to speak of between scholastic and the popular use of it. Philosophers or not, we all understand that there is a difference between the properties of a thing and the thing itself, or at any rate that at the first blush there appears to be such a difference. But philosophers, inasmuch as they seek to be accurate thinkers, cannot be con-

tent with merely noting the fact of a difference; the question is forced upon them: What, precisely, is the difference between a thing and its properties, a substance and its qualities? Can we, not indeed realize what a substance or a thing in itself is (for that would be too much to ask), but at all events assign a meaning to the word which may definitely and once for all distinguish it from mere qualities? This was the question at which Locke stumbled; all he could say was, that we had an obscure idea of substance, and that it was not identical with qualities. This was equivalent to giving up the problem; for however obscure our idea of substance may be, yet if we do draw a distinction between substance and quality (as we undoubtedly do) we ought to be able to say wherein the distinction consists. Berkeley cut the knot. There is no such thing as substance, he said; there are only ideas which we, spiritual beings, contemplate. And he tried to show that the popular voice was with him, which unquestionably it was not. Mr. Mill, in his *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, has given a more thorough assent to Berkeley's main principle than perhaps any other thinker has done. But no one can experience the powerful active force with which ideas are impressed upon us—a force which may sometimes be overlooked, but which is always present, and which often demands of us the exercise of a strong reciprocal exertion, if we wish to preserve our cognizant faculties, as when we look at the sun with the naked eye, or receive a blow on the head—and not spontaneously assume that substances have a positive existence apart from the bundles of their cognizable qualities. But wherein does this positive existence consist? It consists, I reply, in the spiritual basis of phenomena. Phenomena are the impressions which spirit makes upon spirit. Such a conception may be thought obscure; as far as possible I shall endeavor to elucidate it presently. But at all events, it does mark definitely a broad distinction between substance and qualities; and I know no other distinction that has been even attempted.

Again, consider the characteristic of matter which scientific thinkers set down, that it is invariably accompanied by

force. How are we to conceive of this force? This is a question that has so much puzzled some modern writers on dynamics that they have actually defined force as acceleration—the thing itself by one of the results of the thing. And, indeed, if a spiritual meaning be not given to the word force, I am quite unable to conceive what meaning can be given. It is only the effects of force that can be conceived as pure external phenomena.

I hold, then, that all substratum or substance is of a spiritual nature, that the external world is definable as the perpetual interchange of impressions between spiritual beings. But I am fully alive to the immense difficulty of realizing such a conception. Certainly, we have to go very far from those spiritual agencies and emotions with which we are most conversant before we can even remotely apprehend

"The spirit that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves."

Certainly, again, we cannot attribute an independent personality to every clod and stone, nor to all the clods and stones in the world put together; and yet without personality how can we conceive of spirit? And what are the relations of our own apparently definite and independent personalities to this vague universal spirit? Where can be the unity among them? These are the questions to which I must give such an answer as my means allow. Let me however say, at starting, that in a subject of such undeniable obscurity the truth and soundness of a thinker's conceptions ought not to be tested purely by his ability to solve every question respecting them.

Consider first the following very familiar fact: that the offspring of every animal resembles the parent, not merely in outward form and appearance, but also in habits and faculties. What cause are we to assign for this resemblance of inward character? It is certainly not due to training alone; we might train a dog forever without giving him the faculties of a man; we could not even train the child of the savage into the full development of the civilized man. Some would say that the material organism determines the inward faculty, that the offspring resembles the parent in faculty because

it resembles it in organism. But those who give this account of the matter have to answer two questions: First, why does the material organism of the offspring resemble that of the parent? Secondly, can they define the spiritual state in terms of the organism? can they represent it as a function of the organism? The first of these questions never has been answered. And, as to the second, I am unable to conceive that it can be answered except in the negative; certainly I have never seen any attempt at such a definition or representation. But, if body be the manifestation of spirit, as is here affirmed, and as many considerations lead us to think it, then it is very evident why the similarity of inward faculty should be followed by similarity of the external organism. Beings which resemble each other in reality would make similar impressions on the beholder, that is, their outward phenomena would be similar; and their outward phenomena are these very external organisms. We are then thrown back upon the original question: why does the inward faculty, the spiritual state, of the offspring resemble that of the parent?

Before I make my answer, let another fact be considered. There are different degrees in the vividness of our consciousness at different times. Within certain limits we are perfectly aware of this. It is true that there is a height of vividness, and a lowness of stagnation, in our spiritual state, which at ordinary times we are unable to recall or imagine. But this is no reason for denying the reality of these unaccustomed states. Thus, for instance, our spiritual state may exist really during profound sleep, though we entirely forget it when we are awake. Our forgetfulness of it is no argument against its existence; for we do habitually only recall spiritual states which bear some likeness to our spiritual state of the moment. When happy we can hardly imagine what it is to be in great pain; when in pain no effort can bring before us the feeling of happiness; and so likewise we all forget the far-distant feelings of infancy and childhood.

Again, we must beware of considering the mere surface of our spiritual state as identical with the whole. Nothing is more common than for a man to be actuated by motives which he is not

aware of himself. Subtle feelings of jealousy, of fear, of suspicion, take hold of a man, and by their unvarying tenor escape his observation. Thus it is not merely past spiritual states, but even present spiritual states, that may really exist in us, of which yet we may be incognizant.

These three facts—the apparent dependence of the offspring on the parent for its spiritual nature; the existence of times when, as in deep sleep or trance, our ordinary spiritual state seems wiped away, and when a more simple and primitive spiritual state takes its place, which in our waking hours we are unable to realize; and lastly, the existence in men, at all times, of spiritual states of which they are unaware—seem, when taken together, to indicate that men are not, as they mostly fancy, a set of isolated, independent spiritual beings, but that they have a fundamental identity, an identity lying in those obscure depths of our being which escape our notice, being put out of sight by the brilliancy of our superficial states.

There is, then, only one conclusion to which the above facts point. Let us leave off doing what is so natural to us, taking each one himself as the centre of all things. If indeed we could penetrate to our naked personality, and lay bare the pure and simple ego, apart from its acquired feelings and faculties, as some have thought possible, then we might argue that we had got down to an absolute basis in our own being; and, as there is manifestly no reason why one's self should be favored above all other men, it would reasonably be argued that there were as many absolute bases in the universe as there were persons in the world. But in truth we cannot lay bare our absolute personality in this way. When we speak of ourselves, we mean, though we may not think it, ourselves as colored by impulses, feelings, character. This coloring comes to us before our birth; and no effort of our maturity can wipe it out.

Each of us, then, is not an independent being; we are but dependent portions of a greater spiritual whole. And indeed, can anything be more manifest, more apparent even to common sense, than this? Assuming, as we have already seen grounds for doing, that all reality is fun-

damentally spiritual, is it not perfectly clear that the spirit through whose impulse and motion it comes that we are born, attain manhood, decay, and die, is not our own spirit; that these great periods of our earthly existence are not swayed by the volitions of that which each one of us calls himself? A deeper volition than our own governs our spiritual states—a volition more permanent than ours, and which, having connections (inexplicable but certain) with the spiritual state both of parent and offspring, leaves marks of its permanence in the similar character impressed by it upon both. Not more certain is it that the hand is governed by the brain, that the leaf sprouts and expands through the nourishment imbibed by the roots, than it is that we are governed by a power of wider grasp and deeper foundation than our own. Yet to suppose that we are the mere mechanical instruments of such a power would be an error not less than that which I am here opposing. The hand, even, is not the mere mechanical instrument of the brain. No living thing, or part of any living thing, is purely governed by pre-established law, or is devoid of the originating impulse. But this is said parenthetically.

Into what absurdities do we fall if we maintain that every man is an independent spiritual being. If we hold every man to be such, why should we not hold every dog and horse to be such? For, however highly we estimate the superiority of man to the lower animals, it is at the very least extremely difficult to attribute to him an absolutely independent spiritual basis which is denied to them. And if we assign such an independent basis to every dog and horse, why not go lower, and assign it to every polypus and rhizopod? And these are animals which can be propagated by simple scission, by cutting them in two; so that according to this theory the snapping of a pair of scissors could produce an independent spiritual basis.

There is, indeed, great caution necessary when we speak of that spiritual whole which constitutes the real universe. In the first place, we cannot realize it; for to realize it would be to identify ourselves with it. The hand could sooner become the brain than any one of us could become the central spiritual force

of the world. And if by perfectly understanding this central force we mean the realization of it, then it is also true that we cannot perfectly understand it. And against those who think that they can perfectly understand it, who try to realize the whole spiritual universe, the argument of Mr. Carlyle and others is irrefutable—that no creature can realize its own genesis. That any creature should do so would be a contradiction in terms. But this does not prove that we cannot understand it symbolically, partially, and by analogy.

And the aim of metaphysics, a perfectly legitimate one, is not to realize, but to symbolize, the great spiritual power which is the life-giving root of the universe. From those spiritual phenomena which can be realized, we may draw principles which apply equally to that central power which cannot be realized by men, but yet exists. Thus it is that if we look to the external world (which is the total breadth of the manifestation to us of this central spiritual power) we find that the forces of which it is most difficult to us to apprehend the spiritual meaning or counterpart are those forces of gravitation and electricity which as outward phenomena are the plainest, most permanent, and most universal. Now this is precisely what we notice in ourselves—that the more permanently any habit has established itself in our nature the greater and more striking is its outward effect, but at the same time the less is it noticed as an inward impulse. Why is it that we do not notice the circulation of the blood through our bodies? Because of the constancy of the internal force which causes it. It is only change of which we are conscious; but it is the habitual impulse, devoid of change, that produces the greatest apparent result. And, as these forces of gravitation and electricity are far more enduring than any in our own nature, it is only what we should expect that it is much more difficult to apprehend what they represent as spiritual motions. Again, by discerning the harmonization of spiritual forces which exists in ourselves, we may understand the mode in which the central power proceeds in its harmonization of the entire universe. It is in the being of individual men that such harmonization reaches the highest point with which we are acquainted; and

yet even here it is not perfect. Every man has conflicting desires, passions, diseases. Much more is it imperfect in the whole society of men, in the whole state of nature. But the tendency is manifest; and, if we recognize this central spiritual power as the true root of our being, we shall know as a truth, what all have heard but few resolutely believe, that right progress lies in identifying ourselves to the utmost of our ability with this central power, and to this end renouncing desire and even life itself when it conflicts with this. Our being more truly lies with this central power than with our material body, well harmonized though that is.

In speaking of this central spiritual power as God, one thing has to be remembered. Our reason demands an absolute unity in the Divine nature. But the manifestation of this nature in the material world involves change, and therefore duality. This is doubtless

owing simply to the imperfection of our view, our not seeing the whole; but the fact should be noted.

There are of course an indefinite number of further questions that might be put on the subject of which I have been treating. Into these I cannot now enter. What I have tried to do is to give a clear definition of metaphysics, just as I tried to give a clear definition of philosophy and psychology, to prove the reality of the subject, but not to treat it exhaustively. That can only be done by the combined efforts of many minds. And, as I must confess myself indebted to many previous thinkers, whose ideas, as I conceive, have not here been in any important respect contradicted, but only elucidated, so I do not doubt that what has here been written will appear crude and elementary in the light of the knowledge of later and better instructed ages.

J. R. M.

St. Paul's.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

WE are now about to redeem our promise, and to endeavor to complete our survey of Browning's genius by a notice of his longest and most characteristic poem: a work in which he has broken even more decisively than before with the traditions of the past, and which is as yet his last word to the perplexed, but on the whole admiring, English public.

If "The Ring and the Book" fails to fulfil the most hopeful anticipations raised in the minds of some readers by Browning's earlier poems, it nevertheless falsifies the auguries of ill which others have derived from them. Like its own heroine's career, it presents many easy points of attack. Like her true self, its intrinsic worth is great. In each case alike the evil is accidental, avoidable, and therefore vexatious to the beholder; the good, deep-seated, essential, but not always immediately apparent. Some of the faults here are so evident at first sight that we cannot imagine them to have escaped the author's attention; and we are forced to suppose them to be a portion of his deliberate design, tolerable in his sight for its sake, though not for their own. We will mention one or two of these before proceeding to our analysis of the work.

In the first place, the most obvious characteristic of Browning's new poem is redundancy. There is too much of everything in it. Too much of the story, too many thoughts (for the heads into which they are put), too many metaphysics, too many metaphors, and vastly too many words. Nothing can be more like real life than the way in which the story of "The Ring and the Book" reverberates through its pages; first discussed by unconcerned persons, then given in as evidence or confession, then sifted to form the ground of a judicial sentence; but the echo grows tiresome after awhile. When we have heard the tale of Count Guido's crime for the sixth or seventh time, ingenious as the author is in making each repetition throw new light upon the subject, we wish to shut our ears against any further information. Art's first office, selection, has been here very imperfectly discharged; and the result is a considerable waste of the reader's time and patience. If a needless expenditure of words is involved in the very plan of the work, they are wasted with yet more reckless profusion by the way in which that plan is carried out. The speakers here differ from one another in various impor-

tant respects ; but they are all alike in one thing : their excessive love of talk. The criminal before his judges, the Pope in his study, the victim upon her death-bed, talk as calmly and as persistently as the advocate who is paid for the exertion, and as the very idler in the street. There is an abundance of metaphorical illustration even from lips that "breathe their words in pain;" philosophical and theological disquisitions are pursued through many pages by minds wearied after a long day's labor, or tortured by approaching doom; while no matter, which has even the remotest bearing on the case, escapes being "at every point twice done and then done double" for our enlightenment—now by friendly and now by hostile hands. This affluence of talk dilutes many a fine thought till it ceases to be striking, and impairs the effect often of a good simile by following it up with an inferior one. But its most observable result is that it has swelled the poem before us to a size far exceeding that of the adventures of the pious *Aeneas*, or of the wise *Ulysses*; nay, larger by some three thousand lines than the "tale of Troy divine" itself. It has the gigantic proportions of one of Carlyle's histories; who, like most of our modern historians, disregards Sydney Smith's entreaty to remember the Flood, and persists in crediting his readers with the leisure and opportunities of an antediluvian existence. But it is mournful to see our poets too beginning to adopt the same theory, and insist on constructing their works of art upon a scale so ill suited to our abbreviated life. In "The Ring and the Book" "the lofty verse" is built up several stories too high. Some of its courses are of brick, and only some of marble. A fairy-wand which, leaving these, should remove those, would much enhance the beholder's pleasure.

The next thing in this poem remarkable even by a superficial glance, is the boldness with which its author has flung away one of his legitimate holds on his reader's curiosity. He sets out by telling you the main facts of his story, and the fate of its principal personages; bidding you concentrate your whole interest on the question of their respective innocence or guilt. Not Thackeray himself, even in his latest days, could be more frank. Now this also (well as the result may seem to justify Browning's audacity) appears to be a

mistake. Anxiety to know how a story will end is a very legitimate, though not the highest, source of interest; and it befits a wise writer never needlessly to stop up a single avenue of pleasure. Guido's fate might have been left uncertain until the end, with no loss that we can discover, and with very considerable advantage.

The third point which must surprise most readers is the nature of the story here to be narrated at such unprecedented length, and with such quiet confidence in their unexhausted powers of attention. What can there be so long to engage our interest in a cruel murder; the steps to which are various degrees of baseness; the hand committing which is prompted by the most ignoble of motives? Nor will their confidence be restored by noticing that the poet here follows the example of certain novelists, and appoints various spokesmen to tell that story in detail, the main outline of which he has already (contrary to their practice) revealed; thus threatening those who read with the tedium of one of Richardson's novels, without its slow-gathering, but finally absorbing interest. Yes! there is no question about the matter. This time Browning runs his race very heavily, and (in three respects at least) quite needlessly weighted. All the more reason, therefore, to cheer him when, to our surprise, but to our unfeigned pleasure, he stands triumphant at the goal. For this book which the faults we have named might (and would in any other case) have made insufferably wearisome, is rendered instead profoundly interesting by its great compensating merits. While impartial judges must fine its author for his disregard of rules, and for the evil example which he has set (alas! for our incautious youth if they try to follow it), they cannot refuse to crown him for his courage, nor can they fail to admire the power of thought and profound knowledge of human nature which have sustained him in the performance of his unexampled feat.

The tale which forms the basis of the poem is briefly this. Count Guido Franceschini, the representative of one of the oldest families in Arezzo, has sought to repair its broken fortunes by a wealthy marriage with a plebeian house in Rome. The parents of his young wife, Pompilia, make their goods over to their son-in-law.

who on his side offers them a home in his palace. But there he renders the foolish, fond old pair so wretched, that they are thankful to escape from him, leaving daughter and goods behind. No sooner, however, do they find themselves once more safe in Rome, than the supposed mother, Violante, confesses to her husband, Pietro, that Pompilia is in truth not their own child, but an infant whom she bought from its wretched mother, and, knowing his wish for children, imposed on him as their own. This discovery enables the old man to retaliate on the Count (who, of course, considers it invented for that very purpose) by reclaiming from him the wealth bestowed in error on a stranger's child. Guido (unable to strike her foster-parents at Rome) takes his revenge on the unhappy Pompilia. Not contented with every other kind of cruelty, he last of all aims at her soul; and tries by wicked devices to entangle her in a correspondence with the gay young canon, Giuseppe Caponsacchi. His design is baffled by Pompilia's innocence, and by the impression which her goodness produces on the young priest's mind. Nevertheless, a strange result follows. The unhappy woman begins to look forward to a heaven-sent consolation; and resolves to do for the safety of her expected child what she scorned to do for her own. Powerless herself in her tormentor's hands, she summons Caponsacchi to her aid, and bids him see her safe to Rome. He obeys. Much scandal follows; but Pompilia's chief end is gained. Her babe is born beneath her adopted parents' roof, a villa near Rome; and so sets its unnatural father free to follow the promptings of his hate. Till now he has spared Pompilia's life, for the sake of the wealth to which he can only lay claim in her name. Now, as his infant's guardian, his claim will be as good after as before her death. He goes to the villa with four accomplices a fortnight after the birth of his child, kills the two old people, and leaves his wife for dead, in truth, mortally wounded; but, owing to an unexpected mischance, he is arrested before he can regain the Tuscan territory, tried at Rome, found guilty, and beheaded according to his deserts. Of all these events, only the last three have yet to happen when the poem begins.

Such is the story which the author tells

us he found in an old book, containing an account of the trial; such the facts with which he proposes to blend the amount of fancy needed to bring out the truth contained in them, and so make "The Book," even as virgin gold requires the slight foreign admixture's support to round it into "The Ring."

The Count's villainy, which, unrelieved by one single good quality, would have disgusted most artists with the undertaking, has not repelled Browning. That ardent student of human nature never objects, as we have seen, to desert primrose-path, or rose-garden, for the foulest mud of the most fetid alley, provided it offer him a chance of picking up a new and curious specimen from its depths. To him, now as of old, what to ordinary minds would be repulsive, possesses a strange power of attraction; and he seems to have had much enjoyment in depicting this vulpine nature, this man without heart or conscience, misled by vain confidence in his intellectual superiority, turning and doubling through many an artful maze, but brought to bay at last.

As we have already hinted, the dramatic skill displayed in the execution of this design is not without defects. Even in the best speeches, the marked peculiarities of Browning's style—a style strange enough in one man, impossible to be natural to many—are, as usual, continually interfering with the desired illusion. And even where the author has most entirely sunk his own personality in the speaker's, the mode of expression irresistibly suggests to us that he has translated that other man's thoughts into his own language before presenting them to us. In other cases the personation becomes apparent; so that though the features of the mask admirably resemble the person represented, and the drapery sweeps down in majestic folds, as if to enshroud his very form, yet under these disguises the actor's voice betrays him. We hear an idiotic advocate deviate into good sense in a way which we know it can never be the creature's own "nature to." A Pope amazes us by calmly treading paths of theological speculation, which an Italian ecclesiastic would have shunned as leading straight to the bottomless pit. Alas! for what Count Guido calls in his review of his own failure, "Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete;" though in Brow-

ning's case it is the over-complete which generally does the mischief. And if (taking warning by the fate of the finest tragedy produced in the last century, which our own will scarcely read even in its abbreviated form) he would try to avert Clarissa's doom from Pompilia, by shortening her record with his own hand, his poem would gain as much in an artistic point of view as in its chances of popularity with the British public of the future.

This much premised, we proceed to a more detailed examination.

The author's prologue ended, before the principal actors enter, we are to hear how the men of their time regarded their case. A speaker, who represents the opinion obtaining in one half of Rome, tells the husband's story. We hear of an unfaithful wife who had drugged, robbed, and deserted her lord; falling a sacrifice to his just but tardy vengeance after having given the crowning proof of her guilt. Then the spokesman of the city's other half takes the young wife's side; and shows her to us as she lies ἀγνισθείσα φίλον, cleared of all calumnies by the death-stroke—having, according to her prayer, survived her many wounds long enough to show the truth. Then again we overhear a third speaker, with whom black is not so black, nor white so very white, who discusses the matter in an aristocratic saloon, and, with great show of impartiality, tries to make a pretty equal division of the blame. Up to this time the reader's mind is meant to be in suspense. He knows not which tale is true; whether to condemn or to excuse the Count, whether to pity or to blame his victim. But now the two speakers step forth who are to make all clear; in the height of whose love and hatred the hidden shapes of good and evil are to be revealed—the young priest who once saved, the husband who slew, Pompilia. Their speeches are by far the best and most dramatic in the whole poem. Each unintentionally displays his own character—Count Guido in the stress and pressure of his fight for life; Caponsacchi in the bitterness of his anguish over the noble life new-spilt. In the lurid glare of Pompilia's advancing funeral torches the one form gathers blackness, the other light, while Guido discloses the hate, and Caponsacchi the love, which prudence would, in calmer

moments, have bidden each alike conceal. Guido speaks like one who has wit enough to speak out when frankness seems likely to serve him better than deceit; Caponsacchi like one who loves the truth for its own sake.

The Count's so-called confession is an artful justification of the deed which he cannot deny, confronted as he is by the deposition of its still living witness. It is a tale of intolerable wrongs borne with only too much patience; and it is told plausibly enough to make the reader waver, at least to the extent of holding Guido an honest believer in his wife's guilt. The Count is too wise to try to pass for an amiable man or a loving husband. He owns cynically enough that, in his marriage bargain with Pompilia's mother, though he reckoned on the poor child's love being thrown in as a matter of course,

"As when I buy, timber and twig, a tree,
I buy the song of the nightingale inside;"

yet he saw in such a prosaic affair as *marriage* no reason to ransack for his unhappy young wife's benefit, on his own part,

"Those old odd corners of an empty heart
For remnant of dim love the long disused,
And dusty crumbings of romance."

But Guido powerfully bespeaks his judges' pity, noble themselves, for the falling fortunes of his noble house, cast to the ground by the very hand which strove to stay their fall; for its great name irretrievably tarnished by what should have restored its lustre.

"The poor old noble house that drew the rags
O' the Franceschini's once superb array
Close round her, hoped to slink unchallenged
by,"

made now a by-word in the city. The ruined hopes of

"A mother, brothers, sisters, and the like
That looked up to my face when days were dim
And fancied they found light there, plead for
compassion."

In spite of our better judgment, we pity the Count as he gives the details of his life's last venture and of its miserable failure; we commiserate the man as he shows himself to us (after the revelation of his wife's origin, the scandal of her flight, his own vain effort to get his

wretched marriage annulled) sitting lonely and sad in his dark and cheerless gallery, and saying to himself—

"Let me, a man, manfully meet the fact,
Confront the worst o' the truth, end, and have
peace.

I am irremediably beaten here,—

They have caught me in the cavern where I fell,
Covered my loudest cry for human aid
With this enormous paving-stone of shame.

Why claim escape from man's predestined lot
Of being beaten and baffled?"

Then, as a thunder-clap to startle him out of acquiescence in his sorrows, comes the birth of that boy who can now only perpetuate his family's disgrace; who, on even the most favorable and incredible supposition, is to him

"The child I had died to see though in a dream,
The child I was bid strike out for, beat the
wave

And baffle the tide of troubles where I swam,
So I might touch shore, lay down life at last
At the feet so dim and distant and divine
Of the apparition, as 'twere Mary's babe
Had held, through night and storm, the torch
aloft,—

Born now in very deed to bear this brand
On forehead, and curse me who could not save."

Then, says Guido, he wavered no longer. Honor called him; he obeyed the summons, and righted himself at last. The stroke which revenged his wrongs was dealt for every husband and father in Rome. Surely his judges will give him an honorable acquittal, or, if that cannot be, they will have mercy on a sorely-tried man, and restore him to that son whom he promises to take on their word for his; to that old mother for whose sake he asks that she may

"Come break her heart upon my breast,
Not on the blank stone of my nameless tomb."

The skill shown in this speech is great, alike in the art of its speaker and in his mistakes. Its utter falsehood can only be fully appreciated by comparing it with Guido's last words in the fourth volume. Meantime its force and pathos are great; but no less worthy of notice are its indirect revelations of a mean and selfish nature, made unconsciously by the Count while seeking to appear to the best advantage; whilst cleverest and most natural of all is his one imprudence, when, by claiming his son at the promptings of his

avarice (or by one of those oversights which every one who lies at great length is sure to make), he indirectly acquits his unhappy wife, and owns his disbelief in his own story.

The next speech (Caponasacchi's) is equally good. Here Browning's capital delineation of an honest and ingenuous nature contrasts well with the preceding portrait. Count Guido's falsehoods were very plausible; but they carried no conviction with them. On the other hand, we cannot listen to Caponsacchi and doubt a single one of his assertions, for they bear the very impress of truth. He speaks as one who has no more to do with life. He knows that men will believe him now—now, when (sad perversity of human things!) their belief comes too late to save the innocent. He turns more in sadness than in wrath to the judges who once gave no heed to his tale; who, by declining before either to fully acquit or to condemn, left the gate open at which murder has entered:—

"You were wrong, you see: that's well to see
though late,

That's all we may expect of man, this side
The grave: his good is—knowing he is bad.

Thus will it be with us when the books open
And we stand at the bar on judgment day.

My part

Is done; if the doing it, I pass away
Out of the world. I want no more with earth.
Let me, in heaven's name, use the very snuff
O' the taper in one last spark shall show truth
For a moment, show Pompilia who was true !
Not for her sake, but yours: if she is dead,
Oh, Sirs, she can be loved by none of you
Most or least priestly ! Saints, to do us good,
Must be in heaven, I seem to understand:
We never find them saints before at least.
Be her first prayer then presently for you—
She has done the good to me."

How great that good was, the young man proceeds to tell; agonized as he speaks by the thought that even now

"The snow-white soul that angels fear to take
Untenderly,"

is passing away from earth. He tells how, a frivolous man of fashion, a high-born idler then, he was aroused to better thoughts by his very first sight of

"A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad;"
whose Madonna brow he strives to depict;
and how

"The dark orbs dwelt deep underneath,
Looked out of such a sweet sad heaven on me—
The lips, compressed a little, came forward too,
Careful for a whole world of sin and pain.
That was the face her husband makes his plea
He sought just to disfigure."

Caponsacchi shows a heart sound (despite past follies) at the core, by his indignant declaration that he never gave an instant's credence to the hateful letters (her husband's forgeries) which purported to come to him from Pompilia. When she sent for him he disbelieved the message, and only went to shame Count Guido by detecting his artifices. But to his utter amazement—

"There at the window stood
Framed in its black square length, with lamp in hand,
Pompilia; the same great, grave, griefful air,
As stands in the dusk on altar that I know,
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,
Our Lady of all the Sorrows."

She entreated him to save her; her last hope, since she had invoked the aid of archbishop, governor, and confessor, alike in vain. She implored him to take her to her foster-parents at Rome, away from that husband of whom she said—

"He laid a hand on me that burned all peace,
All joy, all hope, and last all fear away,—
Dipping the bough of life, so pleasant once,
In fire that shrivelled bud and leaf alike."

To the young priest it seemed sin to reject her prayer, be the consequence of granting it what it might; for he felt as he gazed on Pompilia—

"There was no duty patent in the world
Like daring try be good and true myself,
Leaving the shows of things to the Lord of Show
And Prince o' the Power of the Air."

He describes her subsequent flight, and how he cared for her through its course as a brother might for his sister. He knows his judges will take his word for that now—now, when it matters so little whether they believe or no. And he has a mournful pleasure in dwelling on its incidents; breaking off wildly while recounting traits of Pompilia's goodness, to exclaim—

"They've killed her, Sirs,
Can I be calm?"

And now Caponsacchi's task is done. He has shown the judges, in revealing the real character of the murdered, what manner of man was her destroyer; and

pointed at him, slinking out of the sight even of the condemned host, fit company for Judas alone. He suffers his thoughts to dwell for a moment on the bliss he would have enjoyed himself, had Heaven allotted to him this pearl which Guido has trampled to powder—this Pompilia, who will never now make child or husband happy:—

"Sirs, I am quiet again. You see we are
So very pitiable, she and I,
Who had conceivably been otherwise,"

and then at last the young priest gives way to his anguish, overpowered by the thought of what life might have been to him, shared with such a woman.

"To learn not only by a comet's rush
But a rose's birth,—not by the grandeur, God—
But the comfort, Christ. All this, how far
away!

O great, just, good God! Miserable me!"

So at length we attain to certainty. Our last lingering suspicion is dispelled, and Guido's guilt and Pompilia's innocence appear in their true colors. And we come to see a fresh instance of that "irony of fate," which is the key-note of the Sophoclean drama, in these two men; the one of whom the world called the husband, the other the lover, of Pompilia. For not even in the honorable Ajax acting ignobly, or in the mean Ulysses, as he stands playing the generous man's part over his foe's corpse, is the apparent more at variance with the real than in Guido, the avenger on his wife of the sin to which he vainly tempted her himself; or in the seeming libertine, Caponsacchi, as he stands forth (a new St. George) the uncompromising defender of the innocent.

And thus Browning reaches the climax of his tale, too soon considering that he is only half through his book; and, with diminished curiosity, but, as yet, unabated interest, we obey his summons to the bedside of the dying Pompilia. We approach it with high-wrought expectation; and (there is no denying it) we retire a good deal disappointed. It may be that some disappointment was inevitable; that to paint aright the inspirer of such a hate and such a love as we have just witnessed is an all but hopeless task. Would it not tax the powers even of a Shakespeare to give adequate expression to the feelings of this wife, who owes her first thanks to

her husband for death; of this young mother commending her little babe to the Father of the fatherless; of this Christian soul about to depart out of life's awful purgatory to her God? What words can benefit this unique position, or rightly respond to the august conception we have formed of one thus pre-eminent in sorrow? But all allowance made, Browning could, and therefore should, have given us a better speech (as a whole) than this which he places in the mouth of his dying heroine. He could have given us a shorter one, and not suffered eighteen hundred long lines to contradict all the probabilities of the case. He could have kept psychological as well as physical likelihood in view, and not allowed Pompilia to waste her last breath in far-fetched similitudes* and needless particulars. And he could have taken greater pains than he has to leave us, undisturbed, the ideal of simplicity and piety which he before so diligently painted. If King Richard marvelled to hear "sick men play so nicely with their names," can we help wondering at Pompilia's elaborate comparisons; as, for instance, of her strange history to the sport of her childhood, in personating the figures on the tapestry? Where and to whom can be the profit of her recalling, in the detail she does, the circumstances of her ill-omened marriage?† Is there not a sarcastic harshness, quite alien to Pompilia, in her description of her bridegroom, as

"Hook-nosed and yellow in a bush of beard,
Much like a thing I saw on a boy's wrist,
He called an owl, and used for catching birds"?

Whose is this touch of satire? Browning's or his dying saint's? And yet, little more than judicious omissions are needed to make this speech very beautiful. There

* Even this, one of best, is too artificial for the situation:—

"These strange woes stole on tiptoe, as it were,
In to my neighborhood and privacy,
Sat down where I sat, laid them where I lay;
And I was found familiarized with fear.
When friends broke in, held up a torch, and
cried,
Why you Pompilia in the cavern thus,
How comes that arm of yours about a wolf?
And the soft length,—lies in and out your feet,
And laps you round the knee,—a snake it is."

† They might have been put into some friend's mouth more appropriately.

is much superincumbent material to clear away, and then we shall enjoy a perfect sight of that noble form whose clasped hands and saint-like brow we already discern in outline where it lies. Let the sculptor deal some vigorous strokes, and suffer the Pompilia we dreamed at Caponsacchi's bidding to emerge from the marble. Let him cut out all those harder traits, get rid of that unpleasant conversation with the archbishop, dismiss all words that sound idle at such a moment, and leave nothing inconsistent with the faith which gives Pompilia peace in death. Let him remove that false plea which she would never have urged for her wicked husband—

"So he was made; he nowise made himself;"

and likewise omit Pompilia's parting avowal of love for her preserver. It is pure; under other circumstances it might have been natural; but a heart "departing to be with Christ" has no room for such thoughts. Then let all that is left be brought into harmony with the holy calm of this retrospect of life:—

"One cannot judge
Of what has been the ill or well of life,
The day that one is dying,—sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like;
I do see strangeness but scarce misery
Now it is over, and no danger more.
My child is safe, there seems not so much pain.

Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
Softened and bettered; so with other sights:
To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day,
For past is past.

All . . . is . . . such peace
Flowing in, filling up as with a sea
Whereon comes some one, walks fast on the
white—

Jesus Christ's self, Don Celestine declares,
To meet me and calm all things back again."

Let us admire, undisturbed, the young mother's resignation of her little son:—

"Him, by death, I give
Outright to God, without a further care,—
All human plans and projects come to nought;
My life, and what I know of other lives,
Prove that;"

for the blessing she resigns thus readily is the same that she hailed afar off, she tells us, with such rapture; speaking of

"That thrill of dawn's suffusion through my dark,
Which I perceive was promise of my child,
The light his unborn face sent long before."

In this dear child she recognizes Caponsacchi's best claim on her gratitude.

"Yes, he saved my babe:
It would not have peeped forth, the bird-like
thing,
Through that Arezzo toil and trouble."

In him this poor young thing sees a joy
and an honor which make her amends
for all the past.

"In a life like mine
A fortnight filled with bliss is long and much.
All women are not mothers of a boy,
Though they live twice the length of my whole
life,
And, as they fancy, happily all the same."

And if the true Pompilia, the Pompilia of
her poet's better moments, is thus irresist-
ibly pathetic in her rejoicing over her
mournful motherhood, how loftily too she
shows in her grave and holy thankfulness
at being saved as by fire from the contam-
ination of her husband's company—that
husband in whose behalf she yet makes one
last effort:—

"For that most woeful man my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I pardon him? So far as lies in me
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends; none, none to me
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange fate
Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce,
Blotted the marriage-bond: this blood of mine
Flies forth exultingly at any door,
Washes the parchment white and thanks the blow.
We shall not meet in this world or the next,
But where will God be absent? In his face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too:
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!

I could not love him, but his mother did."

In these few beautiful passages, were the
necessary connection supplied, we have a
speech far superior to that which at present
stands in Pompilia's name. How we
wish we could persuade her poet to think
so!

If the beauty here defaced by alien
admixture pleads earnestly for a judicious
use of the pruning-knife, the tediousness
of the other two speeches in the same
volume calls aloud for their total excision.
We mean those of the advocates on each
side, which, with their reflections during
their composition, are inserted here;
presumably to divert the reader's mind
after the tragic scenes it has passed
through. But their fooling is hardly ex-

cellent enough to do this; especially as it
is alarmingly long in its duration. Per-
haps Hyacinthus (counsel for Guido) may
afford some amusement, as he hammers
out his bad Latin and worse quibbles;
solacing his soul the while by the prospect
of a birthday supper. But Pompilia's ad-
vocate, Dr. Bottinius, is a reptile, who
should never have been allowed to crawl
over the dying girl and leave the marks of
his slime upon her death-bed. He dis-
believes his client's innocence for two
reasons; the first, that such goodness is
next to impossible; the second, that, if
this particular case were an exception to
the general rule, it would

"Leave a lawyer nothing to excuse,
Reason away, and show his skill about."

Accordingly he does show his skill with a
vengeance; by suggesting explanations of
Pompilia's conduct, which, if true, would
be worse than her enemy's worst accu-
sations. Neither is he a well-drawn char-
acter, and acceptable if not for his own
merits, yet for his author's. Far from it.
His arguments are those of a pompous
fool, his exordium and oration palpably
contradict each other; yet he tells a most
witty apologue (that of the three apos-
tles*), and apostrophizes Pompilia's inno-
cence in these genuinely noble words:—

"What is this tale of Tarquin, how the slave
Was caught by him, preferred to Collatine?
Thou, even from thy corpse-clothes virginal,
Look'st the lie dead, Lucretia!"

We do not blame the author for not in-
venting for this precious pair the good
speeches which Guido and Caponsacchi
have already rendered superfluous; but
we think we have some just ground of
quarrel against him for expecting us to
read their bad ones.

Turning to the last volume of "The
Ring and the Book," we find there (besides
the Epilogue) the aged Pope's soliloquy be-
fore signing the warrant for Guido's exe-
cution, and the Count's last speech. We
are, therefore, invited to survey one of the
best and one of the worst of men, as they
stand affected by approaching death; Gui-
do set free by his despair to speak out his
real thoughts at last: the Pope stirred up
to more strenuous exertion for the right by

* Not at all suitable, however, to a pleader be-
fore a tribunal of ecclesiastics.

knowing that the night is coming. The old man lifts himself up above the weakness of—

"this gray ultimate decrepitude,
Yet sensible of fires that more and more
Visit a soul, in passage to the sky,
Left nakeder than when flesh-robe was new,"

to do justice in this great cause.

"In God's name! Once more on this earth of God's,
While twilight lasts and time wherein to work,
I take His staff with my uncertain hand,
And stay my six and fourscore years, my due
Labor and sorrow, on His judgment seat,
And forthwith think, speak, act, in place of Him—
Thé Pope for Christ."

He reviews Guido's condemnation and finds it inevitable; then, after gazing long and with sad wonder at his vileness, he turns to refresh his weary eyes on the glorious flower, risen from a "chance-sown and cleft-nursed seed," to put his more carefully nurtured plants to shame.

"It was not given Pompilia to know much,
Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,
Be memorized by who records my time.
Yet if in purity and patience, if
In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,
Safe like the signet-stone with the new name
That saints are known by,—if in right returned?
For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
If there be any virtue, any praise,—
Then will this woman-child have proved—who
knows?"

Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me,
Ten years a gardener of the untoward ground.

At least one blossom makes me proud at eve."

Presently his thoughts take a wider range, and a long and deeply interesting meditation follows; in much of which, however, Pope Innocent disappears and the author takes his place. Not in the manner here depicted would any Christian of the seventeenth century have fortified himself against those ghastly doubts which ever and anon erect their spectral heads to scare the believing mind. The Pope's disregard of external as compared with internal evidence, his admission of the possibility that revealed truth may be, not absolute, but regulative, his dimly-expressed hope for Guido, strike us as very modern indeed, and as wholly unsuited to the Vatican. Not so the cause of the momentary disturbance of the old man's peace. Christians of every age have felt that the hardest argument against their

faith to answer, is the history of the Christian Church; or, as the Pope here puts it, after surveying the meanness and cowardice of so-called Christians:—

"And is this little all that was to be?
Where is the gloriously decisive change,
The immeasurable metamorphosis
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
Should, in some poor sort, justify the price?"

that Power
Who undertook to make and made the world,
Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
Ordained salvation for them both, and yet—
Well, is the thing we see salvation?"

Fine, as well as in character, too, is the passage in which Innocent, having "the witness in himself," and able to say for his own part, "I have light, nor fear the dark at all," casts a wistful glance for the sake of others to those early days of the Church, when no temporal inducements tempted men to profess a faith they did not share.

"Shall I wish back once more that thrill of dawn,
When the whole truth-touched man burned up
one fire?"

For how could saints and martyrs fail see truth
Streak the night's blackness? Who is faithful
now

Untwists heaven's pure white from the yellow flare
O' the world's gross torch, without a foil to help
Produce the Christian act, so possible
When in the way stood Nero's cross and stake,—

Unless—what whispers me of times to come?
What if it be the mission of that age
My death will usher into life, to shake
This torpor of assurance from our creed,
Re-introduce the doubt discarded, bring
The formidable danger back, we drove
Long ago to the distance and the dark?
No wild beast now prowls round the infant camp;
We have built wall and sleep in city safe:
But if the earthquake try the towers, that laugh
To think they once saw lions rule outside,
Till man stand out again, pale, resolute,
Prepared to die, that is, alive at last?"

Here we have Milton's very thought realized; old experience attaining "to something of prophetic strain;" and detecting for the Church a blessing in disguise, even in the advent of a Voltaire. There are symptoms abroad of the coming change which have not escaped the Pope's keen eye. The voice of the world which, pleading with him for Guido's life, bids him prefer the claims of expediency to those of duty, is its herald. He seems to hear it now, demanding his answer with impatience, and replies:—

"I will, sirs: for a voice other than yours
Quickens my spirit. 'Quis pro Domino?
Who is upon the Lord's side?' asked the Count.
I, who write—

"On receipt of this command,
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four
They die to-morrow;"

For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
But the night's black was burst through by a
blaze—

Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and
bore,

Through her whole length of mountain visible:
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be, flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.
Else I avert my face, nor follow him
Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain; which must not be.
Enough, for I may die this very night,
And how should I dare die, this man let live?
Carry this forthwith to the governor."

This beautifully-conceived and, in the main, well-executed picture of the hoary head in the way of righteousness, stands in strong contrast to that presented to our minds by Count Guido's last discourse, delivered at intervals through the day of his execution, to the two dignitaries who were unlucky enough to be sent to prepare him for death. Browning's "*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*" is at this disadvantage as compared with Victor Hugo's, that its subject has as little claim on our pity as a man-eating tiger bounding fiercely in the pit where he awaits the death-stroke. On this ground objections may be raised to such a theme, especially when presented with the fulness of detail it is here, as too much beyond the pale of human sympathy and experience for legitimate art. But the hideous form is unquestionably drawn with great power, and, barring an occasional slip,* with great consistency. The Count's shuddering description of the grisly engine which awaits him, his appeals to his aristocratic confessors not to suffer it to leave the necks of peasants to sever a noble one

like his own, are natural. So is his sense of injury at being doomed to suffer for an act which he thinks not much worse than the pranks of the men of fashion of his early days. Nor does it at all surprise us to hear him now contradict many things he told his judges. The man, then, so broken by misfortunes as to have no wish to live on his own account, now hates to think of parting with the "manifold and plenitudinous life" which he longs to enjoy at the expense of others. The dutiful son, the loving father, disappears from our gaze. The champion of law now scoffs at the notion of any right save might, and declares himself not worse, only more logical, than his fellows—a bolder follower out than they of the concealed premise common to both, the falseness of the religion which they profess. For Guido has seen, like the Pope, that there is much practical unbelief among Christians; only the discovery has affected his mind in a different manner. The grief of the saint is the hideous consolation of the sinner, who beguiles some tedious time by imagining the amazement of polite Rome, should

"Professors turn possessors, realize
The faith they play with as a fancy now,"

and begin to act upon it; and who turns sharply on the confessor who (mute before) helped him to a Virgilian quotation, with a

"thanks, Abate,—though the Christian's dumb,
The Latinist's vivacious in you yet!"

We knew before that Guido did not love his wife. Now he frankly owns that he hated her—to begin with, for not falling in love with him at first sight, then, yet more, when his cruelty found her

"cold and pale and mute as stone,
Strong as stone also"

to resist his evil designs, and to scare him by the patience which suggested an unseen avenger in the background. He hates her still for having lived to tell the truth, when any other woman would have died at once; and feels it hard that all his well-planned schemes should be baffled by

"this one ghost thing, half on earth,
Half out of it, as if she held God's hand,
While she leant back and looked her last at me."

Mean to the very last, Guido's fiercest

* Such as where this haughty Count talks of "*Duke Some-title-or-other's* face," as a contemptuous democrat might. There are also a few lines two pages from the end which are too noble for his character.

outbursts are calculated by him for a purpose. When he reviles the Pope, renounces the faith, gloats over his victims' deaths, and sees nothing in his own crime to regret but its failure, he is all the time hoping to obtain a respite by so frightful a display of impenitence.

Most horrible is his end. There are, first, his fiendish parting stabs at the Pope, at the luckless Abate, and at the Cardinal, whom he has vainly tried to bribe by a wild offer to secure for him the Popedom at the coming election; then his spirits rise with the false and brief courage bestowed by the intoxication of approaching death; then follows their final collapse, as, with a howl of frantic terror, he finds himself face to face with it; and his lying lips speak the truth at last, when, having vainly invoked all other aid, he is dragged out crying to his murdered wife for succor.

"The Pope is dead, my murderous old man,
For Torzi told me so; and you, forsooth—
Why you don't think, Abate, do your best,
You'll live a year more with that hacking cough.

Cardinal, only seventh of seventy near,
Is not one called Albano in the list?
Go eat your heart, you'll never be a Pope!
Inform me, is it true you left your love,
A Pucci, for promotion in the Church?
She's more than in the Church—in the church-
yard!

I see you all reel to the rock you waves—
Some forthright, some describe a sinuous track,
Some crested brilliantly with heads above,
Some in a strangled swirl sunk, who knows how?
But all bound whither the main current sets,
Rockward, an end in foam for all of you?
What if I am o'ertaken, pushed to the front,
By all you crowding smother souls behind,
And reach a minute sooner than was meant,
The boundary whereon I break to mist?
Go to! the smoothest, safest of you all,
Most perfect and compact, wave in my train,
Spite of the blue tranquillity above,
Spite of the breadth before of lapsing peace,
Where broods the halcyon, and the fish leaps free,
Will presently begin to feel the prick
At lazy heart, the push at torpid brain,
Will rock vertiginously in turn, and reel,
And, emulative, rush to death like me.

I lived and died a man, and take man's chance,
Honest and bold; right will be done to such.
Who are these you have let descend my stair;
Ha! their accursed psalm! Lights at the sill!
Is it 'open' they dare bid you? Treachery!
Sirs, have I spoken one word all the while
Out of the world of words I had to say?

Not one word! All was folly.—I laughed and mocked!

Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
Is—save me notwithstanding. Life is all!
I was just stark mad—let the madman live,
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile.
Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
I am the Grand Duke's—no, I am the Pope's!
Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God,—
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?"

"So bad a death argues a monstrous life"—with infallible certainty this time. And so the curtain falls; rising again for an Epilogue (assignable on internal evidence to the biographer of Frederick the Great), in which we are presented, in Carlylese fashion, with extracts from letters of the day, describing Guido's edifying behavior on the scaffold, *Pompilia's* funeral sermon, and the like.

Of the justice of our opening remarks upon "The Ring and the Book," our readers can only judge when they have given this remarkable poem the full and attentive perusal which it deserves. But of some of its chiefest merits, the extracts we have made give a very fair notion. (Indeed, the work lends itself only too well to extracts; its author's besetting sin being a tendency to elaborate parts to the detriment of the whole.) And, in the first place, the lines we have quoted prove that Browning (in spite of his occasional carelessness) is a master of dramatic blank verse. The music of many of them is alike perfect in itself and most harmonious with the feeling they express. The two most readily-divined sources of their beauty are alliteration, and the judicious intermixture of other feet with the ordinary iambics. Observe, for instance, how the forceful alliteration of the apostrophe to Lucretia, and of the description of *Pompilia* at the window, drives the line home to the mind; or consider (in the latter passage how much the trochees, in its last line save one, add to its mournful beauty. We have not thought good to undertake the ungrateful task of quoting instances of a contrary sort. Whoso thinks meet to look for them will often find lines disagreeably crowded with consonants, and mere bits of prose crept in unawares among the verse, which no effort can make sound like poetry. They are natural oversights in so long a work, and would disappear, for the most part, were its least interesting portions (where they chiefly occur) struck out, through its author's

unhoped-for conversion to the doctrine that

"As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief."

How great would be the advantage of judicious curtailment, we are forcibly reminded as we glance at our own extracts. For one time when the necessary omissions may have done some harm, they have thrice as often proved a benefit; so that the effect of the passage is generally weakened by the re-admission of the excluded lines.

Our selections are also sufficient to show the magnificence of many of Browning's similes, and their frequent dramatic appropriateness. All the comparisons in this poem do not, as we have before observed, possess the latter quality. They are sometimes sown too thick and worked out too minutely for their speaker's situation; at other times they want congruity with his character:—

"Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear,
Rather than all things wit let none be there."

But it is not so with those we have quoted—in our text at least. Those two or three short ones of Pompilia are as suitable as they are pathetic; there is an impressive grandeur in the Pope's thunder-storm, and an extraordinary happiness of illustration, as well as beauty of description, in the simile of the waves, in our concluding extract. The supreme moment also at which these two last are used well justifies the poetic elevation which they attain.

The characters presented to us in the "Ring and the Book" are not complex, but simple. Pompilia and the Pope are both of a dazzling whiteness; Count Guido is dark as Gaspar Poussin's blackest landscape—unnatural like it, we should have said, did we not know that moral eclipses such as his have been, and are therefore possibilities. Nevertheless, the art which depicts the more ordinary intermixtures of good with evil, and of evil with good, in the human character, has a greater and more interesting task. In the present case, we are most attracted by the most mixed character, Caponsacchi.

The effect of the poem as a whole may

be considered either morally or artistically. In the former view, we strongly approve its picture of innocence made by its very excess to look like guilt in the puzzling half-lights of this world. For every such instance of the incompleteness of earth's justice is an appeal to that higher tribunal where each cause which has been ill-tried on earth shall be tried over again. But on artistic grounds we may doubt whether the general effect is not too distressing, and whether our eye has not been kept too long fixed upon a catastrophe which, while it

"makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity."

The defects, whether in plan or execution, which our survey of "The Ring and the Book" has disclosed to us, confirm the truth of the remarks in our former paper, on its author. They may all be resolved into the original fault—the artistic conscience, strong enough very possibly for ordinary gifts, but all too weak here; wanting force to control exuberant powers; the brilliant wit which insists on displaying itself by flashing sarcasms and home truths uttered at most unseasonable moments; the abundance of thought, which refuses to be compressed by the ordinary limitations of time and appropriateness; the vigorous humor, which declines to stand aside, and give the pathetic or the tragic the space which they require. And the worst of it is, that this conscience in the sphere of art has evidently grown (as does its namesake in the higher realm of morals) weaker through disregard. Like Virgil in Dante, who, "per lungo silenzio pareva fioco," its voice is feebler than of old. The author of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" would have hesitated long before committing some of the trespasses against dramatic propriety which appear not to cost the writer of "The Ring and the Book" a single pang of remorse. The young man who wrote "Paracelsus" would have shrunk from inditing the unmusical verses which, in this poem of his mature years, rise like stakes in the current, giving unpleasant shocks to the bark that intrusts itself to its course.

Nevertheless, despite of these vexations, there is always refreshment in converse with a perfectly original mind. The presence of the one missing gift might have here left that originality untouched, while

causing it to exert itself with uniform grace; and we bewail its absence accordingly. But let us, while regretting what we have not, be very thankful for what we have—a blending of pathetic and humorous powers, the result of which is something never before seen; to which they who refuse every other greeting must at least, obeying Hamlet—

“Therefore as a stranger give it welcome.”

The artist who, with Buonarroti, says to his predecessors, “Better than you I cannot build, but like you I will not build,” may with him rear a St. Peter’s; but only if, as he did, he soars above any one good example, by the help of those great principles which are the generalization of them all. Had Michael Angelo disregarded law to follow the mere impulses of a clever fancy, the pilgrim’s eye would discern another sort of dome than that which now floats majestic above the billowy Campagna. Browning’s, like all real genius, has been to a great extent a law to itself. But the degree to which it has failed to be so, is the exact measure of its unsuccessfulness; for lawlessness is incompatible with beauty. Yet if the structure he has reared for us be no St. Peter’s (whether that of Rome or that of Westminster), but rather akin to the vast cathedral which perpetuates the name of St. Peter’s follower in Venice; if in his work the incongruous materials refuse sometimes to form a harmonious whole; if there are in it barbaric displays of riches by grotesque ornaments

which a strict taste must reprove; and if the traveller who enters his portals complains at first of a dimness which obscures his vision, yet are richly-varied colors, strange yet stately forms, solemn and magnificent vistas, not wanting for his delight.

Who can feel ungrateful to the hand that has given us similes like those we have quoted, or like the exquisite thought in the dedication of “Men and Women,” of the side of the moon, unseen by us common men, but revealed in its full glory to Endymion, as the type of genius turning its hidden brightness upon love? Who would speak lightly of the author to whom we owe such fine dramatic blank verse; so many soothing, so many stirring lyrics; so much sharp, yet unmalicious satire; last and best, such high triumphs of the imagination as Pippa’s New Year’s, and Mildred’s death-day; as the bewildered physician, who, looking for healing herbs, has found the true panacea; as the success of the long-baffled quest for the Dark Tower; as the Form floating in silent majesty o’er land and sea, and the sinner at his Judge’s feet, in “Christmas Eve” and “Easter Day;” or, as of late, Pope and Cardinal, priest and noble, saint and sinner of the seventeenth century, grouped life-like by the magic spell of genius, round the bed of one dying girl? For our own part, at least, let the frankness of our censure guarantee the sincerity of our admiration: “Cui malus est nemo, quis bonus esse potest!” E. J. H.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

ASTRONOMERS have passed yet another of those stages which mark their progress towards a fuller knowledge of solar physics. That strange peculiarity of the celestial phenomena presented to us inhabitants of earth, by which our satellite is able just to blot out from view the great central luminary of the planetary scheme, has yet once more served us in good stead. The few brief seconds during which the sun remained concealed on December 22d last, have supplied the means of testing those rival theories which had been propounded respecting the solar corona, and, as it seems to us, of arriving at definite conclusions as to

the general nature of this interesting object.

We propose, first, briefly to trace the progress of astronomers so far as it has depended upon the observation of total solar eclipses; in order that the position of the last eclipse may be adequately recognized; and also (for the study of science points ever forwards) that the anticipations to be formed respecting future eclipses may be shadowed forth.

In passing, it may be well to notice how important an influence that peculiarity respecting the apparent dimensions of the sun and moon, to which we have just referred, has exercised on the prog-

ress of astronomy. We are so accustomed to the near equality of the sun and moon as respects their apparent size, that we are apt to overlook the fact that this apparent equality must be regarded rather in the light of a fortunate accident than as in any way an essential attribute of the orbs which rule the day and the night. In the whole range of the solar system there is no other instance of so remarkable an association. In Mercury, Venus, and Mars, of course, no eclipses of any sort can occur, because these planets have no moons. But even in Jupiter, notwithstanding the grandeur of his system of satellites, and though total solar eclipses recur at intervals which must be measured by hours rather than by months, as with us, yet such solar eclipses as we see can never take place. For not one of his moons is capable of just hiding the sun's disk and a very narrow border all round, while beyond that border the colored prominences, and beyond the prominences the glory of the corona, are left in view. If we try to conceive the circumstance of an eclipse of the sun by one of Jupiter's nearest moons, we have to imagine a dark disk capable of obliterating a sun more than thirty times larger than that which is actually seen from Jupiter; and even the farthest of Jupiter's moons covers twice as great a space as the sun. It is easily seen that when a total eclipse is just beginning or just ending, under these circumstances, only a small part of the matter outside the sun can be visible, and nothing resembling that complete ring of such matter, visible to ourselves when the moon obliterates from view the nearly equal solar disk. So also in Saturn—whence the sun must appear as a mere dot of bright light—and in Uranus and Neptune, whence he appears yet smaller, there can be no such eclipses as we inhabitants of earth are favored with. Hence it may not unreasonably be concluded that terrestrial astronomers alone have any knowledge of the colored solar prominences and of the corona.

It is worth mentioning, also, that interesting as are the discoveries which have been recently made during solar eclipses, there are other discoveries due also to the observation of total eclipses, though in very ancient times, which are

as full of interest. It sounds incredible, but is nevertheless true strictly true, that owing to comparatively rough observations of ancient eclipses, modern astronomers have learned that the moon is gradually drawing nearer to the earth, and further that the rate of the earth's rotation on her axis is slowly but surely diminishing, insomuch that at some far distant epoch the day will last as long as a lunar month. Nor do the facts that the approach of the moon will in time be changed into recession, and that the lengthening of the day takes place so slowly that millions of centuries must elapse before it is completed, diminish the interest which attaches to these tokens of mutability in relations which had once been regarded as altogether unchangeable.

But let us turn to those discoveries which belong more especially to the now wide department of science called solar physics.

It does not appear that the ancients had any idea that observations made during total eclipses could afford any information as to the condition of the great central luminary of our system. To them the chief interest of solar and lunar eclipses consisted in the evidence they afforded of the exactness of astronomical computations, and the soundness of the general principles on which those computations were based. Nor do we find that any of the observed phenomena of total eclipses attracted the special attention of ancient astronomers. They recognized the corona, and they justly regarded it as the cause of that light which still remains when the sun's globe is wholly concealed from view; but they formed no theories as to the physical significance of this aureole of light.

Indeed, if we are to reach the time when systematic observations have been made upon the sun, with the express object of determining the nature of those appendages which come into view during total eclipse, we must pass over not merely the whole of ancient astronomy, but almost the whole of that portion of the history of modern astronomy which refers to epochs preceding the last thirty years or so.

It was when the eclipse of 1842 was approaching, that for the first time astronomers aroused themselves to a sense of the real importance of the phenomena presented during total eclipse. Then, for the first time, astronomers of repute, armed

with instruments of adequate power, placed themselves along the track which the moon's black shadow was to pursue, and severally prepared to glean what knowledge they might respecting the physical habits of the solar surroundings.

The expeditions made in 1842 were abundantly rewarded. For it was during that great total eclipse that the colored prominences were first fairly recognized. More than a century before, Vassenius had suspected the existence of some red objects near the eclipsed sun. But strangely enough small attention had been paid to his remarks. And accordingly, the astonished world of astronomers learned first, in 1842, that mighty red protuberances of a nature as yet unexplained, but certainly vast beyond all our powers of conception, surround the surface of our great luminary. It needed but a brief study of the pictures made by those who observed the eclipse, to see that in the first place these phenomena were undoubtedly solar, and secondly that the real magnitude of some of the prominences was enormously greater than that of the earth on which we live. Whether these were mountains heated to incandescence by the solar fires, or fiery clouds suspended in the solar atmosphere, or lastly, flames rising like mighty tongues from the solar surface, few ventured to pronounce. But it was plainly seen that, whatever they might be, they surpassed all hitherto discovered phenomena within the whole range of the solar system in interest and magnificence. The telescope had hitherto shown nothing which could well be compared with these strange solar appendages. The mountains and valleys in the moon, the lands and seas of Mars, the belts of Jupiter and Saturn, and even the mighty ring-system which girdles the last-named orb, all these, interesting though they doubtless are in themselves, yet sink into utter insignificance compared with solar appendages so vast that, at a moderate estimate, some of them must have a height exceeding the diameter of Jupiter,—the giant of the solar system.

The real existence of the colored prominences was not admitted, however, without further evidence. In all ages of astronomy there have been those who dispute to the last the significance of observed facts. Unfortunately, in this instance, as in others, the suggested doubts

exercised a mischievous effect. It was urged loudly by a few astronomers—as Faye, Feilitzsch, and others,—that the so-called prominences were mere optical illusions, or else were but a species of lunar mirage. Airy, Baily, the younger Struve, and others, had recorded their experience in vain; fresh observations were called for; and accordingly in 1851, and again in 1860, a host of skilful observers devoted their energies to demonstrate what was in truth a demonstrated fact—the reality of the red protuberances.

Yet the important eclipse of 1860 did not pass altogether without profit. Too many, indeed, of the observers who formed the celebrated "Himalaya expedition," as well as of those continental astronomers who visited the path of the moon's shadow across Spain, were led by the unfortunate doubts of Faye and others to make useless observations. But the successful photographing of the colored prominences by De La Rue and Secchi, sufficed to convert what would otherwise have been a gigantic failure into a success well worthy of record. For the first time astronomers possessed pictures of the prominences which were beyond cavil or question. And further, since De La Rue had been stationed in the west of Spain, while Secchi had placed himself close by the eastern shore, it had become possible to form an opinion of the permanence or mobility of these strange objects. So far as the comparison made between these two sets of photographs was concerned, it appeared as though the solar prominences were fixed objects; and some went so far as to conclude definitely that they are real solar mountains.

It was not until the great eclipse of August, 1868, that the real nature of the colored prominences was ascertained. This eclipse was distinguished from all that had ever been observed before, by the duration of totality. For more than six minutes the disk of the sun was completely hidden from view. It need hardly be added that the shadow on the earth's surface was exceptionally wide; so that near the middle of totality at any station along the central line the observer was in the centre of a nearly circular region of the earth more than 150 miles in diameter, and to which not a ray of direct sunlight penetrated. All the features of the eclipse

were thus observed under singularly favorable circumstances.

In the first place, it was possible to obtain more photographs than on any former occasion. Lieutenant-Colonel Tennant, using a fine 9-inch reflector made by Mr. J. Browning, F.R.A.S., obtained no less than six photographs, colored pictures of which lie before us as we write. The first shows a glare of light on the left, where the moon had not as yet covered the last fine line of the sun's disk. Yet we see through the glare the figures of the prominences on that side—showing “as through a glass, darkly,”—and amongst them that mighty horn-prominence whose spiral whorls attracted the attention of all who witnessed the eclipse. Then in the succeeding pictures we see the moon's disk gradually passing over this wonderful horn and the prominences lying on the same side; while on the opposite side we see a long range of prominences coming as gradually into view. None of these are comparable in height with the mighty spiral on the left, though some of them are amazing objects, and of dimensions so vast, that a globe like our earth placed close by them, would seem but as the veriest bubble amid the foam of a storm-wave. In the last picture of all, these prominences on the right show their full proportions as the advancing moon is about to bring the disk of the sun into view on that side. But though the moon has passed thus far towards the left, and though, indeed, all other prominences on the left are concealed from view, yet on that side the spiral horn still towers so loftily as to form the most striking feature of the scene.

But interesting as are these pictures, and forming though they do, despite the success of the American astronomers in August, 1869, the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken of the eclipsed sun, the chief interest of the eclipse of 1868 depends on another circumstance. This eclipse was the first during which the powers of the spectroscope had been applied to determine the nature of the colored prominences; and astronomers looked forward to the result with a degree of interest which was fully justified by the discovery actually effected.

The spectroscope, applied successfully at all the observing stations, resolved, in a manner there was no misinterpreting, the problem which had so long perplexed as-

tronomers. And the strange answer to their questions was *this*,—that the colored prominences are masses of gas glowing with intensity of heat. Those vast and seemingly stable protuberances, so enormous that ten globes like our earth placed one upon the other on the sun's surface would not reach their summit, are flames of hydrogen, that familiar element which constitutes so large a proportion of our ordinary gas-flames. Or rather they are not strictly flames of hydrogen, but whorls of the gas heated to an intense degree of brightness. And other vapors are also present in these vast glowing masses, since the spectrum of the prominence-light shows other lines than those which are characteristic of hydrogen.

We need not recount here in full the interesting history of sequent researches into the prominences. Indeed, not the least remarkable feature of that history is the circumstance that the study of the prominences has not continued to be associated (as it had been until the autumn of 1863) with the history of eclipses. First Janssen, afterwards (but independently) Lockyer, succeeded in seeing the bright lines of the prominence spectrum when the sun was shining in full splendor. Then the lower regions of prominence-matter, forming what previous observers had denominated the *sierra*—but named by Lockyer (who was unaware of its prior discovery) the *chromosphere*—was analyzed with the spectroscope, and in the same manner. And lastly came the crowning discovery of all—the recognition, by Dr. Huggins, of the fact that the prominences themselves, as distinguished from the lines of their spectra, can be seen when the sun is not eclipsed. By Huggins's method, Lockyer and Zollner obtained interesting views of the prominences, and witnessed the strange and in some instances rapid changes to which these objects are subjected. But Respighi of Italy has been even more successful, or rather, more systematic in his researches. For he has succeeded in obtaining daily records of the condition of the sun's edge, not in one place only, but all round. So that we have every reason to anticipate that before long astronomers will be able to watch the changes of the prominences from day to day as systematically as they already watch the progress of the solar spots. If each day there were a total eclipse, instead of

but an eclipse or so per year, we could not have such complete and perfect records of the sun's condition, as some of those which Professor Respighi has obtained for every fine day during two or three consecutive months. We have one of his monthly pictorial records before us as we write; and it would certainly be vain for the most skillful artist to attempt, during even so long lasting an eclipse as that of August, 1868, to exhibit the prominences in such detail as we find in each of the daily views forming this record.

Astronomers and physicists had thus successfully analyzed the colored prominences, or, to use Mr. Lockyer's striking, if not strictly elegant expression, "these 'things' had been 'settled.'" Little more could be hoped, as respects these objects, from eclipse observations, however skilfully conducted. But so far the corona had baffled their efforts. A full account of the observations made by astronomers upon this mysterious phenomenon will be found in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August last.* It will be seen that, although enough had been done to afford tolerably sure evidence as to the general nature and position of the solar corona, yet of its actual structure and constitution very little had been certainly learned. Our knowledge respecting it may be compared to that which astronomers possessed respecting the colored prominences in 1842. We could be assured that it really is a solar appendage of some sort,—although, precisely as Faye and others had expressed doubts respecting the real existence of the colored prominences in 1842, so in 1870 there were those (and, strangely enough, Faye was their leader) who questioned the real existence of the corona, or regarded it as a phenomenon of our own atmosphere. Yet in the opinion of all who were competent to judge, *this* point was justly regarded as determined. But what the actual nature of the corona might be—whether its light was reflected solar light, or came from incandescent solid matter, or, lastly, was due to glowing vapor—remained unknown.

Yet the doubts thus entertained respecting the constitution of the corona, were due rather to the seemingly contradictory nature of the evidence which the

spectroscope had thus far supplied, than to the absolute want of evidence. Briefly to sum up the results which had been obtained before the eclipse of last December:—In 1868, Tennant had found that the spectrum of the corona is a continuous rainbow-tinted streak, without either dark lines or bright. Such a spectrum is given by solid and liquid bodies glowing with intensity of heat. And the inference, therefore, was, that the corona consists of minute bodies travelling close by the sun, and owing the greater part of their light to the great heat with which they are transfused. But the American observers in 1869, or at least some of them, found that besides the ribbon of rainbow-tinted light, the spectrum of the corona shows bright lines. Some observers saw only one bright line, others saw three. This observation would indicate that a portion of the coronal light comes from a gaseous source; and from the position of one of the bright lines, Professor Harkness was led to the strange conclusion that the glowing vapor of *iron* is a constituent of the solar corona! Yet further, because the position of these coronal lines corresponded with the position of the bright lines seen in the spectrum of the aurora, Professor Young, one of the most skilful of the American spectroscopists, came to the conclusion that the corona is a *perpetual solar aurora*!

The observations of the American astronomers and physicists were not accepted by all. No valid reasons were given, indeed, for rejecting them, but they were pronounced, in general terms, to be "*bizarre* and perplexing in the extreme." Possibly, too, some of our English physicists had not formed a duly high opinion of the skill of their American fellow-workers. But, be this as it may, certainly the American astronomers were somewhat cavalierly treated, and the acceptance of their observations was postponed until such time as European astronomers should have been able to confirm those perplexing results.

The chief interest of the eclipse of last December undoubtedly attaches to this special question. Some few may have felt doubtful whether the observations to be then made might not serve to overthrow or to establish the theory that the corona is a solar appendage. But it is no secret that the minds of all astrono-

* *Eclectic Magazine* for November.

mers capable of weighing the evidence had been made up on this point long before the expeditions started. The question, however, whether the American observations would be confirmed or not, was one on which grave doubts prevailed in many quarters. For ourselves we must admit that these doubts had seemed to us to involve an unjust disparagement of the skill of American men of science, who have again and again proved themselves the equals of the best European observers in judgment and acumen, and often their superiors in energy. A careful study of the accounts given by the heads of the different observing parties, and more especially of the voluminous records in Commodore Sand's *Reports of the Eclipse Observations of August 7, 1869*, had convinced us that future observations would confirm the statements made by the spectroscopic observers of the American eclipse.

This has, in effect, happened. The first fruits of the eclipse expeditions of 1870 may be said to consist in this important fact—that the observations made in 1869, *bizarre* and perplexing though they seemed, and doubtful as many had held them to be, have been shown to be exact and trustworthy.

From the powerful observing party which was stationed at Oran we have no results. A clouded sky has sufficed to render vain the hopes which had been formed when it was known that Dr. Huggins, the Herschel of the spectroscope, and those profound students of nature, Tyndall and Gladstone, had united their forces, and, with other able allies, were to seek one of the most promising stations along the whole course of the moon's shadow.

But from Spain and Sicily, whither the two other parties of observers had betaken themselves, we have no doubtful intelligence on this special point. From Spain we have (at the present writing) the fullest details. As on former occasions, some observers failed to see the bright lines. This failure is not remarkable when the difficult nature of the observation is considered. It has been shown, indeed, that a certain increase in the quantity of light admitted to form the spectrum would suffice to obliterate the lines altogether from view, while rendering the rainbow-tinted background considerably brighter.

Negative evidence in this case proves nothing. The great question was whether reliable positive evidence would be obtained. Fortunately, two observers succeeded in answering this question in a manner there could be no mistaking. Father Perry, S.J., who headed the Spanish parties, thus describes the observations made by Captain Maclear:—"Knowing that an unfavorable sky would render observations with a powerful spectroscope quite impracticable, I desired Captain Maclear to observe with a small direct-vision Browning spectroscope, attached to a four-inch telescope, mounted equatorially." The spectroscope was so placed that the light coming from a portion of space outside the sun, and directed towards his centre, was under examination. Of course, while the sun's direct light was falling on the air lying in this direction, the spectroscope showed the ordinary solar spectrum, precisely as when one of these handy direct-vision spectroscopes is turned towards the sky in the daytime. But "immediately totality commenced," proceeds Father Perry, "the ordinary solar spectrum was replaced by a faint diffused light and bright lines" (whose position he indicates). "There were no dark lines—that is to say, none of those lines which are present in the solar spectrum." Then follows the most important part of the account. The spectroscope was directed "to a distance of about eight minutes," or half the moon's apparent radius, from the edge of the moon's disc. "The same lines remained visible." "The centre of the moon was then tried, and the bright lines were still seen, but only half as strong as before." The spectroscope was then again directed to a point eight minutes outside the moon, and the lines were restored to their original brightness.

These results require to be considered somewhat carefully. The reader cannot fail to be surprised by the fact that, from the direction in which lay the centre of the moon's seemingly black disc, light of the same quality as that from the corona was received and analyzed by the spectroscopist. Yet, on reflection, it will appear that this result was to have been anticipated; for since during the whole eclipse the corona continues visible, it follows that the air around and above the observer is during the whole eclipse illu-

minated by the corona. This illuminated air, therefore (if its light became sensible at all), would necessarily supply the same spectrum as the corona, only considerably reduced in brightness; and this, as we have seen above, is what actually happened.

But then it may be argued, if this be the case as respects this seemingly dark part of the sky, may not a portion of the light which seems to be received from the corona itself—which comes at any rate from the direction towards which the corona lies—be similarly due to atmospheric reflection? It is certain that such must, indeed, be the case; but it is also certain, from the greater brilliancy of the bright lines seen when this part of the sky is examined, that a portion of the light which produces these lines comes from the corona itself. We must, indeed, subtract a certain portion, about as much, perhaps, as is received from the direction in which the moon's dark body lies,—the balance which remains belongs to the corona itself.

We should, indeed, at this point reinforce the spectroscopic observations by those results which the telescope used in the ordinary manner supplied. We must inquire what was the apparent form, where were the seeming limits, of the corona, as seen on this occasion.

On these points our information is sufficiently definite, although the circumstances were by no means such as would be considered favorable for clear vision of the delicate light of the corona. "The moment of totality approached," says Father Perry, "and no chance remained of even a momentary break in the cirrus that enveloped the sun and obscured most of the southern heavens. As the crescent became thinner, the cusps were observed first to be drawn out and then blunted, the well-known 'Baily's beads' were formed, and the corona burst forth *more than twenty seconds* before totality. Viewed through a telescope of very moderate dimensions the spectacle was grand, but the cirrus clouds destroyed almost all the grandeur of the effect for the naked eye. Mr. Browne, of Wadham College, Oxford, noticed that the corona was perfectly free from striation, outline distinct, and approximately quadrilateral, but extending furthest in the direction of first contact. The brightest part of the corona appeared to the

unassisted eye to be scarcely more than one-tenth of the sun's diameter, fading rapidly when one-fifth, but being still clearly visible at seven-eighths. Some observed two curved rays, but the general appearance was that of a diffused light, interrupted in four places distinctly, and in a fifth faintly, by dark intervals. The corona was white, and rendered faint by the clouds."

It is clear, then, that that part of the sky whence the light came which gave the spectrum of bright lines was visibly occupied by the corona at the time. No question can remain then, it would seem, as to the true source of at least a large proportion of that light. The corona itself must have supplied it.

We learn further, that at another station, near Xeres, Mr. Abbaye made similar observations.

From Sicily we have not such definite statements. But the telegram received from Mr. Lockyer announces in general terms that the American observations of 1869 have been confirmed; and the force of this announcement is somewhat strengthened by the circumstance that Mr. Lockyer had been disposed to believe that the American astronomers had been deceived in 1869.

In comparison with this result, that the light of the corona gives a spectrum of bright lines,—or rather a mixed spectrum in which bright lines are seen superposed on a rainbow-tinted background,—all the other observations made during the late eclipse sink into relative insignificance. Let us briefly consider what conclusions may be deduced from the observed facts, premising that the doubts which have been so long allowed to rest on the statements made by the American observers in 1869, ought not to prevent us from assigning to them the full credit of attaining to the discovery of these bright lines.

In the first place, the rainbow-tinted spectrum implies that a portion of the coronal light comes from incandescent solid or liquid matter. It is barely possible, of course, that there are in reality dark lines across this rainbow-tinted streak, but that these lines remain undetected owing to the extreme faintness of the spectrum itself across which they lie. If we adopted this view we might assume that the corona shone, in part at least, by reflecting the sun's light. As far as the

evidence goes, however, we have the theory presented as, on the whole, more probable, that the matter of which the corona consists is, in large part, incandescent through intensity of heat. It is difficult to suppose that such skilful observers as have studied the coronal spectrum would have failed to detect dark lines, had any existed. On the other hand, we have *à priori* reasons for believing that the matter of the corona, or at least of that part which has been analyzed with the spectroscope, must be intensely heated. A portion of the corona which appears to lie but eight minutes from the sun's edge, must lie in reality so close to his orb that the sun, instead of appearing as a disc but about half a degree in width, would seem nearly ninety degrees wide, and the amount of heat received from him would be many thousand times greater than that received on the hottest day of a tropical summer. We can form an opinion of the effect of such heat as this, in the same way that Sir John Herschel estimated the heat received by the great comet of 1843, when nearest to the sun. "To form some practical idea of this," he writes, "we may compare it with what is recorded of Parker's great lens, whose diameter was $32\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and focal length 6 feet 8 inches. The effect of this, supposing all the light and heat transmitted, and the focal concentration perfect (both conditions being very imperfectly satisfied), would be to enlarge the sun's effective angular diameter to about $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees." This, he shows, would give a heat 1,915 times greater than that received by the earth, "and when increased seven-fold, as was usually the case, would give 13,400 times" the heat received by the earth. The heat received by the matter of the corona would be fully twice as great as this; "yet," says Sir John, "the lens, so used, melted cornelian, agate, and rock crystal."

And here a somewhat curious subject presents itself for consideration—a subject which has not hitherto, so far as we know, been very carefully attended to. It may seem that material so diffused and tenuous as that of the corona would be altogether invisible, however intensely heated and illuminated. For, beyond question, the actual quantity of matter in the corona must be indefinitely small by comparison with the space which this object fills. It

may be doubted, indeed, whether all the matter in a portion of the corona as large as our earth might not be outweighed by half-a-dozen peppercorns.

But so far as the visibility of the corona is concerned, the extremely fine division to which its material substance is almost certainly subject, would tend to compensate for the quantitative minuteness of that material. A very simple illustration will explain our meaning. This earth of ours reflects a certain amount of sunlight towards the inner planets, Venus and Mercury. Now suppose the earth were divided into eight equal parts, and each fashioned into a globe. The eight globes would each have a diameter half the earth's present diameter, and each would reflect one-fourth of the light which the earth now reflects. The eight then would reflect altogether twice as much light as the earth actually reflects; and yet their combined bulk would only equal hers. If each of these eight globes were divided into eight others, four times as much light would be reflected as the earth now reflects. And if the division were continued until the several globes were reduced to mere grains, and these grains were well spread out, the quantity of sunlight which the cloud of grains would intercept and reflect towards the interior planets would exceed many millionfold that which the earth actually reflects. In like manner, an incandescent globe, if divided into myriads of minute incandescent globes, would supply much more light than in its original condition.

So in the case of the coronal matter. Assuming it to consist of myriads of indefinitely minute particles, very widely dispersed, it would be capable of emitting and reflecting a quantity of light altogether disproportioned to its actual weight regarding it as a whole.

But when we consider the spectrum of bright lines given by the corona, the case no longer remains altogether so simple. One cannot very readily accept the opinion of Professor Harkness, that this portion of the coronal light comes from iron existing in the state of vapor; for, although it is exceedingly probable that iron forms one of the chief constituents of the coronal substance, yet, in the first place, we have no reason for believing that a degree of heat intense enough to vaporize iron would exist where we see the corona; and,

in the second, other elements must also be present in the coronal substance, and they also would be vaporized, whereas we find none of the lines due to other known elements.

The idea suggested by Professor Young and others seems more likely to be the correct explanation of the matter. For *bizarre* and fanciful as the idea may seem that the corona is a perpetual solar aurora, it must not be forgotten that General Sabine and Dr. Stewart propounded, some years since, in explanation of known terrestrial phenomena, the theory that the colored prominences are solar auroras. This idea has been shown, indeed, to be erroneous, but the reasoning on which it was based was sufficiently sound, and the observed facts would be equally well explained by supposing the corona, instead of the prominences, to form a perpetual solar aurora.

When we remember that the zodiacal light—a phenomenon which holds a position midway between the terrestrial aurora and the solar corona—has been shown to give a spectrum closely resembling both the auroral and the coronal spectra, the idea does certainly seem encouraged that all three phenomena are intimately associated. We might thus not unreasonably regard the zodiacal light as the outer and very much fainter part of the corona, the two together forming a perpetual solar aurora; and in this way we should begin to see the means of explaining the remarkable but undoubted fact that the displays of our terrestrial auroras are associated in a most intimate manner with the condition of the solar surface. For we should be led to regard the recurrence of our auroras as a manifestation of the same sort of solar action which is more constantly at work amidst the materials constituting the corona and the zodiacal light.

This view leaves unexplained the bright lines of the coronal spectrum. But as we have every reason for regarding the auroral light as an electrical phenomenon, and the bright lines in the auroral spectrum as, therefore, not due to the presence of vast quantities of glowing vapor, we may extend the same interpretation to the coronal spectrum. In laboratory experiments, when the electric spark passes between

two iron points, its spectrum shows the lines belonging to vaporized iron, and yet the quantity of iron vaporized by the spark is almost infinitesimally minute. And similarly, if we regard the corona as an electrical phenomenon, we get over the difficulty which opposes itself to Professor Harkness' theory, that a large proportion of the corona consists of the luminous vapor of iron.

The general result would seem confirmatory of these views, according to which the real origin of the coronal light is to be sought in the millions of meteor-systems which undoubtedly circle round the sun, many of them passing (when in perihelion) very close to his globe. These meteor-systems have been shown to be associated with comets, though, as yet, the exact nature of the association is little understood. From what we have learned respecting them, we should expect the sun during eclipse to be surrounded as with a crown of glory or light, due to the illumination of the mixed cometic and meteoric matter. We should also, for like reason, expect to find a faint glow along that very region of the heavens where the zodiacal light is seen. When we add to these considerations, the circumstance that all other theories of the corona and zodiacal light appear to be disposed of by the evidence at present in our hands, it would certainly seem that we have fair reason for regarding the interpretation here set forth as at least, in the main, the true one. Many details may yet remain to be considered; many peculiarities, both of the corona and of meteoric systems, may remain to be ascertained; and, fortunately, the means are not wanting for fruitful research into both subjects. But this general view seems demonstrated, that the facts recently ascertained by astronomers respecting meteoric systems on the one hand, and the corona on the other, are closely related together. It is highly probable, also, that the association between the two orders of facts will become more and more clearly apparent with the further progress of observation, and of that careful analysis of observation which alone educes its true value.

Cornhill Magazine.

SPAIN, AND HER REVOLUTION.

THE venerable Burton of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, observes somewhere, that, as we look curiously at the sun during an eclipse, though indifferent to him at ordinary times, so we follow with interest a great man in his periods of struggle and adversity. What is true of men in this saying is also true of nations; and of no nation so true as of Spain, which has probably been more closely watched during the last two years than during the whole interval between the civil war which placed Isabella on the throne, and the revolution which drove her from it for ever. Indeed, we doubt if there is any country between the interest of whose associations and the interest of its political condition the European world draws such a line of distinction. Italy is certainly not inferior to Spain in the charm which belongs to memories and relics of the past; but Italy has always had keen admirers of, and sympathizers with, her modern political movements: while not one Englishman in a hundred knows against whom Riego rose, or how the principles of Narvaez differed from those of O'Donnell. Among the other misfortunes of the Peninsula must be counted the vulgar impression that its only business is to be picturesque, to be a land of Moorish palaces and Gothic cathedrals, aqueducts with broken arches, and lonely crosses marking the spot of deeds of blood; a land of orange-trees, fountains, and guitars, strings of mules and processions of priests, hidalgos of stately manners, and dark-eyed women, covering with mantillas their long black masses of hair. We believe that a cockney tourist is seriously annoyed when he finds a Spanish lady dressed like his own sister, or when a Spanish gentleman asks him in very fair English a variety of sensible questions about the use of *esparto* in the paper-manufacture, and the effect of Mr. Gladstone's bill upon land-tenure in Ireland. Yet the real spirit at work beneath all these Spanish revolutions, including the last and greatest, and in spite of the element of military and factious intrigue which plays so great a part in them, is a vague discontent with that old life, of which only "picturesque" rags are left,

and a keen longing to take a worthy share in the new work of Europe, which we must all *do*, whether we like it or not. Spain, in fact, though not very willing to say so openly, is ashamed of her backwardness, and sick of her comparative isolation. Her best men desire that the Pyrenees shall exist no longer, though in a very different sense from that of the famous saying of Louis. They wish to share in the civilized prosperity and practical command of nature of other nations, and would be content even if their country lost some of its "romantic" charms in the process, if its Don Quixotes were put under friendly restraint, and its Murillo's "Beggar Boys" were sent to a ragged-school. Besides, when all is said and done, what is the worth of the kind of "picturesqueness" that co-exists with decadence, laziness, and corruption? The liberal and beautiful arts themselves, by which the feeling of romance is kept alive, flourish with the activity and decline with the decay of the other powers of a nation. Spain has sunk low; but she has not sunk so low as to be content to be a mere "model," to make a career of sitting for her portrait to ingenious gentlemen from countries where painting prospers with the general prosperity of the rest of the national life.

Whether Spain is really to revive, as the best Spaniards hope, by a genial contact with other nations, is surely a question of much interest to Europe, and one which can only be forwarded, if affected at all, by a frank unprejudiced criticism of her actual condition. The isolation of the country just referred to is no new fact in her history, but, on the contrary, one of the most ancient as well as significant of all facts about her. She was late in entering into the European system, either the ancient or the modern; and she has always become powerful or prominent less by her own impulse than by the effect of an impulse from some other nation without. Homer knew nothing of Spain, and Herodotus only very little, through the Phœnician traders, who first annexed her to civilization, from that African side of the Mediterranean which has had such an influence over her character and fortunes.

The Phœnicians—colonists as well as traders—found, in the Iberians, a numerous and distinct race, the affinities of which to the other races of Europe cannot be shown, but who certainly had many and strong points of likeness to the Spaniards of the present day. Here we have the first cause of the strongly-marked individuality of the Spaniard—a distinctness of race separating him from the other families of Europe, whose cousinship, in one degree or another, can be satisfactorily proved. We know the Celt, and can recognize in him, with Prichard, the man of Indo-European relationship—with Michelet, the ancestor of the modern Frenchman. We know the German, and his English kindred, and their unmistakable family likeness to the Germans of Tacitus. But who was the Iberian—he who began, as Polybius tells us, at the Pyrenees? He was not a Celt, though in a certain portion of Spain he had coalesced with him, under a name—Celtiberian—assumed expressly to mark the union of two separate stocks. He was quite distinct from the Phœnician, who had, however, settlements of some extent in what is now Andalusia. He had nothing in common with the Greek, who had planted himself on a point or two of the eastern coast, after, and in imitation of, the celebrated foundation of Marseilles. It is said that the Iberian inscriptions are to be explained by the Basque language; but philologists are not agreed about the Basque itself, to which some assign a Tartar origin. Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, the only man, in Niebuhr's opinion, "who could throw any light upon the subject," held that the Basque was once universally spoken throughout Spain, and its difficulty and obscurity are additional proofs of the separate individuality of the Iberian type.

The Greek and Latin writers may be searched in vain for any satisfactory account of the origin or immigration of the Iberians. But we may gather from those writers many instructive details as to the national character and habits. They were divided into numerous tribes, which could seldom be got to unite together, even against foreigners, whom they all agreed in hating. They were hardy, fierce, frugal, and furiously brave, especially under excitement, and when defending their towns; but not good in the open

field, and in regular war, unless when led by quite exceptional generals. They had passionate confidence in individual chiefs, and were naturally fond of party and faction, with a constant tendency to waver, either from temper or from interest. They were greedy for money, and apt to sell their trust; coarsely cruel in their light estimate of human life, and prone to assassination. The betrayal of hostages, the surrender of towns, the desertion of allies, the murder of men like Hasdrubal, Viriathus, Sertorius,—these are all characteristic traits of Iberian history. There was a certain hardness and ferocity about the *durus Iber*,—the *truces Iberi*,—which seems to have impressed itself as the predominant feature of the race, on the classical mind. When Cato the Censor disarmed the tribes near the Ebro, many of them killed themselves rather than survive the loss of their weapons. At the siege of Numantia, they ate each other when provisions ran short, and slaughtered each other when surrender became inevitable. Long after the Romans had occupied nearly the whole Peninsula, when the south of France was as civilized as Italy, and Marseilles had its schools of philosophy and rhetoric, the mass of the Iberians were evidently in a barbarous state. Catullus's account of the queer Celtiberian substitute for tooth-powder (*Carm.* 37, 38) might appear a joke, if it did not receive confirmation from Strabo (*Geog.* 3, 4). But, however important as a military station, and a field of action in the civil wars, Spain seems hardly to have been adopted into the classical life of Italy during the most brilliant period. Horace couples Ilerda (the modern Lerida), one of the towns nearest the Pyrenees, with Utica, as among the last places his book is likely to reach, after being worn out or abandoned to the moths in the capital. To Juvenal, Spain is *horrida Hispania*. The Roman civilization was spreading itself, all this time, of course; new cities were being founded; noble roads made, and aqueducts built. But, except on the Mediterranean coast, civilization came slowly, and late. Nor has Spain ever been a storehouse of good classical art, or valuable ancient MSS., considering how conveniently she lies towards Italy, and how early and extensive was her Mediterranean commerce. Her importance in ancient history is political and mili-

tary, and due to her geographical position rather than to the gifts or qualities of her indigenous inhabitants. We do not forget her wits of the Empire, such as the pungent Martial, who has devoted some charming verses to his birth-place, and the neighboring regions—the modern Arragon and Catalonia. But nobody, we fancy, supposes that Martial was an Iberian, any more than Terence was an Ethiopian. The Roman legions became denizens of the Peninsula, and diffused over it plenty of Roman and Italian blood, while gradually preparing it, also, for that form of Latin speech which in after ages found its highest expression in the dialect of Castile.

The Phœnicians and Romans may be said to have, between them, created Spain. The Phœnicians developed the wealth of the wonderful southern regions, which Strabo considered the richest part of the habitable world. Land and sea were alike lavish of the necessities and luxuries of life. Wine, grain, oil, wax, honey, pitch, coccus, minium, were exported in great quantities from the banks of the Bætis and the harbor of Cadiz—with oysters, and shell-fish, and lampreys, and the *murex* famous for its purple dye: all of which were poured in great quantities into the markets of Syria, and, later, of Rome. Gold and silver, brass and iron, came from the same favored shores. For a time it seemed that Spain would be African rather than European; and one of the greatest men of antiquity—Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal—formed a profound scheme for uniting her to the chief of all the Phœnician colonies, by enlisting her sons under the banner of Carthage, and building upon the most venerable commerce what might be the most formidable polity of the Mediterranean. Spain, according to this project, was, as Polybius shows, to have been made a means not only of securing Carthage, but of attacking Rome. The disasters of the first Punic War were to be avenged, and the loss of Sicily and Sardinia more than compensated. The genius and the designs of Hamilcar descended to his son Hannibal, and the second Punic War was their natural result. But the second Punic War had precisely the opposite effect to that intended by the great man who meditated it and the great man who executed it. The Carthaginian power in

the Peninsula was destroyed, although—what is well worth noting—the Iberians seem to have taken quite as kindly to the Carthaginians as to the Romans. And in the two centuries which elapsed between the victories of the Scipios and the victories of Augustus, Rome gradually established her authority from the Pyrenees to the sea. The towns which she founded, or re-founded, in different parts of the country—the modern Badajoz, Merida, Zaragoza, Pampeluna, for example—became centres of *Romanization*, that is, of civilization. Roman colonies were planted thickly over the land. Brigandage, which the Iberian always much affected, was checked. In the wilder parts, the people might still eat bread made from acorns, and sleep upon the ground on straw. But with order and good roads, came traffic and tranquillity. Iberia was never Italy, but neither was it the Iberia of the Scipios. The Gothic conquerors found it so essentially modified by Roman institutions and Roman teaching, that their great bishops, the men of the councils of Toledo, rose superior in legislative wisdom to the men who elsewhere dictated the policy of the barbarians, and prepared the bases of the new European civilization.

"Open the Law of the Visigoths," says M. Guizot: "it is not a barbarous law; evidently it is redacted by the philosophers of the time, by the clergy. It abounds in general ideas, in theories, and in theories plainly foreign to barbarous manners. . . . The Visigothic law bears throughout a learned, systematic, social character. One sees there the work of the same clergy which prevailed in the councils of Toledo, and so powerfully influenced the government of the country. In Spain, and up to the great invasion of the Arabs, it was the theocratic principle which tried to restore civilization.

This "theocratic principle" singled out by M. Guizot as the governing fact in the formation of modern, as distinct from classical Spain, has assumed strange shapes and led to curious issues in that country. Little is known of the old religion of the Iberians, though we are told by Strabo (lib. 3, 4) that the central and northern tribes used to worship a certain nameless god by dancing in his honor with their families at night, at the time of full moon. But, great as were the

services of the Toledan clergy, it was unfortunate for the Iberians that their first powerful Christianity came to them invested with a highly controversial character, and was then burnt into them as a war-like feeling by their subjugation at the hands of a race whose own religion was a part of its national essence. The Romans had not made the Iberian a philosopher, but the Goths and the Arabs easily made him a fanatic; and ages after bishops of the Toledan type had been succeeded by a very different breed, a fanatic he remained. Fierce and factious, he readily ranged himself under the Catholic or the Arian banner; fierce, factious, and tenacious of locality, he readily hated the Moor. "The Moors," observes Gibbon, in his stately way, "may exult in the easy conquest and long servitude of Spain." There is, indeed, something puzzling both in the rapidity and the duration of that conquest. The Moors were not finally driven out for seven hundred years,—a period longer than that covered by the whole independent historical existence of the Greek States,—and longer than it took the Romans to expand from masters of a single city into masters of the entire known world.

It was well suggested by the late Archdeacon Williams, in his excellent *Life of Caesar*, that the Moor found in Andalusia,—the last quarter from which he was driven,—a large Phœnician element, the legacy of ancient days, which was akin to him, and which he assimilated with comparative ease. But he spread himself everywhere, till the cold and the hills stopped him in the north-west; till he was defeated in the plains of France; till he was established at the foot of the Pyrenees, in Arragon and Catalonia. Had the Moor only had the Iberians to deal with, he would probably have got on as well with them as the Carthaginians had with their ancestors: Spain might have become a regular Oriental country in name and form. But just as the Romans had kept it in Europe, so now the Germanic races, in one branch and another, performed the same office. The Goths in the northern, the Franks in the eastern provinces, headed the resistance, and, step by step, city by city, from one range of hills to another range of hills, from one river-line to another river-line, beat the invader back towards the Mediterranean Sea.

This great struggle of centuries had, as everybody knows, the profoundest effect upon the formation of the modern Spanish character. But what is not so often remembered is, that although the struggle was in one sense a national one, it was by no means a struggle equally hard and equally long for all parts of Spain. The eastern provinces, thanks to Frank and Norman leadership and aid, got finally quit of the Moor pretty early. Thus, he had to yield Barcelona in A.D. 985, and Saragossa in A.D. 1118; whereas Seville was not recovered till A.D. 1248, and Granada not till A.D. 1492. This left Arragon and Catalonia,—united, politically, under the Counts of Barcelona in the twelfth century, to which kingdom the great James I. of Arragon, the *Conquistador*, added the Balearic Islands and Valencia in the thirteenth,—free to develop their institutions and commerce by land and sea in their own way; while Castile and Leon, in the centre, north and west, gradually carried on the war from border to border with the enemy. There is a great deal of provoking nonsense written and talked in Spain, nowadays, about the "Latin race," as if the Romanized Iberians had ever been more "Latin" than the inhabitants of Verulamium or Eboracum among ourselves. Everything we know of the mediæval governing Spaniard,—the ancestor of the typical *hidalgo*, shows him to have borne a Gothic character, and to have been more like the man of the north than like the man of the south of Europe. Not without reason does *ser Godo* mean in Spanish to be of *nobleza antigua*. The old independence of the Arragonese *rico-hombre*, proud of the *fueros*, or rights of his province, and devoted to its independence,—a feeling anciently common to all the Spanish provinces,—is quite like that of the Saxon, the Norman, or the Dane. It was territorial and feudal, rather than urbane and municipal, like the contemporary sentiment of Italy. It was, also, essentially aristocratic, though in Catalonia this was modified by the commercial character of the capital—the "countly" city (*ciudad condal*) of Barcelona, which, though the seat of a court, was governed by a *bourgeoisie*. The *Cortes* of Castile and of Arragon, and the *Corts* of Cataluña, may fairly be admitted to have had the essential elements of an English parliament,

before our House of Commons assumed its characteristic shape. And the prosperity and eminence of Arragon in the Mediterranean during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were largely due to their well-mixed, well-regulated freedom of the good old type. Nevertheless, it was Castile, uniting with Leon, and pressing ever forward on the Moor, that was destined to become the sovereign and representative element in Spain, and here the results of the long Moorish war are most clearly visible. A war, endless, and most complicated, of Spanish Christian against Mahometan Moor,—varied with wars in which Christians were against Christians, and Moors against Moors,—and sometimes Christians with Moors against Moors, and even Moors with Christians against Christians,—such a war, waged in incessant raids, forays, and sieges full of personal adventure, had a character of its own different from the simpler ones of other nations. It suited the fundamental Iberian character of the mass of the people admirably, for it was quite like the old *guerrilla* fighting which they had gone through, ages before, with the Carthaginian and with the Roman. And it developed in the nobility the chivalrous and romantically loyal sentiments that they had in common with their distant cousins of England and France, to a pitch of extravagance, which became, itself, a mark of Spanish individuality, and culminated, at last—on the bright side, in the delightful humor of *Don Quijote* and the stately politeness of Spanish gentlemen;—on the dark side, in the early-established despotism of the Hapsburgs, the Inquisition, and the Church. Heroes like the Cid, and kings like the Ferdinands, became the model heroes and kings of the country, and the relation of one to the other the model of such relations. Charming does the old ballad set forth the feeling of vassal for king, and of king for vassal, when it tells us how five tributary Moorish chiefs brought splendid gifts to the Cid,—how the Cid said that there must be some error, for that he was no lord where King Ferdinand was, but only his humblest vassal; and then, how the King, in his turn, assured them that the Cid had conquered for him all he possessed, and how glad he was to have such a vassal!

El Cid les dijera :—Amigos,
El mensaje habeis errado,
Porque yo no soy señor
Adonde está el Rey Fernando :
Todo es suyo, nada es mio,
Yo soy su menor vasallo—

and so forth, as we find it in the old *Romancero*. So completely did this ancient way of thinking and feeling—a mixture of military, aristocratic, and monarchical sentiment,—pass into the Spanish mind, that to this day, whenever Spaniards desire to glorify themselves (which they pretty often do) in their speeches, or newspaper articles, they invariably glorify themselves for qualities of the chivalrous and romantic type. It is the *hidalguia*, the *caballerosidad*, of the Spanish nation that they brag about; while the more prosaic virtues of common honesty, industry, punctuality and cleanliness attract but little laudation. This is one evil result of the strife with the Moors; but it had many other evil results. The bigotry and sabre-worship which it fostered, led naturally to the supremacy of the priest and the soldier. The sexual arrangements of the Moors influenced the Christian marriage institution in such a way that the pedigrees of the Spanish nobles were very doubtful, as St. Simon found. Commerce, and all kinds of useful activity, which, by making nations rich and intelligent, help their civilization, came to be secondary objects in the public esteem. Hence, Spain has never attained in civilized times a distinction like that which hovers round the associations of her barbarous times. No great nation did so little for the revival of learning, or has done so little for learning of any kind since. She had her martyrs during the Reformation, but she chiefly shone in making martyrs of other peoples, which the accidents of politics brought under her sway; and the institution of Jesuitism is her most original contribution to the history of modern religion. The old Iberian cruelty was one of the qualities which the Moorish war had a tendency to keep up; and both in the Old World and the New, it was exhibited on a scale unapproached in the history of any other modern nation. This indelible Iberian and Oriental quality has been shown by Spain, in all parts of the world, and all periods of her history; in the sport of the bull-ring, and the gravity of

the *auto-da-fe*; amongst the Indians of Mexico, and the Protestants of the Low Countries; down even to the other day, when a handful of half-starved peasants, suspected of Carlism, were shot, without any form of trial, at Montalegre in Catalonia.

The conquest of Granada was the result of the union of the crowns of Aragon and Castile in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella; and it had been prepared for by the long-continued *dis-union* of the Moors, whose hands had been against each other, after the primitive Arab fashion, for centuries. Their subjugation, and the expulsion, later, of their race from Spain altogether, were events now seen and acknowledged to have been disastrous. Andalusia has never recovered the loss of their industry and ingenuity. The comparative prosperity of Valencia is due to their system of irrigation, and to the traditional rules for settling local disputes there, which have come down from them, and which put to shame the clumsy, tardy, and corrupt administration of Spanish law proper. Many a tourist, English and American, enters Spain full of vague admiration for the Christian champions, and goes away breathing a sigh of sympathetic regret over the memory of the Infidels of the Crescent. Once mistress of herself, and having had the Indies thrown open to her by the illustrious Genoese, whom the *Reyes Catolicos* had the wit to employ, but not the generosity to reward, a period of great brilliance opened to Spain, the true conditions of which are little understood by modern Spaniards. Up to this time—the latter part of the fifteenth century—Spain had “figured little in Europe,” as Lord Bolingbroke points out in his letters on the *Study of History*. She now began to be great, but in reality what is called *her* greatness was really a part of the greatness of the Empire of the House of Austria. It was the marriage of Crazy Jane (*Juana la Loca*) with Philip the Handsome, father of Charles the Fifth, which brought Spain into prominence in the European system, and made her a partner in the prosperity of Southern Germany, Milan, and the Netherlands. The Spaniards of our days, always needy and craving for money, always hankering after a Past which yet is only critically studied by foreigners, look back to nothing so fondly as to the old *wealth* of Spain.

But this admits of being brought to a ready test, and we are indebted to Mr. Motley for an excellent application of such a test. “Of five millions of gold annually,” he tells us, “which he” (the Emperor Charles the Fifth) “derived from all his realms, two millions came from these industrious and opulent provinces (the Netherlands), while but a half million came from Spain, and another half from the Indies. The mines of wealth which had been opened by the hand of industry in that slender territory of ancient morass and thicket, contributed four times as much income to the imperial exchequer as all the boasted wealth of Mexico and Peru.” This observation, drawn from reports extant among the MSS. in the Belgian archives, might be of use to Spain, where nothing is in such bad odor as political economy, or so thoroughly backward as all that relates to practical business and industrial enterprise. Not one Spaniard in a million can, even now, be made to understand that the industry of the Netherlands was a more valuable possession to those countries than the mines of the Indies and America to Spain. Like their ancestors, Spaniards crave for gold and silver, which they confound with wealth; and neglect the habits and conditions by which wealth is obtained. Adam Smith explains very clearly that gold was the only object of their voyages to the Indies; that the very redundancy of it, due to Mexico and Peru, discouraged both their agriculture and manufactures; and that in spite of their mines, Spain and its neighbor Portugal were the “two most beggarly nations in Europe.”

There is great truth, accordingly, in the epithet given to the Spain of those showy days by Mr. Ford,—the epithet of a “clay-footed Colossus.” Her imposing attitude—not unlike that of the individual Spaniard whose gravity and his cloak make him look a much greater being than he really is—lasted the whole of Charles’s reign. But scarcely was she handed over, with the Sicilies, and (in an evil day) the Netherlands, to Philip the Second, than the tide began to turn. Philip was a dull Spanish bigot, thoroughly mediocre, whose policy, by making him a mere tool of the Papacy, raised the growing Protestant powers of Europe against him; while at home he did nothing to found good political institutions, or to develop the re-

sources of his country. Spain had the elements of such institutions in her Cortes, which, as early as in the first part of the thirteenth century, had united nobles, clergy, and commons in the enjoyment of secured rights and combined political action. And the Cortes did make an effort, of which an interesting account may be found in Mr. Prescott's work on Philip, to maintain their position—a position very difficult to define, from the diversity of their character in the different provinces, and the fluctuations of power in them, in Castile, as elsewhere. But the despotic and centralizing tendency was too strong; and just as the upstart city of Madrid now took the lead over the old capital cities, so their new dynasty made itself superior to the old feudal checks, out of the mixture of which with the monarchical power, all really healthy constitutions have sprung. The Hapsburgs brought to Spain a great temporary splendor of position, though with the result of fostering, thereby, some of the worst weaknesses of the Spanish character. But they, also, overpowered by the imperialism of their rule the local elements from which freedom and good government might have come, and corrupted those elements into the bargain. For example, the celebrated Duc de St. Simon, who studied the subject with all his habitual shrewdness, subtlety, and love of such inquiries, has made it clear that the *grandesa*, or grandeeism, which became the characteristic note of aristocracy in Spain, took its rise under the rule of Charles the Fifth. Before that Emperor's time, the chief nobles of Spain were the *ricos-hombres*—the "great men," as we may call them, in English—who held their fiefs direct from the Crown. It seems probable that, among other incidents of their position, the right of being "covered" in the King's presence was one,—a right which prevailed in France for a long period, during the government of the House of Valois. What Charles did by making a class of *grandes* was to transform this incident of feudal ceremony into an institution which became the essence of Spanish aristocracy. The old *ricos-hombres*, especially of Arragon, had been men of singular independence, whose attitude towards the Crown erred on the side of rebelliousness rather than of servility. It was clever and politic to persuade their representatives

to accept the right of wearing a hat, or (by female successions) an indefinite number of hats, in the royal presence, as a substitute for political power and lordly self-reliance. This was what the House of Hapsburg managed to do; and their institution of *grandesa*, or grandeeism (our "grandee" is evidently from the Spanish "grande") gradually made all the richest nobles of Spain mere satellites of the court and denizens of Madrid. There were old noble houses which did not attain *grandesa*, and to such houses belonged Cervantes, Calderon, Quevedo, and Velasquez. There were also titled houses (*titulados de Castilla*) created by the kings at their own good pleasure. But to be among the *grandes* became the mighty matter, and they were thus at once a body shining with light reflected from the Crown alone, and a caste, equal among themselves, whatever their differences in antiquity or illustration, but distinct from the rest of the nation, noble or simple. No device ever so completely perverted the primitive principles of feudal aristocracy as this, and no aristocracy has ever sunk so low as the body that was content to accept it.

Philip II.'s contribution to the development of grandeeism was characteristic. He introduced the public ceremony of the *cobrios*, or *couverture*, of which St. Simon has left such a curious description; and he provided that the *grandes* of his own manufacture should remain uncovered when they began to speak to him at the ceremony. Such a monarch was not likely to found a good political system at home, as we have said; and abroad he had to deal with races like the Dutch and English, whose nobles, while equal to those of Spain in antiquity, and superior in historical distinction, had a wholesome indifference to superiority in the matter of hats. He did his best to crush the Hollander by land and the Englishman by sea, and he failed in both objects. When Drake returned from his famous voyage of circumnavigation in 1580, and the Spanish ambassador, Mendoza, pleaded the Bull of Alexander VI., of 1493, by which Spain was to have "all lands discovered and to be discovered, beyond a line drawn from pole to pole one hundred leagues west of the Azores," the answer of Queen Elizabeth was emphatic and to the point. She

said that she did not understand how the Pope's grant could bind princes who owed him no obedience, or how it could, as it were, "enfeoff the Spaniard in that new world,—Hispanum Novo illo Orbe quasi *infendaret*." — (Camden : *Ann.*) The Armada and the taking of Cadiz followed in their due course, and the greatness of Spain, whether as part of Austria or separated from it, was virtually broken up before it was a century old. Sully, sketching in his memoirs the grandiose project of Henry IV., which was cut short in 1610 by the dagger of Ravallac, and speculating on Spain's action in the matter, says that she was well known to be exhausted of money, and even of soldiers—everybody being aware, he adds, that "the best and most numerous soldiers she had were drawn from Sicily, Naples, and Lombardy, or were Germans, Swiss, and Walloons." Left to herself, she sank into a second-rate power as quickly as she had risen, when borne aloft upon the wings of the Imperial eagle. Holland established itself. Portugal, conquered by Philip II., was lost by his grandson. The American pretension had long vanished. Jamaica was taken by England in Cromwell's time. But though every generation saw some new disaster, in one matter the court of Madrid never faltered—its obstinate adherence to bigotry in the Church and despotism in the State. Mr. Buckle collected many amusing instances of the excess of king-worship and priest-worship in the unfortunate country, and of their effect in depressing all other interests. In the War of the Succession at the beginning of the last century, Spain was found, as Macaulay pungently declares, a worse country to have as an ally than as an enemy. The Roman civilization and the Gothic heroism had both disappeared, and any vigor or virtue left was among the peasantry, especially those faithful men of the Castles, who stuck so loyally to Philip V. against the arch-duke Charles. The success of Philip gave the finishing blow to whatever was left of the provincial public life in Arragon and Catalonia; and Spain lost the two Sicilies, the Spanish Netherlands, Minorca, and Gibraltar. The Bourbon differed little from the Hapsburg despotism, chiefly by introducing French fashions into Madrid; and Spain (excepting

during a slight reaction towards improvement, which did not last, under Charles III.) rotted slowly down to the condition in which the French Revolution found her. At first she went into the coalition against the French Republic, but she made her peace in 1795, and in 1796 was foolish enough to join with France against England, which did much damage to her commerce and her navy. An amusing illustration of the changeless nature of the Spanish type was supplied by this naval war. Just as in the Armada days Spain had sent ponderous galleys to invade England, which the vessels of Howard, Seymour, Drake, and Frobisher played round and hammered out of shape, so now she had a four-decker afloat—the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 132 guns—a monster of the deep: "such a ship as I never saw before," says Collingwood in his letters. "We were engaged an hour with this ship," he adds, "and trimmed her well. She was a complete wreck." Another antique taste was exhibited by this same Spanish fleet, as we learn from the same high authority. They always carried their patron saint to sea with them; so, in the battle of St. Vincent here referred to, St. Isidro fell into Collingwood's possession. "I have given St. Isidro a berth in my cabin," wrote, with quiet humor, Collingwood. "It was the least I could for him, after he had consigned his charge to me!" The wretched Spanish court of Charles IV., his Queen, and Godoy—a court, the moral character of which has been reproduced in its ill-starred land since, and more than once—persisted in the war, and St Vincent was naturally followed by Trafalgar. But in 1808 it went the way of other dupes of Napoleon, and Spain suddenly found England ranged with her, when her brave and naturally loyal peasantry girded up their hardy but ill-clad loins to drive out the invading *Gavacho*—the ever-hated neighbor and enemy of France.

Let us hope that it is their ignorance, as the worst educated and most isolated people of Europe, which makes the Spaniards of the present generation appear profoundly ungrateful to England, and her Wellington, for the services rendered to Spain between 1808 and 1814. That they talk and write ungratefully, whether from ignorance or not, is a fact

of which every Englishman living amongst them is well aware. We have seen a little Spanish book, purporting to give the events of this century in chronological order, in which the Duke's landing in the Peninsula was not even mentioned. Nay, in the Cortes, the other day, a popular rhetorician, haranguing on his country's glories, boldly stated that what Wellington had done was to pursue and destroy armies already routed! Nobody in the Cortes contradicted the lie, nor did we remark that anybody in the Madrid press rebuked the liar. It may be that this want of veracity—too general, alas! in Spain—results from the demoralization produced by centuries of ecclesiastical fraud and political corruption. But, however that may be, our object in referring to the Duke's noble victories, without which Spain would have remained (as the eastern parts of her, where he was not engaged, *did* remain) under the yoke of France till the general peace—our object, we say, is not to exult in those victories, but to avail ourselves of the knowledge of Spain acquired by the Duke in the course of his Peninsular campaigns, and revealed to the world in his *Despatches*. The Duke of Wellington was much more than a good soldier. He was a reflecting, and even, in his way a reading man. He learned Spanish, and employed his incomparable common sense—which was his supreme intellectual gift—upon many different kinds of Spanish affairs. It is instructive, then, to see to what Crown and Church, and an aristocracy of hats, had brought a people, the raw material of which had so often been turned to good account by the Roman and the Goth. The natural capability of individual Spaniards the Duke is always ready to admit; but the Government of the nation, civil and military, its organization for any business, whether civil or military—these he found—not to mince matters—contemptibly degenerate. He soon began to suffer from it. His first great victory in Spain was at Talavera, in July, 1809. Three days after, we have him complaining to Mr. Frere, the British Minister at Madrid, that "Our half-starved army, although they have been engaged for two days, and have defeated twice their numbers, in the service of Spain, have not bread to eat. . . . There are nearly 4,000 wounded soldiers dying

in the hospital in this town from want, common assistance, and necessities, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies. . . . I cannot prevail upon them even to bury the dead carcasses in the neighborhood."—(*Talavera de la Reyna*, 31 July, 1809.) Mr. Frere was just afterwards succeeded by the writer's brother, the Marquess Wellesley, and on him it devolved to stir up the wretched Junta to activity. "The army will be useless in Spain, and will be entirely lost, if this treatment is to continue," the Marquess learns. "It is to be attributed to the poverty and exhausted state of the country; to the inactivity of the magistrates and people; to their disinclination to take any trouble, except that of packing up their property and running away when they hear of the approach of a French patrol; and to their habits of insubordination and disobedience of, and to the want of power in, the government and their officers."—(*Deleytosa*, 8th August, 1809.) The conduct complained of forced Wellington to retire to Badajoz, and then to Portugal; and he was further annoyed that autumn by the Spanish General Cuesta's imprudence in risking a pitched battle with the French at Ocaña, where he was beaten by an army of half his strength. "They go to the plains to be beaten, and thus cow the troops who would otherwise defend themselves in the mountains."—(*Badajoz*, 19th Dec., 1809.) "Nothing can be worse than the officers of the Spanish army," had been his declaration some months before; "and it is extraordinary that, when a nation has devoted itself to war as this nation has, by the measures it has adopted in the last two years, so little progress has been made. They are really children in the art of war, and I cannot say that they do anything as it ought to be done, with the exception of running away and assembling again in a state of nature."—(*Merida*, 25th August, 1809.) Such was the uniform tone of the Duke during those glorious but most trying years, in which, in spite of French enemies and Spanish allies, he carried the British flag triumphantly from the lines of Torres Vedras to Ciudad Rodrigo, from Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca, and so on, through Vittoria to San Sebastian and the Pyrenees. The share of Spain in the war, as far as it was suc-

cessful or important, was of the old Iberian pattern—a pattern which immediately reappears in the Peninsula when the influence of any conquering power has waned. That is to say, Spain's real contribution was made by her gallant *guerrilleros*, particularly those of Arragon and Navarre. They had a dash of the brigand about them, and went to work *λῃστρικῶς*, "bandit-fashion," as Strabo says. But they were stout fellows, loving their country's freedom and their own, and any cruelties they practised had been most righteously provoked by the murdering, plundering, ravishing, faithless, and godless hosts of Gaul.

During this period, the modern political history of Spain had begun by the assembling of the Cortes of Cadiz, and their adoption of a constitution; which Cortes and Constitution have been the ancestors of a numerous progeny, all bearing a family likeness, down to those created by the Revolution of 1868. It was all very well for the English army to drive French troops out of Spain, but it could not drive out French ideas; and the very Spaniards who raged against the troops were the men who carried out the ideas. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that modern France has *gallicized* the Peninsula, very much as ancient Rome *romanized* it. The Cortes of Cadiz soon showed a Republican and Democratic tendency, and were even more eager to destroy the Inquisition than to destroy the invaders. They talked endlessly, of course; and there grew up under their shadow, at Cadiz, what has since accompanied every other revolution in Spain, a licentious and even blackguard press. The machine of government that they devised was an absurd one—they had a legislative assembly, which chose the executive: a regency; but the regency was quite separate from the other body: they were jealous of each other, and a dead-lock was the result. In a country of which the chief property was in land, they made no provision for the representation of the landed interest. It was, in short, a paper constitution of the regular revolutionary type that the Cortes of Cadiz set up; but its influence has been felt in all subsequent revolutions and constitutions of the distracted land. To understand contemporary Spain and its convulsions, the reader must think of it as the scene of perpetual oscillations

between old traditions of Popish bigotry, local and provincial divisions, Spanish pride, habits, and economic and industrial backwardness and barbarism, on the one hand; and, on the other, centralizing, administrative, and speculative efforts, after the example of revolutionized France.

The restoration of Ferdinand VII. in 1814 was the signal for a general reaction. The Cortes of Cadiz and their Constitution were swept away like rubbish, amidst general applause; the priests flourished once more; and the insurrections of 1820-23, for the re-establishment of the Constitution, which were followed by the easy successes of the Duke of Angoulême, only served to confirm the power of the brutal and cynical despot. He died in 1833, leaving to his country a civil war by way of legacy. But that civil war was the real beginning of the ruin of his dynasty. For the cause of his daughter Isabella came to be identified with Liberalism during the contest, and her triumph over legitimacy, in the person of Don Carlos, virtually involved the triumph of Liberalism likewise. No doubt, there were reactionary ministries afterwards, and new revolutions and constitutions to counteract them; but every revolution and constitution has been more democratic than its predecessor, and at last, the dynasty, supposed to represent the very principle of Constitutional liberalism in itself, has been swept away. The Civil War of 1833-1840, though technically a War of Succession, produced like that of 1701-1713, by a royal testament, or testamentary decree, was in historical fact a renewal of the revolutionary movement contemporaneous with the War of Independence of 1808-1814. And it has determined both the character and the course of Spanish politics ever since.

Thus, the knowledge on the part of the populace that the Carlist cause was the cause of priests and monks, predisposed them to believe the worst of all religious bodies, and led to the murders and destruction of 1834 and 1835. People sometimes wonder that Spain should remain quiet while other nations are agitated; though so exceedingly turbulent in her own good time. The explanation is simple. Spain is a belated country in the revolutionary department as in all other departments. She had her '93 in '34-5, and postponed her '48 till '68. In '34

the cholera was raging. The *populacho* of Madrid took it into their heads that the monks and Jesuits were not merely wicked politicians, but had poisoned the public fountains. They broke out in July of that year, and attacked the Jesuit college, and the religious houses, butchering all they could lay their hands on. The Government of Queen Christina, the Regent, took the alarm, and set about suppressing the unpopular foundations in a legal way. In 1835, the Jesuits, who had got back since their expulsion by Charles III. in 1767, were expelled once more; and a decree of July 25th abolished nine hundred *conventos*. But the rabble thought this a tame way of doing work, and in Saragossa, Reuss, and Barcelona, they brought the knife and the torch into play. Many a Capuchin, Carmelite, and Franciscan perished that summer, or escaped by the sewers or the roof from yelling ruffians eager for his blood. Many a Gothic cloister of ancient and reverent beauty was turned into a litter of smoking stones; and many a library had its stately ecclesiastical folios and vellum-clad classics flung into the streets. Then among the vine-clad slopes of Catalonia, the vast pile of the Monastery of Poblet, the burying-place of the Kings of Arragon, saw its last day, and the bones of the good King James the Conqueror, "who loved the people well," were disturbed after a repose of more than five centuries. The scenes of the Paris of the last age were closely reproduced in that and the succeeding years. A handful of revolutionary soldiers, headed by a sergeant, burst in upon Christina in the summer-palace of La Granja in August, '36, and compelled her to proclaim the democratical Cadiz Constitution of 1812—that "foolish Constitution," which the Duke of Wellington said the Cortes had made "as a painter paints a picture, to be looked at." A change of ministry followed, and next year another Cortes made another Constitution, which was, in fact, a more democratic version of its celebrated predecessor. Meanwhile, the atrocities of the Civil War, thus complicated by revolution, were awful. In Barcelona, Carlist prisoners were dragged out of the jail and slaughtered, and their corpses dragged through the streets, or burnt in bonfires. In Tortosa (February 13, 1836), the Christinist General, Nogueras, put to death in cold blood the old

mother of the Carlist, Cabrera, "to revenge his defeat by her son," as Mr. Ford not unreasonably believed.

This miserable civil war—the military history of which makes a very poor figure—had another effect besides that of prolonging and confirming barbarism, ruining an already bad finance, and filling the country with revolutionary passion. It confirmed what Spaniards call the *militarismo* of Spain, and saddled the nation permanently (to all appearance) with the rule of soldier-politicians. Most of the public men since at the head of Spanish affairs—the Narvaezes, O'Donnells, Dulces, and Prims, who are dead; the Esparteros and Serranos, still surviving—gained their first distinction in that evil time. Espartero emerged from it "Duke of Victory" and hero of the Christinist triumph. Prim, a younger man, who had begun as a private in a volunteer force, rose to be a colonel in it, also on the Christinist side. Peace was finally made in 1840, but it was far from being followed by political and social peace. During the contest, two political parties had gradually formed themselves, with the names of which Spanish history has since been filled—the *Progressistas*, who called themselves the champions of popular rights, yet without renouncing the monarchical principle; and the *Moderados*, who were for moderating the popular power, and regulating it, but who were neither Carlist nor Absolutist. Republicans were little heard of as yet in Spain; and the characteristic severity and isolation of the country in religious matters was still so marked that the Constitution of 1837 made no provision for the religious toleration of foreigners any more than that of 1812 had done. Whilst ceasing to respect his own belief, the Spanish Liberal could not yet make up his mind to bear with that of his neighbor.

The Peninsula, in fact, was in a simmer of faction and controversy, boiling over, occasionally, into the old Iberian savagery and outrage. The two elements of Revolution and Reaction gained the upper hand alternately; and Spain has, in truth, been knocked backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock (the battledoors being held by soldiers of fortune) ever since. Espartero had his triumph over Christina. Christina came back. The Moderados reigned, with occasional breaks, some ten

years. They were ousted by the revolution of 1854. Again the reaction had its innings, and so on down to our own times. The parties were modified, no doubt. A coalition between the mildest Progressistas and Moderados produced the *Union Liberal*, represented by O'Donnell, in one of whose successful periods Spain enjoyed five years,—1858–1863—of comparative tranquillity. But with prosperity came the Morocco and St. Domingo wars, and the quarrels with the unforgiven South American States—true daughters, in their sterile agitation, faction, and financial disorder, of their mother of Europe. The fall of O'Donnell's *Union Liberal* Ministry in 1863 was succeeded by several attempts to form a Moderado one, and three ministries of that color rose and fell in two years. Late in 1864, General Narvaez, taking the well-known Gonzalez Brabo for his right-hand man (that clever Andaluz had risen, not by the sword, but by using pen and tongue like a sword—the *other* way of rising in Spain), formed a Moderado ministry, which undertook to settle the difficulties of St. Domingo, Peru, and the finance. The Moderados, it cannot be denied, have produced, on the whole, the ablest public men of Spain, during the last thirty years. But by this time divisions had so multiplied, and party spirit grown so fierce, that a long-lasting ministry of any hue had become impossible. The Progressistas had not the materials of which to make one, had they been invited to try: so another failure of Moderados under Narvaez was succeeded, as the only alternative, by another attempt of Unionistas, under O'Donnell. This was late in 1865: early in 1866, Prim, now, after various changes, a Progressista, rose in insurrection with some squadrons at Aranjuez; and had to fight his way, retreating, to the frontier of Portugal. In the summer, another insurrection, in the same cause as Prim's, but without his leadership, broke out in Madrid.

There was harder fighting than usual, this time; the fighting is seldom very hard in these Spanish civil brawls. But the insurrection was effectually put down by O'Donnell, Narvaez, Serrano (since Regent), the Conchas, and others. O'Donnell and his Unionists did not enjoy the fruits of this triumph over the Progressistas long. The Reaction seemed so de-

cisively successful over the Revolution, this time, that her Majesty soon put the control of affairs again into the hands of General Narvaez, Gonzalez Brabo, and their Moderados. The shuttlecock was sent flying back with a vengeance by these gentlemen. They set up a practical dictatorship; declined to convoke the Cortes for 1866, as they were legally bound to do; and arrested and sent off a batch of deputies, who were preparing a remonstrance, to the Balearic Islands and the Canaries. Serrano himself, who had helped to save the crown six months before, and was President of the Senate and Captain-General, was despatched under arrest, first to Alicante, and then to Mahon. A law of public order was passed, by which the alcaldes, or mayors, throughout Spain had power given them to expel "dangerous persons" from their dwellings. Another law, on the Press, was passed, to match this. The Moderado ministry, drunk with power and blind with vanity, hit out right and left, against Unionistas and Progressistas both. Naturally, the leaders of these parties began to conspire. The Unionistas gradually forgot that one of the elements in their mixed origin and composition had been a Moderado element. The Progressistas as gradually cooled in their monarchical leanings, and drew more towards the extreme men, whose doctrines had been gaining strength during all these years of controversy and disturbance. Now began the real importance in high politics of Prim. He had been a barrack-conspirator for many years. Starting as a Catalan private trooper on the side of the Christinos, he had turned against Espartero in 1843, and got himself made a colonel. He had been in a conspiracy to assassinate Narvaez, who not only spared his life, but sent him, as a Moderado, to be Captain-General of Puerto-Rico. O'Donnell, in the best days of the *Union Liberal*, gave him employment in the Morocco War, where he acquired a marquessate and the grandeeship of Spain. He was now a Progressista, and in secret league with the democrats. Another insurrection was tried in 1867, but without success. The Government took no warning from it; and pursued its usual course of violence, which it mistook for vigor. But in Spain everything rests at bottom on the men of the sword. Unluckily, for the Moderado

ministry, General Narvaez died after a short illness on the 23d April, 1868. Gonzalez Brabo was left to be dictator in his stead, but a dictator in a black coat has hitherto been an impossibility in the Peninsula. He was a clever Andaluz, as has been observed already, who had begun his life as editor of a blackguard Madrid satirical journal, set up to abuse Queen Christina. His reign was short. The conspiracy between Unionistas and Progressistas was complete in a few months; another Revolution broke out against a Reaction which had exhausted itself; and, this time, the Reaction dragged down the dynasty along with it. Queen Isabella's political position had been a false one all through her reign. She was called a constitutional sovereign, and was supposed to have responsible ministers. But these fictions are too artificial for a country like Spain, where law and order can only be maintained by force; and where politics are a perpetual struggle between plotters in barracks and plotters in newspaper-offices, whose ultimate object is to divide power and places between themselves and their followers. Isabella could only trust to the kind of ministers whom she fancied strongest; and she was disposed by her clerical sympathies to believe that strength must be with those who called themselves the defenders of the Church as well as of the State. It is an error to suppose that she was ever generally unpopular, *personally*, in Spain; though the ideas of government which she came to confide in had gradually been sapped throughout the nation, especially in the large cities. With regard to the private faults and follies of which her enemies made a handle, there seems no doubt that they were many. But they had little to do with her downfall. Had she kept friends with Unionists and Progressistas, and shown more independence of the Church, nobody would have much minded the peccadilloes, in which she was amply kept in countenance by other high ladies of Madrid. Does anybody suppose that those peccadilloes were not perfectly well known to Don Juan Prim y Prats, when he accepted his grandeeship from her, and swore to her on his sword that it should always be drawn against her enemies?

Well, the Revolution was effected at the end of September, '68. The novel feature of it was the expulsion of the royal family;

for, essentially, it was of the same type as all others since 1810—a democratic revolt against power in State and Church. It had a *redder* tinge; and the Republicans in the new Cortes were three or four times more numerous than in any previous Cortes. But they were not masters. The central power was still carried on, according to monarchical forms, in Madrid. A coalition of Unionistas and Progressistas formed a ministry, which did things in the old way, and just as they had been done after '54. Juntas in the cities followed former precedents by abolishing octroi duties. Moderados were turned out of places, and their opponents came in. But the essential condition of Spain remained the same, and the two years which have passed over her since have made no fundamental alterations. She remains a more or less democratized despotism, in which the two principles of change and resistance gain alternate successes—abuse them, and are defeated, in regular course. There is an ebb and flow of modern European influences upon the surface of a nation, which yet does not improve its condition in proportion to the improvements of other nations; which exhausts political theory at second-hand, without arriving at peace, strength, and prosperity; and which has not yet learned to use such modern means of forwarding progress as it has borrowed from more vigorous and advanced races.

The time is come to drop romantic notions about Spain; to understand thoroughly that whatever reality there once *was* in them, has long vanished; and that Europe has to deal with a backward people, which can only be raised into civilization by a contact with other peoples. What is the one good result of all these Revolutions and Constitutions — (there have been four, at least, of each since our Reform Bill of '32)—the last of which only differs from the others by going further in destruction? We answer that they have opened Spain more and more to foreigners, till at last, under that of 1868, we are allowed to hold public worship after our own fashion, and are to be allowed (when once these reforms get organized into laws) to practise on fair terms in such professions as medicine. Spain improves slowly; but such improvements as she has made, have been made by the help of foreign capital, and foreign brains and hands.

For example, the total revenue of Spain, in the year 1822, was only six millions sterling. In 1850, it had risen to £12,722,200; and in 1860, to £18,920,000. It has since increased to something like £26,000,000. This improvement may be attributed to the construction of roads, and especially of railways—the work chiefly of English engineers, paid out of the resources of French shareholders. It is also due, in part, to the *desamortization* of lands held in mortmain, both civil and clerical, which first became law in 1855, and is one of the good results of the victories of the Revolution over the Church. In any other country the finance would be in a healthy state, with an increasing revenue, moderate deficits, and a relatively not overwhelming amount of debt. Yet, from sheer want of management, Spain is generally on the brink of bankruptcy, and obliged to borrow, for pressing necessities, on any terms. She was driven off the London Stock Exchange, in 1851, for compelling her foreign creditors to take half the amount due as arrears on her old debt—and to take it in deferred stock newly-created. The Bourse of Paris was closed to her in 1861, because it was discovered that some of the lands which had been assigned for the amortization of debt had been sold under the more recent law of *desamortization*, without any equivalent to the creditors.* Here, a little common honesty would have been more to the purpose than all the talk about *hidalguia* inherited from the old semi-mythical days. The railways, too, though benefiting the nation, turned out as badly for the shareholders as the loans did for the bondholders. The concessions were jobbed, of course. And as the Spanish law allows railway-companies to issue an almost unlimited capital, half in shares and half in debentures, the want of markets for the shares compelled the raising of money upon debentures at high interest, and the construction of the works at a far greater expense than ought to have been necessary. Railway shares have little sale, and dividends are rarely seen in Spain—thanks, in the last result, mainly to the bad (and too often *corrupt*)

administration of finance at Madrid. Spain, thus, does not get anything like the advantages she ought to do, out of the inventions and enterprises of her neighbors, which thus suffer for her faults. While on this subject, we may notice the Madrid Government's habit of borrowing money out of the Caja de Depositos, or State Savings' Bank. The last Revolution was not many months old before depositors were compelled to accept stock representing their deposits, and it is by measures of this kind that foreign confidence is shaken, and the bad state of Spanish finance perpetuated.

The foreign commerce of Spain is comparatively very limited; and this is one of the many cardinal facts which are little affected by her turbulent and pretentious politics. In spite of her high tariff, her customs bring in less than three millions a year. Her duties on manufactures are prohibitive; and the least talk of easy terms for Manchester goods makes the manufacturers of Catalonia foam at the mouth. Since the Revolution, Figuerola, the Finance Minister, has lowered the tariff, and diminished the differential duties in favor of foreign flags. It is too early, as yet, to know what improvements this may have produced; but Figuerola's mild free-trade innovations have been met by furious opposition; and though a well-meaning, he cannot be called a successful, Finance Minister. He was obliged to retire in the face of the overwhelming difficulty of making both ends meet. Meanwhile, this old-fashioned style of tariff, with its accompanying rules and restrictions, fines and forms, opens the way to an immense deal of smuggling and of bribery in the Spanish custom-houses. The *personnel* of Spanish Government offices is large, very poor, and very unscrupulous, and the results may be imagined. A collector of customs at Barcelona, nearly related to perhaps the most important member of the Government, was turned out of his post last year, in consequence of the universal cry raised against his corruption. The mad eagerness of the Spaniards for places under Government is due not merely to the hatred of the nation for hard work, but to the opportunities of pilfering which place affords. Otherwise, it would be hard to account for it in a country where salaries, pensions, and half-pay are constantly in arrear; where the clergy (though

* See, on all these subjects, the excellent reports from Cadix (Blue Books of 1865-6-7) of Mr. Consul Dunlop, now H.M. Consul-General at the Havana.

the Church gave up its property under a *concordat*, in return for a settlement) have been kept for months without a dollar; and where charitable institutions, in the same relation to the State, have been on the point, within the last twelve months, of being compelled to turn orphans and cripples into the streets. What makes all this the more disgusting to the nation generally is, that whatever money the Government has to pay its debts with is applied to the uses of Madrid before a peseta of it reaches the provinces. Centralization is carried to an unwholesome pitch in Spain. Madrid meddles with everything by telegraphing to the provinces, which are governed by captains-general, military governors, and civil governors, all appointed at the capital, and for reasons of party, faction, or family. Law-suits go up to Madrid on appeal, and a case which would be settled in France in fifteen days, occupies in Spain more than as many months. The judicial appointments are mainly political, and not permanent; and if one may believe what one hears on all hands in Spain, a judge is sometimes as venal as a custom-house officer.

The backwardness of agriculture in Spain is due not merely to the want of capital, but to the fact that the country is under-peopled. Britain has a population twice as large in proportion to the area of geographical square miles, and France a population two-and-a-half times larger. There are districts where the land is uncultivated, or cultivated one year and left idle the next. Great part of the soil of Spain belongs to its nobility still—a nobility which performs no public services, hardly ever resides on its estates, is often out of the country altogether, and of which one never hears a good word, even from Spaniards of a conservative turn of mind. No wonder that, especially in Andalusia, a territorial socialism has been spreading for some years among the peasantry, which will some day lead to disagreeable results. Spain is governed altogether,

in the absence of an upper class, by adventurers, and nowhere are politics so thoroughly made a trade, and a trade in which the army takes a part—the last, a fact which is the real distinguishing characteristic, the *differentia*, of Spanish politics altogether. Unfortunately, too, the low state of education, whether of the higher or humbler kind, prevents the middle classes from adequately discharging the functions which their aristocracy have ceased even attempting to perform. The universities and institutes of second instruction (*segunda enseñanza*) are formed upon the French model, but are lamentably deficient. Scholarship is almost unknown, even among the clergy, who come out of the peasantry, and get barely a smattering of Latin in their *seminarios*, while of the working-classes the percentage is small that can either read or write. Spanish literature has come to an end, and little is read, throughout the length and breadth of Spain, except translations from the French, made with very little wisdom of selection. So, while all old beliefs are in a state of decay, little is coming up to supply their place. The opposition to orthodox doctrines has not yet got beyond what may be called the Tom Paine stage; and the republicanism and socialism of the larger towns is a mere pale reflection of the ruddy effulgence of that of Lyons and Marseilles.

Such is the social condition, lying deeper than all mere political agitation ever reaches, which the Spanish Revolution has to deal with and amend, and which a Prince of the House of Savoy, with the courage of his race, has undertaken to assist and direct it in doing. We wish him God-speed with all our hearts, and hope that he will live to earn the blessings of a generation that shall have learned that the nineteenth century has glories to be won as great as any ever won by the slaughter of Moors, and wealth to be gained greater than ever came from the mines of Mexico and Peru.

Fortnightly Review.

THE DARK WOOD.

UPON an eve I sat me down and wept,
Because the world to me seemed nowise good ;
Still autumn was it, and the meadows slept,
The misty hills dreamed, and the silent wood
Seemed listening to the sorrow of my mood :
I knew not if the earth with me did grieve,
Or if it mocked my grief that bitter eve.

Then 'twixt my tears a maiden did I see,
Who drew anigh me o'er the leaf-strewn grass,
Then stood and gazed upon me pitifully
With grief-worn eyes, until my woe did pass
From me to her, and tearless now I was,
And she, 'mid tears, was asking me of one
She long had sought unaided and alone.

Him I knew not of, and she turned away
Into the dark wood ; while my own great pain
Still held me there, till dark had slain the day,
And perished at the gray dawn's hand again.
Then from the wood a voice cried, " Ah, in vain,
In vain I seek thee, O thou bitter sweet !
In what lone land are set thy longed-for feet ? "

Then I looked up, and, lo, a man there came
From 'midst the trees, and stood regarding me ;
And, once again, my tears were dried for shame ;
But he cried out, " O mourner, where is she
Whom I have sought o'er every land and sea ?
I love her, and she loveth me, and still
We meet no more than green hill meeteth hill."

With that he passed on sadly, and I knew
That these had met, and missed, in the dark night,
Blinded by blindness of the world untrue,
That hideth love, and maketh wrong of right.
Then 'midst my pity for their lost delight,
Yet more with barren longing I grew weak ;
Yet more I mourned that I had none to seek.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

London Society.

THREE DAYS WITH THE FRANC-TIREURS.

THREE days and three nights in a forest-camp with French franc-tireurs! How tempting must this look for many an excitement and sensation-seeking Englishman! What an interminable stock of material for descriptive literature and conversation would it have given him! What a number of good hours he could spend with his lady and gentlemen friends, or at the fireside with his family, in detailing "full particulars" of his adventures! How many substantial reminiscences he might have brought back with him, if he were one of that class of Englishmen who, travelling in Egypt and anxious to get some memento of it, have almost destroyed the Pyramids by carrying pieces of them away! Yet, in my capacity of a much less intelligent and inquisitive Turk, I must avow that I brought from my trip in the Forest of Orleans nothing in the shape of substantial reminiscences but rheumatics and a very bad influenza, and in the shape of moral reminiscences nothing but what is available to fill a few dull pages.

At the end of November, Colonel Domalin, formerly a *lieutenant de vaisseau*, and now commanding the Légion Bretonne, was kind enough to allow me to join his force, encamped in the Forest of Orleans, and forming the outermost post of the Army of the Loire. Some twenty miles from the old city of Jeanne d'Arc lies a small village of the name of Ingranne, in the very heart of the forest. There, partly in the out-lying cottages and farm-houses, and partly in the towns, dwelt some five thousand franc-tireurs of La Vendée, commanded by the well-known M. de Cathelineau, an elderly gentleman with a full gray beard, dressed in a Garibaldi costume, only of black color, with a Tyrolese hat, and with no sort of external sign of distinction, although he was called a general, and had all the powers of one. A couple of miles in advance was encamped, amid trees and bushes, a force of one thousand two hundred men, forming the Légion Bretonne properly speaking, then incorporated with Cathelineau's force. Some seven hundred or eight hundred little tents, no bigger than a bit of rag which a coster-

monger puts sometimes on a rainy day over his barrow, was all that constituted the comfort of this camp. At night, when all the men were in, and if no order had come from head-quarters to go out somewhere in search of the enemy, the camp was brightly illuminated by hundreds of fires, giving thus to a considerable part of the forest quite a magical and enchanting aspect.

But one ought not to go near to this bright and charming spot, if one did not wish to be fully disappointed, for there was nothing to be seen but mud, ugliness, and the greatest imaginable discomfort. Bankers, merchants, barristers, artists, two or three well-known Parisian singers, with voices almost lost with two months of this life, were living here in a fashion in which the worst of Irish farmers would hardly allow his laziest laborers to live. Shaky, narrow camp-beds were known only to the captains and colonel; the rest of the officers and privates slept on straw so thoroughly wet, that if one laid down on it for about half an hour, one was sure on rising to see the bed steaming. The luxuries of the table were by no means greater than those of the bed. The bread was always musty, when there was any; the greater part of the time there being nothing but hard biscuits. Fresh meat was always to be had, but what meat it was! An old cow or a wretched sheep, which had seen for several months hardly any food but the straw from the tents, were cooked the moment they were killed, so that the degree of the masticability of their meat can be realized only by a mind acquainted with what English butchers often sell to poor people in the New Cut and kindred quarters of London. Wine, coffee, rice, beans—all these smelt of anything and everything but their natural odor. Unless prepared to eat nothing at all, one was forced to make up one's mind to this kind of food, and I found two days' life in the camp sufficient to make up my own mind in this direction.

The question of accustoming oneself to the camp-beds was for me a much more difficult task; but, happily enough, the first night I spent in the camp Colonel

Domalin was out to see one of his companies staying at a village a few miles off, and was thus able to give me his own bed; and on the following night, when he was back, I managed to find some nights' lodgings in the stable of a desolated farmhouse, on the road to Ingranne. I had only the same straw under my poor body; I had to endure the whole night the smell inherent to a stable never cleaned for years; several rats jumped over my face; but my comfort was still a matter of jealousy with my friends, for I was comparatively dry under the bits of roof which still remained over the stable, and which during the rainy nights had always tempted many a comfort-loving franc-tireur to seek for shelter under them; a thing which their authorities, anxious to enforce discipline, never allowed to their men.

At five in the morning, sometimes at four, the whole camp was on foot, and several companies, if not all of them, were usually marching out after their coffee, prepared in a fashion I have never seen before. Some sort of dark powder was thrown into tin boxes of most various descriptions; cold water was poured over the powder, and the boxes placed upon the fire. The liquid which was thus created had a taste, a smell, and a color, of which one can form one's own idea only after tasting it. It was passed through an old sock, a handkerchief, or some other less identifiable piece of cloth, and swallowed with an expression in the face which is not precisely that of an alderman eating "real turtle."

The first morning I had to spend in the camp the force was on foot rather earlier than usual, in consequence of an order which arrived on the previous night to go and meet some Germans near Chambon, outside the forest. The men had already breakfasted, and while they were preparing for their march the officers met for breakfast at the fire, serving them as a substitute both for kitchen and dining-room. An enormous youth, of a corpulence rarely to be met with anywhere, still less in France, known in the camp by the name of "Goliath," and performing the duties of orderly to the Colonel, was about to filter the black nectar he had already prepared. Taking it from the fire, he wanted to filter it from the tin basin in which it was boiling into another which was supposed to be clean, but of which

the original color was not to be any longer discovered from the thick black crust covering both its out and inside. With a view to perform this filtration, he took from his neck a blue woollen scarf, a distinctive part of the costume of Breton franc-tireurs, and began to filter the coffee through it. On hearing me remarking something on the subject of this peculiar filter to one of my friends, he answered that it was only in my honor that he had sacrificed this noble part of a franc-tireur's costume, for usually a sock was used for the purpose. The formidable youth soon showed me that I might observe as much as I liked, but that to make any remark was quite out of place; for although the franc-tireurs seemed to be perfectly aware that their life was not a very pleasant one, they were, as men always are, discontented at hearing it said to them.

Starting from home, the Breton franc-tireurs were the most elegant and the most wealthy bodies of this kind. As a rule there were very few common people in the ranks; for the greatest part of them, although young men, had occupied comfortable positions in life, and some of them belonged to high families. It was only when things in France were going wrong, and when it became obvious that every man would have to enter the ranks for the purpose of defending the native soil, that the legion began to take in people of the lower classes and obscure adventurers. Parisian working-men, of that loose class which has a natural abhorrence for order and discipline, engaged themselves in the franc-tireurs with the view of avoiding enlistment into the regular forces: just as many other men of all sorts of standing enlisted themselves, with a view of avoiding danger, as ambulance attendants. When a company of the legion was marching out on reconnoitring or outpost duty, one could at once distinguish in the ranks the Parisian working-man from the quiet and severe Breton who had originally engaged himself in the legion at Rennes, who valiantly fought in the Vosges, and who, when the legion was only some two hundred men strong, had for several days "protected" the retreat of a considerable part of General Cambriel's corps. Now, the legion was, as I have already said, some one thousand two hundred strong; but a good officer would certainly have preferred to command only the ori-

ginal two hundred men instead of the large band now under arms. Anything like order or discipline was completely unknown in the force; and the first advice given me by my friends upon my arrival, was to bring my bag, coat, saddle, and everything belonging to me into the colonel's tent, and give them into the charge of the sentry, for otherwise they were sure to be stolen. It would seem that even the colonel's tent was during dark nights not always a safe place, notwithstanding a sentry staying at it, for on several occasions property disappeared there as easily as it sometimes disappears in certain quarters of London; the most tempting objects were, apparently, always eatables and boots. And when one has seen what franc-tireurs had to eat, and how badly they were bootied, one was forced to allow that sheer necessity played a serious part in this chronic breach of the seventh commandment.

The increase of the legion had acted unfavorably, not only upon the discipline of the force, but also on its armament and external appearance: for as long as it consisted only of genuine Bretons there was some sort of communistic friendship among the rank and file. What belonged to one belonged to a great extent to all the others. But when strange elements introduced themselves, all feelings of fraternity disappeared. The incorporation of the company of Provence, and of an American one, changed even the uniformity in the costume of the legion. The Breton franc-tireur, who had a plain black coat, black hat and trousers, with a blue scarf for the neck, was now mixed with the more soldier-like, red-trimmed costume of the Provence company, and with the variegated and quite unsettled dress and accoutrements of the Americans. The Provence men, as well as the "American cousins" (of whom it must be said a great number were of French extraction), brought, besides, as great a variety in the songs which were constantly sung in the camp, as in the offences committed there. The grave, melancholy airs of the Breton were now mixed with jolly melodies of the South, with loose chansons of Paris, and with that sort of American music which the continental mind does not know where to class—either with that of the Christy's Minstrels, or of the Church.

As soon as darkness began to fall

in the forest, which was usually very early, thanks to the thickness of the wood and the lateness of the season, picturesque groups were assembled round the fires, and improvised choruses resounded for a mile round the camp. About six or seven at night, the companies that were sent out in the morning in search of the enemy usually reached the camp, and, unless they had only a useless day's march to perform, every group had some more or less jocular stories to listen to about the chase given to the enemy. The Germans abhor the franc-tireurs so much, and have spoken of them in such terms, and treated them in such a manner, that there is a general belief in England that the franc-tireurs are all some sort of savages. Yet such is by no means the case. The franc-tireur legions contain only just the same amount of savages that can be found among the Mobs and the line, and certainly less than can be found among the zouaves. The real weakness of the franc-tireurs is that they could never manage to constitute themselves a part of a regular force, and that they were constantly used in small detachments, merely as skirmishers or partisans. Besides this, being seldom provided for by the French commissariat, even in that unsatisfactory way in which the line was provided for, they were naturally forced to provide for themselves in the best way they could. Consequently the provision-wagons, as well as the purses and articles of clothing of the enemy, were the first things for which an average franc-tireur was looking out; and on some occasions I heard, after an engagement, great discussion among the privates as to who killed this or that man, and who had a right, therefore, to take possession of the property of the deceased. Goliath (the man who prepared our coffee) seems to have been particularly lucky in this respect, for he had killed, since the formation of the legion, a considerable number of Prussian soldiers and officers, upon some of whom there was no less than five or six hundred francs; and upon one Prussian private he found even three thousand francs in French gold. But Goliath was still in despair, for he could not get a pair of boots, his foot being so enormous that he could not purchase such as would fit him;

he had never time to order any, as the legion was constantly moving about, and finally it turned out that even on the big-footed Prussians no suitable pair could be found.

Goliath had only one competitor in skill in shooting, and that was the lieutenant-colonel, or, as he is called in France, Commandant of the Légion, a tall, handsome gentleman, strikingly English-looking, not only by his face and beard, but also by the quietness of his temper, and his passion for shooting and sport. There has never been any engagement of the legion, however small, in which the commandant has not taken part, even though his position did not require his presence. His carabine Minié or his Remington on his shoulder, he went out quite as a young English landlord goes out grouse-shooting; and if any Prussians or Bavarians were met with, the first of the killed was sure to be so by the commandant. He was supposed in the legion to be a thorough Republican; but thorough Republicans I spoke to among the privates said the commandant had no very precise idea of what Republicanism was, and that he was too much of a swell to be a Republican. Yet his personal courage, the fabulous health which enabled him to endure every possible privation and discomfort, the imperturbability of his temper, and the extreme reserve of his manner, made him not only respected but admired by the whole legion. The colonel himself, valiant as he was, seemed to be perfectly aware of the difference which existed between his nature, that of a *fils de bonne maison*, whom life at sea had made romantic, and life in Paris had tired, and the nature of the tall and quiet commandant, whom habits of sport had transformed into a figure much more likely to be met with in the romances of mediæval chivalry than in the reality of the present days.

Although the word franc-tireur implies always more or less good shooting on the part of the men engaged in the force, it must not be supposed that all of them are really good shots, for many an officer as well as private was never able to kill anything at all. One of my best friends in the legion, a very popular captain amongst his men, was constantly carrying his gun with him even on a mere walk; but I never saw him really killing anything even in the shape of game, much

less in the shape of a Prussian. On one occasion, when we were following on horseback the companies which had just marched out, we had taken a shorter path, impracticable for the companies. The captain was quietly discussing with me the chances of France in the struggle in which she was engaged, when he stopped abruptly, whispering that there was a splendid piece of game crossing the path within a short distance of us, and with these words jumped off his horse and disappeared in the thick of the forest. In a few minutes I heard a shot, and saw at the same moment a small red dog, fearfully frightened, running straight in my direction. I could not help bursting into a most hearty laugh, when I saw what my friend had taken for game, at which he had so unsuccessfully shot. To his credit as a sportsman and marksman, it must be said, however, that he laughed at the blunder he made just as heartily as myself.

Generally speaking, this tendency to acknowledge their own errors, and to be able to laugh at them, seems to be a peculiar characteristic of the franc-tireurs. The rude life they lead has accustomed them to see chiefly the defects and shortcomings of human nature, and they seem to have given up every sort of illusion upon this subject. If a man is doing his duty, and does not shamefully run away in the presence of the enemy, he is sure to have at once his rights of citizenship in the legion; and all that a man may show beyond that is always welcomed, always acknowledged as a satisfactory fact, but never extolled as heroism or virtue. I have formerly noticed this peculiarity in forces voluntarily constituted in time of war, but was greatly astonished at seeing it repeated even among self-extolling Frenchmen. In the Breton Legion I soon saw that this prosaic turn of mind was partly due to the influence of the surgeon of the legion, an old but valiant nephew of Kléber, and a few months ago surgeon to one of the greatest industrial establishments in France. An Alsatian by birth, looking much like a German both in the face and by the manners which his profession and long stay in Germany had engendered, the doctor was constantly taken by the peasantry for a Prussian spy; and after each occurrence of that sort, angry as

he was, he constantly repeated that it was only the *fougue* of the French people which was the cause of all the stupidities they are guilty of; that it was only the same *fougue* which caused their ill-success; that it was the same *fougue* which caused them to overthrow a government without knowing whether they could get a better one; and that it was the same *fougue* again that caused them to overlook real danger, and to be struck with panic when there was no danger at all. The doctor always said that he was fully convinced at the outset that the regular French army must be beaten, and that this was the chief reason why he did not wish to take office in the regular forces. "Here at least I can make my *coup de feu* as well," said he. "I know that we shall never retreat unless it is absolutely impossible to hold out. While in the army I should never have anything else to do than to execute the stupid orders of a corrupted imperialistic general, and to retreat when I would be sure that both common sense and necessity required me to go forward, or at least to stay in the same place." Slightly hump-backed, dressed like an Esquimaux about to start upon a voyage round the Cape, with face and hair which would both be of a pea-soup color, if the first was not strongly reddened by a three months' exposure to the inclemency of the season, and if the latter was not already turning considerably gray, the doctor appeared always the most angry and discontented human being that ever lived; and when he looked at one over his big spectacles, one would never have thought that he was in the presence of the most good-natured fellow that could be met with. The care he took of his sick and wounded was beyond all praise, although there was neither in his manner, nor in the arrangements which he made for them, anything that could suggest the idea of what is called "kind treatment." His opinion was that in the rude circumstances to which the men were exposed, the best way was to treat them as rudely as the state of their health would allow. "It could only increase their courage and their endurance," said he; "as to the wounds, they cannot get much worse, when a man is lying in a wood, often without even straw under him, in a rainy or frosty November night."

One evening, when this *bourru bienfaisant* was exposing to me his philosophy, and developing the idea that the chief duty of man is constantly to prove to his fellow-beings that bad as their position may be, there might be a worse one; and that the greatest merit and the greatest virtue in men is never to complicate the circumstances in which they are placed—Goliath approached our fire and began to complain to the doctor of the wounds he had on his feet, and which had been caused by the absence of boots, or from the necessity of wearing those that were too small for him. "Well," said the doctor to me, "I just told you that the worst thing in life was to complicate a position. This fool, you see, instead of walking barefooted for a short time, has created two distinct sets of wounds on his feet, which makes the treatment more difficult and doubles the unfitness of his feet for service. Are they not a miserable set of people here? I don't know where they get them from. Look at this monstrous figure, and fancy that a man like him, weighing some five hundred kilos, is simply a *poule mouillée*, weeping boo! boo! at wounds he has got by his own fault. Put your stupid feet into cold water!" turned he to the poor fellow, astonished at such a reception, "and go to the d—l." And on the next morning I saw the doctor quite busy inventing some sort of sandals for Goliath—sandals of such a solid nature that I fancy the giant wears them still.

The attitude of the doctor to the moral diseases of mankind did not differ much from his attitude with regard to the physical. Meeting with a man guilty of a breach of discipline or any other offence, he was sure to assail him not less vigorously than an English policeman would have done a burglar in those rare cases when he succeeds in catching hold of one. But when the doctor had to speak of an offence without seeing the offender, the severe chastiser seemed to have completely transformed himself. I was present in the colonel's tent at a discussion which took place amongst the officers on the necessity of cashiering a sub-lieutenant of an American company, who was accused of having appropriated to himself some one else's ham and bottle of brandy. The doctor, on making himself acquainted with the facts, broke off all relations with the accused officer, treating him personally

with an open contempt amounting almost to insult; but at the discussion which was going on in the colonel's tent he expressed his opinion that there was no need whatever of cashiering the man, as the privates did not know anything about it, and therefore it could not serve them as an example. The Americans, argued he, were so much accustomed to ham and brandy that the man could not withstand the temptation of enjoying these things. "You ought to know," said he to the council sitting on the boxes and shaky camp-stools and the still more shaky bed of the colonel, "that a man of Anglo-Saxon blood cannot live without these necessities; and you ought to have provided him with them. If you neglected this, you must not be discontented if the man takes what he wants by force or stratagem. I had better settle this affair, and simply say that we all know what he has done, and that the only way to restore his reputation is to fight twice as bravely as he did previously."

The doctor did so; and on the next day, when the legion had a rather sharp engagement at Boiscommun, one of the first men I saw wounded was the American sub-lieutenant; he was shot through the chest, and had besides a ball-wound in the shoulder. But he was still alive. The doctor attended to him as far as it was possible under a strong musketry fire, and ordered him at once to be carried back to the camp. "It is all over with the poor fellow," said he to the men who were to carry the officer back. "But do not put him into the cart. He would die on the way. Carry him gently on the stretcher." And the doctor again took his gun and began to shoot as a common private. On that day the doctor felt himself particularly happy, as the wounded were very few, and he consequently had opportunities of using up all his cartridges in the intervals of his professional work.

When the fighting was over the legion remained encamped in the neighborhood of Boiscommun and Chambon; but the doctor had to return to the forest where the wounded had been transported, and where a reserve company still remained in charge of the camp. We both started on horseback, accompanied by several officers who had to return either to arrange some affairs of their own or to provide for the provisions and ammunition of those marching out. All the small vil-

lages and farms on our way were in a state of the greatest excitement on account of the fighting which had taken place, and of which they had not yet heard the result. Seeing this, the doctor said it was the best time to provide ourselves with poultry, eggs, and kindred delicacies; for as long as the Prussians were not in the neighborhood, and no fighting was going on, the peasants refused to sell anything of that sort, the whole of their surplus stock having been (they said) sold long ago. But now that the Prussians were near, they were afraid that they would lose everything. And the doctor, anticipating these thoughts of the peasants, caused us to call at several houses as we passed on our return, and at nearly every one of them we got either a couple of rabbits or a pair of fowls, our pockets and wallets being filled with eggs. The rabbits were killed before being hung to the saddle, but the poultry were tied by the legs alive and hung on each side of the pommel. We attached them the best way we could with handkerchiefs, straps, and whatever else we could get; but the fowls had a great facility in escaping from their bonds, and there was a constant hunt after fugitives. The doctor being much irritated at these mishaps, swore at the poor chickens in a most unceremonious manner. He said he was sure it was quite a natural thing to them to be carried head downwards, and he did not see what objection they could have against this manner of travelling.

Late at night, when arrived at the camp, we were assembled for a supper which Goliath speedily prepared for us of the eggs and rabbits we had brought with us; but the doctor was missing. Several men went in search of him, but unsuccessfully; and the forest being in complete darkness, and some six or eight hundred empty tents giving a fair opportunity to any one of being left in peace, if he wished so, we were forced to suppose that the doctor, being very tired, had gone to sleep in one of the empty tents. Goliath, however, who seemed to know the doctor better than any of us, at once found him when his culinary occupations were over. He discovered the brave nephew of Kléber in a tent which usually served as a club for a few citizens of Belleville and La Villette, and which bore on one of its sides the following inscription in charcoal:

"Hôtel de la Puce en faillite. Table d'hôte entre les repas. On reçoit en pension des demoiselles depuis l'âge de 18 ans."

The American sub-lieutenant was lying there quite dead; and our friend, attended by a young pupil of the École de Médecine, and assisted by a small lantern which never left the doctor's belt, was inquiring whether the ball which had passed through the chest of the sub-lieutenant had traversed his lungs, and if so, in what direction it did so. "It is a very interesting case," said the doctor, when he sat down to eat his portion of rabbit. "I had already many reasons for supposing that,

notwithstanding all the conventions, the Prussians are using explosive balls—at least against the franc-tireurs, and in the case of this man I become almost sure of it. I will further inquire into the matter to-morrow by daylight."

But I don't think that the doctor had any opportunity of making his inquiry, for in a couple of hours an order arrived to break up the camp; and at daybreak the whole legion was engaged in that fight which lasted from the 1st to the 5th of December, and which ended in the recapture of Orleans and the retreat of the Army of the Loire. AZAMAT-BATUK.

Temple Bar.

MIRABEAU.—A LIFE DRAMA.

MIRABEAU represented the intellect, as Robespierre, Danton, Marat and their associates did the brute force of the Revolution. He was a Titan among the Satyrs, a *Soul* amongst the Yahoos. Had he lived a few years longer, Napoleon's star might never have arisen. The incarnate force would have been dangerously rivalled by the incarnate intellect. Nature created him a commander of men. She gifted him with a power of attraction that none, man or woman, who came within its influence could resist. It converted enemies into friends, melted the hearts of jailers, subdued even Marie Antoinette herself—that imperious, brilliant woman, whose pride he had helped to crush into the dust. His courage was indomitable—no terror could appal it; it carried him scatheless through the surging, howling masses,—through the black, polluted stream of the blood-craving mob who had marked out the very *lanterne* on which he was to expiate the crime of daring to oppose its brutal fury. It saved him from the then unfleshed but ravening tigers of the Jacobin Club, whom he bearded in their very lair, and gave him the power to depart, free and unharmed, amidst the tumultuous acclamations of the very men who hated, had denounced, and foredoomed him.

It has been objected against him, that his greatness was theatrical, that he was ever studying for display; so was the greatness of Napoleon; so has been, is, and will be, the greatness of all Frenchmen what *we*, sober-minded islanders, call theatrical. But did Nature create us the

epitome, the standard of all human excellence? Is an admixture of dulness an essential ingredient in the composition of greatness? There be excellence and excellence; great men and great men. Dark sins and vices stained his life, as they have the lives of all great leaders of men who have arisen in the dark and turbulent periods of history. But through a mountain of flesh penetrated to the outward world rays from a great soul within. The genius of Mirabeau was gigantic, so were his vices; he was not of the common herd; their virtues were not his virtues, and if he were akin to them in their vices it was on a vaster scale: therefore, it is hard to judge him by the standard of other men. As well bring the laws that govern the vegetation of an English wood to measure the gigantic growths of a tropical forest. His nature was a tropical soil, producing the brightest flowers and the grossest weeds; luscious, healthful fruits, and deadly miasmata. Can we blame the soil for that the fiery sun thus breeds—beauty and corruption side by side,—the fiery sun for that it looks not down upon the plains of India with the same mild, attempered face that it gazes upon the green fields of England? Thus hath a mysterious Wisdom willed it; and thus did the same mysterious Wisdom form the nature of this man, that he might become a mighty power to effect a mighty and terrible work.

This is no sophistry,—no plausible excuse for vice,—no mantle thrown enticingly down for some weak sinner to pounce upon and wrap himself in its fold.

A Mirabeau appears but once in ages, and though to him such a mantle *may* be shadowy, to all others it is transparent as an Indian gauze.

This daring fearlessness, this bearding of power, these resistless, volcanic passions had been transmitted to him in the blood of a long line of ancestors—in the blood of the Riquettis or Arrighetti, who were exiled from Florence, their home, about the year 1267, for some Guelph or Ghibelline feud in 1267,—in the blood of the Riquetti who, in performance of some vow, chained together two mountains of the Basses Alps of Provence,—in the blood of men who had dared to beard the Grand Monarque himself: in the blood of women, fierce and intractable as their lords. Think of all these fiery bloods boiling in the veins of one man, and then fancy repressing this ebullient liquid within the freezing proprieties of every-day life! The Riquettis, after their expulsion from Florence, settled in Provence, and founded the castle of Mirabeau.

The father of our Mirabeau dwelt on his estates at Bignon, between Sens and Nemours. He was a harsh, pedantic man, the author of certain philosophical works and theories of Political Economy, which obtained for him the title of the "Friend of Man." He wrote Liberalism and acted Despotism—a common case. He had a Procrustean system into which he desired to fit all men, great or little, cold or hot. Wholly possessed by this idea, he saw in Gabriel from his cradle not a living entity gifted with free will and independent brain, but so much clay to be moulded into the form the parental will chose to select, and so much intelligence was to be breathed into this clay as he chose to emit from his all-comprehending mind. But no twisting and torturing, pulling or squeezing could make his inductile, compressionless issue fit this inelastic system. Consequently he regarded him as some intractable machine that would not work according to certain preconceived principles, and must therefore be hammered and bent, and at last broken up as useless lumber unfit to exist. From this incompatibility of ideas between father and son arose those cruel persecutions that blasted the whole life of the latter.

With this brief prologue we will raise the curtain upon the first act of the drama.

Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count of

Mirabeau, was born at Bignon in the year 1749. He came into the world with a deformed foot, tongue-tied, two teeth cut, and a head of prodigious size. Nature from the first stamped him an abnormal being. At three years old he was attacked by small-pox, and in consequence of some quack application his face was scarred, furrowed, seamed by the hideous disease. From his earliest childhood the Marquis seldom spoke of him, save in terms of bitterness and degradation; every childish fault was magnified into a heinous sin. Of kindness he received none, his tutor and all who approached him were instructed to employ only rigor and harshness.

Yet this father was not wholly insensible of the talents of his son. The following passages are extracted from his correspondence with the Bailli of Mirabeau, his brother, and are remarkable as the grudging evidence of a hostile witness.

"Vices have infinitely less room in him than the virtues. . . . At the bottom, here was perhaps in all France the man least capable of deliberate wickedness. . . . You cannot speak to him reproachfully; but his eyes, his lips, his color testify that all is giving way; on the other hand, the smallest word of tenderness will make him burst into tears, and he would fling himself into the fire for you. . . . A spirit cross-grained, iracund, fantastic, incompatible, tending towards evil before knowing of being capable of it. An intellect, a memory, a capacity that strike, astonish, and frighten you."

While Gabriel was yet a youth his father and mother separated, in consequence of the former's illicit connection with a woman named de Pailly, whom he ultimately brought beneath his own roof. This occasioned a lawsuit between husband and wife, which extended over several years, and that ended in the defeat of the Marquis. At the age of fifteen the boy quitted the wholesome atmosphere of this moral nourishing home and entered the military school at Paris, under the sobriquet of Peter Buffière (Buffière was the name of a family estate), not being permitted to retain even his ancestral cognomen. Here he became an "Admirable Crichton," studying Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, Spanish, music, &c., and excelling in all manly sports. We next find him a volunteer in the Marquis de Lambert's regiment. He loses forty louis at play, and successfully rivals his captain in the

affections of an archer's daughter at Saintes. Caricatures of his ugliness,* and all kinds of petty tyranny, are the penalties of his amorous success. He flies to Paris, takes shelter with his brother-in-law, M. de Saillant, who hands him over to the military authorities; there is a trial by court-martial, and the delinquent is sentenced to a short confinement.

So far he had done nothing more than hundreds, nay thousands of young men, who afterwards become respectable fathers of families and members of society, had done. But the Marquis proceeds to act as though he has leaped beyond the confines of humanity. By a *lettre de cachet* he consigns him to the prison of the Isle of Re, while he revolves in his paternal mind the expediency of shipping him off to Surinam, and trusting to a pestilential climate to remove forever the incubus from his path. To this he is urged by Madame de Pailly, who is destined through life to be Mirabeau's evil genius. A little time and he has won the heart of the governor of the prison to such an extent that he becomes a warm interceder with the Marquis for his son's pardon. Thanks to such friendly offices, he is released and presented with a sub-lieutenancy in the Legion of Lorraine, sees active service in Corsica, and twelve months afterwards is domesticated with his uncle, the Bailli, whose pre-hostile heart he takes by storm, and creates in him so enthusiastic a friendship that the old man never ceases importuning until the Marquis consents to a conciliatory interview with the refractory machine. Now comes a transient gleam of happiness, Gabriel is permitted to assume the name of Mirabeau, and, during the winter, is the lion of Paris; he is admitted to the first circles, fascinating *la monde*, old and young, male and female.

In the midst of this intoxicating period occurs one of the noblest episodes of his life. There is a dearth on the estates, the peasants are famishing; he forsakes for a time the gay, and throws himself heart and soul into plans for their relief; he prevails on the Marquis, by a large outlay, to employ the starving; he works with them, cheers them on to exertion, and even partakes of their coarse fare.

In the year 1772 he married the daughter of the Marquis de Marignan. With a pension of about £500, the young couple commence housekeeping at Aix—not a

great sum for the offshoots of two marquises to live upon. Debts soon accumulated, and they retired to the castle of Mirabeau to economize; but the old place was not habitable for a lady, and fresh expenses were incurred to render it so. Creditors pressing hard, Gabriel importuned his father for money; the Friend of Man answered his importunities by a *lettre de cachet*, which banished the importunate pauper to the small town of Manosque. Here he wrote his celebrated "Essay on Despotism," and here his wife thought fit to get up a flirtation with a cousin. A challenge followed; but the cousin's father pleaded for his son's life, urging that he had been sufficiently punished for his love-making, as it had caused the breaking off of an eligible match. In an instant all Gabriel's anger vanished, and sympathy took its place. Regardless of his sentence of banishment, he galloped off to the parents of the lady, and exerting his old fascination, pleaded so successfully for the offender that he succeeded in putting the arrangement upon its old footing. Riding back, he encountered the Baron de Ville-neuve-Moans, who had a short time previously insulted his sister, Madame de Cabrés; he demanded satisfaction, was refused, and settled the matter by horse-whipping the baron. Another *lettre de cachet* buried him a prisoner in the castle of If, tearing him from the wife whom he was doomed never again to behold in this world. The old story—the governor became his friend, and wrote entreating letters to the Marquis to pardon and receive him. Again, the Friend of Man adopted the opposite course, had the prisoner removed to the castle of Joux, and reduced his allowance from £250 to £50 a year.

And so ends the first act of the life drama!

As the gates of the gloomy Alpine prison close behind him, so do they shut him out forever from the herd of men—henceforth RESPECTABILITY shall shun him as plague-spotted, and even the easy-going folks of the world look askant upon him. When he reappears upon the stage it will be as an outcast, a branded man.

The second act opens with one of the saddest, darkest of romances.

The curtain rises upon the town of Pontarlier. It is a high holiday, and the stage is crowded with the orthodox, joyous peasantry; the bells are ringing merrily,

and all to celebrate no less an event than the coronation of Louis XVI. The Governor of Joux is chief director of Pontarlier, and being a man of some vanity, he is anxious that France shall know something of these festivities of which he is the prime mover. Mirabeau being a literary man, and at this time on parole, is selected as the only available person capable of holding Mr. Governor up to the admiring eyes of the nation.

Every festive day of this last reign of the ancient régime was marked by some fatalism, some boding shadow. Most terrible of all that death-dealing marriage day. Most singular of all, that in a remote corner of the empire there should be imprisoned a man who, through the rejoicings of that coronation day, should be brought face to face with an act which was destined to thrust him into a perpetual war with society,—a war never to end until he had subverted that society and overturned the very throne the advent of whose last possessor he was called upon to celebrate. Here is a chain of fatality wilder and more inscrutable than poet ever dreamed of.

It was at this festival that Mirabeau first met Sophie Monnier. Her history previous to this day was a sad but common one. Her parents, the de Ruffeys, were stern ascetics, who gave her at eighteen the choice between a convent and a marriage with the Marquis de Monnier, a man of seventy-one years old. She chose the Marquis, and had been married four years when she first met Mirabeau on that fatal coronation day at Pontarlier. She was at the festivities; they were introduced, and Mirabeau afterwards became a constant visitor at the Marquis's house. She was young, beautiful, passionate, and imaginative; he—ardent, poetical, terribly ugly, yet fascinating beyond all men on record. She—the unhappy subject of a forced unnatural marriage, united to a man she loathed; he—coupled with a woman who had refused to share his captivity, and between himself and whom there existed no touch of sympathy. Both immured in that desolate Alpine region, cankers eating into their hearts—cankers fed by brooding and solitude, the hapless pair became desperately enamored of one another. Sophie saw not the ugliness of the outward husk, but adored the soul that looked out of his eyes. After

all, it is not so much beauty of form that enthralled a woman's heart as some real or imaginary point of sympathy—a something to reverence, a something apart from the prosy level of every-day life, for commonplaces are hateful to women; your brainless, pretty men can fascinate only giggling, bread-and-butter-eating girls.

Mirabeau soon perceived the precipice towards which both were hastening; he did not yield to the temptation, *but fled from it*. But one thing could save him—the presence of his wife. To her he wrote a wild, passionate letter—*nothing concealing*, and imploring her in the name of heaven to come to him and save him from himself. And within the castle-walls, never once seeking Pontarlier, did he await the answer. At last it came—a few freezing lines, simply stating that *she regarded such a request as madness!* Renounced by father and wife, no friend in the wide world, and only one heart that beat for him, in his solitude, his misery, his bitterness of soul, to that heart he fled; and sin and destruction abode there side by side with love.

The deed was a sinful breaking of God's laws, a defiance of a great commandment, but were Mirabeau and Sophie the only sinners? What of the father who had forgotten his paternal duty, the wife who had forgotten the vows she made at the altar? But, above all, what of the mercenary parents who had sold their child, sold her as vilely as ever Circassian slave was sold, laid perjury upon her soul by compelling her to vows that had no response in her heart, and blaspheming God by asking blessings upon what was accursed? What of those who had bartered for gold youth, beauty, and soul, to drivelling, lewd old age?

Their secret was soon suspected, and Mirabeau, his parole being withdrawn, escaped into Switzerland, and Sophie fled to her parents. Mirabeau followed her; was arrested and cast into prison by order of the de Ruffeys, who then sent their daughter back to her husband. Another governor—won by this bewitcher of men—an escape connived at, and he is free once more. The Friend of Man, who now made common cause with the de Ruffeys, speedily set the bloodhounds of the law upon his track. And now came a man-hunt very much resembling the whilom slave-hunts of America, or a

wolf or tiger-hunt. But the human wolf eluded his pursuers, carried off Sophie, and got away into Holland.

For nine months they resided at Amsterdam, Mirabeau writing hard for the booksellers; she sewing and doing household work. If ever romance existed in a garret, it was there. In the mean time, the Bailiwick of Pontarlier had in his absence indicted Mirabeau of abduction and robbery, beheaded him in effigy, condemned him to pay forty thousand livres, and doomed Madame de Monnier to perpetual imprisonment. The Friend of Man and the de Ruffeys now made common cause and joined together in the man hunt. Negotiations with the Dutch Government terminated in the arrest of Mirabeau, and his consignment to the prison of Vincennes, while Sophie was confined in St. Pélagie. What volumes of misery in that cruel parting which we have been compelled to dismiss in a single sentence!

Three years and a half was Mirabeau imprisoned at Vincennes. Wild, passionate, burning letters passed between the sundered lovers. It was a new Abelard and Heloise. Reams of entreating letters did he write to the Friend of Man, but all remained unanswered. No allowance was made him; even within the prison walls was he compelled to labor with his pen for mere bread—and the labor brought him scarcely that. Want, raggedness, and disease crowned the father's good work; and yet, *never during all this unprecedented cruelty and oppression did one harsh word against this father fall from his lips or rise in his heart!* Filial honor and respect he never failed in. There was *something* of the SPIRIT of Christianity in this wild debauchee, after all.

At length, wearied out with importunities, the Marquis consented to his son's release. Abelard flew at once to Heloise, but in this case absence had not made the heart grow fonder; jealousy had been at work with both. They met, but to quarrel, and part forever. In the year 1789, when Mirabeau was holding the destiny of France in his hand, Sophie was lying dead—poisoned by the fumes of charcoal—a suicide! After the Marquis de Monnier's death she had been set at liberty. In course of time she was betrothed to a gentleman. On their marriage eve he died; and then, worried with sorrow and tribulation, she ended all!

But to resume. On his release from Vincennes, instead of guarding his precious liberty, Mirabeau, with the most consummate daring, gave himself up a prisoner to the Bailiwick of Pontarlier, in order to procure a reversal of the sentence pronounced against himself and Madame de Monnier. The Bailiwick, after a long and successful pleading on his part, offered to cancel that portion of the sentence which appertained to himself alone. This he scornfully rejected, resolved to free the partner of his error equally with himself. A few months more of imprisonment, and he was victorious. *At this time he and Sophie had parted forever.*

This task was no sooner accomplished, than our never-tiring Hercules rushed, vigorous as ever, upon a new labor—the recovery of his wife. The lady, preferring wealth, comfort, and lovers to penury, hardship, and a husband, flatly refused to return to her lord, and in this determination was supported by the all-powerful influence of her family. The cause was tried at Aix; and France discovered that a hitherto unknown genius was in the land. Day after day did he plead his cause with a wondrous eloquence, the echoes of which reverberated through the length and breadth of the kingdom. Day after day was the court-house crowded with lords and ladies, peers and peasants; multitudes, unable to obtain admission, gathered upon the roof; others scaled the walls and smashed the windows, in the hope that some sound, though ever so low and meaningless, of that whirlwind oratory might strike upon their ears. But Mirabeau was defeated. Court influence was too powerful to be uprooted by even such a sirocco of words.

This admirable wife survived her husband several years. After his death she became sentimental over his memory; was ever reciting his praises; weeping over his souvenirs; passed the days playing his favorite air; and ended by dying in the same room and on the same bed on which he had expired!

With the memorable trial at Aix, the curtain falls upon the second act of the drama. When it again rises it will be on the first scene of the Revolution.

The spectator must suppose five years to have elapsed, of the incidents of which period we can afford only the briefest mention. He wrote a full account of the

trial—a veto was put upon its publication—it was published in Belgium, and 15,000 copies surreptitiously circulated in Paris. Afterwards he found it necessary to take refuge in England, where he resided nine months. Mirabeau became a great admirer of England and the English, as is proved by his letters, and his most ardent desire was to create a French constitution on the model of the British. No sooner did he return to Paris than his irrepressible pen involved him in fresh troubles with the government. This time he retired to Berlin, where he was well received by the great Frederick. A few months afterwards we find him again in Paris, and after a short sojourn there returning to Berlin, accredited with a secret mission. This appointment was procured for him by the good offices of Talleyrand. After a time, his pride rebelling against his equivocal position, he demanded a more avowed one; the demand not being complied with, he threw up the appointment in disgust, and published the entire secret correspondence under the title of "The Secret History of Berlin." Justly incensed at so disgraceful a breach of confidence, Talleyrand never forgave him. Back again to Paris, attacking stock-jobbing and Necker's administration—flying from arrest and returning to Prussia. The companion of these wanderings was one Henrietta Amelia Van Haren—a young, beautiful, and talented woman, whom he had met in Paris, another victim to his all-conquering powers of fascination. In the year 1787, Mirabeau returned to his native land, never again to quit it. The Revolution was fast ripening. The accumulated misery of ages of oppression had reached its culmination—the treasury was empty, and the ministers had exhausted all means of replenishing it. De Brienne's stamp-tax was rejected by the Parliament of Paris. Then arose a cry for the assembling of the States-General, which had not been convoked for 160 years; and, after a long resistance, the government was compelled to yield. At this time secret proposals were made to Mirabeau to write in favor of the government; but, although sickness and poverty were crushing him, he indignantly rejected them. But his hour was come. Rejected by the notables, to whose order he belonged, he appealed to France. Aix and Marseilles

simultaneously elected him their representative—he accepted Aix. His reception in each town was tremendous. Men formed themselves into a voluntary body-guard—the exclamations of thousands attended his every step—every house was illuminated, and, yet grander proof of his power over men's minds, he at that very time quelled a bread riot by the mere force of his eloquence.

The curtain rises upon a picture painted by Madame de Staël. The characters upon the stage—the members of the States-General marching from the church of St. Louis to the Chamber of Legislation. Ringing of bells, crowds of citizens, joyous acclamations, and here is Mirabeau as he appeared to the brilliant authoress of "Corinne:" "Considerably above the height of Frenchmen, that height was rendered doubly striking by the colossal formation of every limb, and his chest and shoulders were widely expanded, and indeed unnaturally broad. His head was immense, and from it there hung in wild profusion a forest of black hair. His eye, large and rolling, beamed with the fire of passion and genius; his face borrowed new expression from its very ugliness; his whole person gave you the idea of an irregular power, but a power such as you would figure in a tribune of the people."

It is impossible, in our narrow space, to follow him through all the scenes of his brilliant career. On the 23d of June, 1789, he became master of the situation. On that day was read a royal proclamation, commanding the members of the Constituent Assembly each to depart to his separate Chamber. Men's minds had not yet shaken off the awe of lawful authority—the order was already partly obeyed when Mirabeau sprang to his feet and in "a speech of fire," reminded them of the oath they had taken in the tennis court, and told them that oath would not permit them to disperse until they had established the constitution. Enthusiasm was reawakened in every breast. It was the turning point of the Revolution—from that time there was no retreating.

And yet this man never designed to overturn the monarchy. He was a reformer, not a destroyer—the champion of moderation, the enemy of excess. He opposed the States-General assuming the title of the National Assembly without

the consent of the king. "For myself, gentlemen," he said in one of his speeches, "I consider the sanction of the king so indispensable, that I would much rather reside at Constantinople than in France if it did not exist. I declare I know of nothing more terrible than an aristocracy of six hundred self-constituted men, who to-morrow would declare themselves permanent by engulfing all things."

His moderate views nearly proved fatal to him on one or two occasions. When, after a certain mob atrocity, he advocated the proclaiming of martial law, Camille Desmoulins denounced him to the people. The Jacobin Club were his bitterest foes, and were ever striving to work his destruction. But the mighty and undaunted courage of the man trampled those loathsome reptiles beneath his feet, and all their wiles served in the end only to swell his triumphs.

Three days before the fall of the Bastille, died the Friend of Man. In his last days the great genius of his much wronged son was revealed to him. With no memory of past suffering dwelling in his heart, that son tended his last days with truly filial tenderness. It has been said that the destruction of the Bastille was brought about by Mirabeau's machinations, and that he was present thereat. *On the day that famous deed was perpetrated Mirabeau was superintending his father's funeral.* While upon the subject of false accusations, I will advert *en passant* to two calumnies promulgated by Alison. First, that he, Mirabeau, designed to place the Duke of Orleans upon the throne. This charge was examined before the National Assembly during Mirabeau's lifetime, and was *pronounced even by the Abbé Maury, his bitter foe, to be utterly groundless.* Secondly, that he was in the pay of that wealthy duke, and dwelt in a superb house. This is an anachronism: it was not until after his connection with Orleans was supposed to have ceased that he removed to this residence; and at the very time, according to Alison, that he was living in luxury, he was in reality dependent upon friends for the commonest necessities. Dumont and Lamarck, his constant associates, knew nothing of this connection; and Lafayette, *by no means a friend, denies its existence.*

In the confusion of the National Assembly, and the daily increasing power of

the Jacobin Club, Mirabeau foresaw the coming deluge, and perceived but one course—to strengthen the hands of the king and endeavor to establish constitutional monarchy. One summer evening, the Queen of France and the King of the Revolution met at St. Cloud. What a dramatic scene must have been that meeting! But of what transpired nothing is or ever will be known. Had life been spared *him* the monarchy would have been saved, and France spared the darkest blot upon her history—the Reign of Terror.

The last few months of Mirabeau's life are those over which his admirers would fain throw a veil. They were stained by the wildest debauchery. Yet, even then, the higher nature of the man was not wholly obscured. Every Sunday he spent at Argenteuil, tending his garden; for he was ever a passionate lover of flowers.

Last scene of all—stretched upon a bed in front of an open window, helpless as an infant, his fast glazing eyes looking out upon the gorgeous hues of the last sunset he shall ever behold, and upon the sweet spring flowers just bursting into bloom, lies the dying gladiator of so many fierce struggles. Hostile criticism casts a sneer even upon his death. *It was theatrical!* He died on the 2d of April, 1791, aged forty-two years; some say of poison, a charge never substantiated, and which we have no space to discuss.*

France was not insensible of the magnitude of her loss. During his illness, bulletins were continually issued each day and published over all Paris. The king sent messengers twice each day to his house to know how he progressed; and dense crowds gathered about its approaches night and day. When at last the fatal word, *dead*, was passed from mouth to mouth, all Paris was filled with lamentation, such lamentation as had never before been heard for one individual man. His funeral procession extended over four miles, amidst the sobs and groans of 500,000 people of all grades, from the noblest to the lowest. A salute of 30,000 muskets was fired over his body. Whole departments went into mourning. Every place of amusement was closed,

* The last words of Mirabeau were:—"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—[EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

all private festivities suspended; and where this was not observed, the mob took summary vengeance upon the offenders.

And so passed away, perhaps, the grandest genius that France can boast. Of his virtues and his errors the world will ever hold diverse opinions. That he was made of good and evil in larger proportions than other men is indisputable; as to the predominance of either, each man will form his own judgment. To the awfully respectable, who measure their fellow-beings by the number of the square inches of the *orthodox* virtues they

assume, he must ever be a *bête noir* accursed with a Satanic genius, never to be thought of without a shudder and a pharisaical thanksgiving that Heaven had not formed them in such a mould. But to the man of more extended vision, who can discover the existence of good, and much good, beyond the limits of conventionality, he is a grand yet shadowed form, illumined by the lustrous yet fitful gleams of many virtues, shadowed by the dark hovering images of many sins, but with the effulgent impress of Heaven's hand stamped upon his rugged but majestic brow.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PATTY.

CHAPTER VI.

AT GRAY'S FARM.

MRS. BRIGHT, as she sits facing her teaurn, is a comfortable representative of the Englishwoman of middle age, not too plump for a certain amount of good looks. She has a fresh bright complexion, and a sweet and kind expression; there are few lines on her smooth forehead, thought being one of the things which Mrs. Bright considers specially intended for mankind—women being made to look nice, be useful, and do as they are bid, especially by their lords and masters; from which considerations the reader will perceive, if he be discerning, that Mrs. Bright is a woman of a thoroughly conservative kind, with no dangerous modern dogmas about her.

At this moment her pleasant face has somewhat the aspect of a surprised full moon; the eyebrows have so raised themselves that her forehead is far from smooth as she listens to her son's news.

"Good gracious, Will! you don't mean that Stephen Pritchard has been random enough to send a stranger down upon us without warning? Why"—here the beaming face turns almost the color of a red peony—"dear me, dear me! and I've just picked my best lace cap to pieces for wash, and I have not got a new shape yet to make it up on again. Stephen really might have a little thought—so clever as he is too!"

Mr. William Bright has risen from breakfast before his mother comes to the end of her sentence; he stoops over his leather bag, fastening a strap tightly round

it, and his face is flushed by the effort as he looks up again.

Will is a fine young fellow, tall and square and deep chested, with honest clear gray eyes, and the fair hair that goes so well along with them. It is far easier to describe the master of Gray's Farm than to describe Mr. Paul Whitmore; and as one man had much to do in making and marring the happiness of the other's life, it may be well here to speak of them together; and as a true description must always partake of the nature of the person described, that of Paul can only be fitful and uncertain. The charm of his face lay in expression, and this varied as a landscape varies under passing clouds across April sunshine. Words cannot paint Paul's smile; it came like a sudden summer, but when it faded you felt you had a new revelation of the dark-eyed man you had been thinking proud and cold.

Will Bright is a man to be looked at at any time you please; his face bespeaks him at once—no need to wait for the clew given by a smile or a frown. As he stands smiling at his mother's discomfiture, he is as fine a specimen of manhood as you can see anywhere; an impersonation of handsome health and strength, of that fair square Saxon type which is often united to two specially English mental qualities—dogged resolution in practical duties, and a narrow judgment on folks who have less perpendicular principles.

Will is more awkward than shy; he is thoroughly self-reliant. His mother has worshipped him from his cradle with the sort of teasing fondness some mothers, and some sisters too, indulge in, and

though Will is a good son he sets little store by his mother's judgment.

"Stephen only thinks of the people in his books, mother; you see he knows nothing about dress, and I don't think your cap matters."

"Dear me, Will, not matter how I look! I thought you liked your mother to look nice."

"She always looks nice;" Will stooped and kisses her, much as he would have pacified a child. "But Stephen should have written beforehand. From what Mr. Beaufort said last night, this Mr. Whitmore was coming over to us without any notice at all, just when the Rector met him. Mr. Beaufort says he seems a pleasant fellow; he sent him to the 'Bladebone,' but I was in a hurry to get home, so I didn't go in there. I sent a message by the Rector to say I was going from home for a day or two, but I would call and drive Mr. Whitmore out here on Monday. Mr. Beaufort seemed to think he should ask him to the Rectory to-morrow."

"Ask him to the Rectory!" Mrs. Bright's happy face fills with sudden trouble; "and he an artist! Oh, my dear Will, I'd rather have had him here fifty times—indeed, indeed I would. So fond of sketching as Nuna is too; and who is to say they may not go out sketching together and get flirting over the paints? O Will, I can't tell you how anxious you've made me!"

"Anxious! what d'ye mean, mother?" Will speaks as surlily as a man is apt to speak when he fully realizes a danger presented to him by another—danger which, because the suggester of it is a woman, he loftily resolves to ignore.

"Will, dear, please don't be tiresome. I don't know, but I don't fancy you are quite so sure of Nuna Beaufort as to give every young fellow a chance of pleasing her—and you say this Mr. Whitmore is pleasant."

"Oh, bother chances!" says Will, all the sunshine hidden by the cloud that shadows his gray eyes. "I know one thing well enough, Nuna will choose only to please herself, and I can't keep her from seeing a dozen strangers a week if she has the chance, so why on earth should I try?" he ends defiantly, and takes up his bag.

Mrs. Bright looks up proudly at her tall, handsome son.

"Well, dear," she says with that wonderful humility mothers display far more liberally to their sons than to their husbands, "of course we all know she is not likely to see any one like you. But I say, Will dear, just tell me before you go whether I should have the best curtains up in the blue bedroom—those with the daisy fringe, you know—or the plain ones."

"Both if you like, only don't bother me;" and Will kisses his mother and goes off with his bag through the pleasant stone hall entrance, then down a narrow red-tiled path to the little gate set in a holly hedge, outside of which his dogcart stands waiting.

A tall lazy-looking fellow, with a constant grin that shows teeth as white and as strong as a young wolf's, stands at the horse's head. He touches his ragged straw hat.

"Is everything in, Larry!"

"That it is, yer honor, and I'm thinkin' it's meself wouldn't mind the late in life if ye'd put me up along wid the virtuals."

He grins wider than ever; but Mrs. Bright has reached the gate, and she shakes her head reprovingly.

"O Larry, if you spent less on eating and drinking, your wife and children would be more comfortable."

"Is it Aileen then, and the childre? It's not desaving ye I am, but they takes a dale more comfort in their bellies than in jist outside show; they'd sooner feed barefoot than starve in shoes and stockings, be jakers they 'ood! But it's thanking yer honors all the same I am for the boots for the boy." His voice had fallen into a whine, but here the droll look comes back. "Bedad, he kicked his sisters all round wid 'em, he did."

"Then you should have flogged him," says Mrs. Bright, seriously.

"Bedad," says Larry, "and that's what I've no heart for. But," he winked, "the boy's not set eyes on 'em again; he can't kick so hard widout 'em, yer ladyship sees."

"Good-by, mother," and Will drives off, Larry running on before to open the gate of the yard into which the garden opens. Larry wants to get out of Mrs. Bright's way; he has no mind to be questioned about the boots, which have been already bartered away for drink and tobacco.

"I wonder why Will keeps Irishmen on the farm," his mother thinks as she leaves the gate, "they are so full of excuses and so false. I don't trust one among 'em, man or woman either. I believe they'll do anything to gain their own ends, and keep up a fair seeming all the while."

The stone entrance-hall had in former generations been the chief living room of the old rambling farm-house. The sunken stone floor went up and down, and the huge oak table stood all unlevel; the empty open fire-place would have seated a dozen people, and the tall andirons held themselves up stiffly, guardians of the deserted spot. A row of pleasant diamond-paned lattices on each side of the door gave light to the ancient place—a place literally of passage. Mrs. Bright used it only for drying lavender and rosemary on the deep window-sills, and Will used it as a kind of business room.

Mrs. Bright stood a minute and looked round her. "Will must marry Nuna of course; he won't be happy without her. I don't think she'll alter the old place; she'll let everything be just as it is; she'll let the house fall down about her ears before she knows there's aught amiss. Well, well, Will's got wits enough for man and wife too, only it seems hard for a man to have to think of everything." She looked pensive, and then the usual cheerfulness returned to her good-humored face. "I suppose it's all use," she said; "we must all of us have something to put up with. I don't know I'm sure what I had,"—here the tears came, and she wiped them away,— "unless it was my poor dear going hunting and then breaking his neck; but then that's not a thing that could well happen twice, and I had begged him to be careful, and his last words to me were, 'Nancy, my dear, I will.'"

This remembrance was always too much for the affectionate widow, and she sat down on one of the tall oak stools and cried.

After a bit she took her face out of her handkerchief, wiped her eyes in a determined final way, felt in her wide deep pocket for her keys, and took her way to the oak staircase.

"There were just one or two things certainly that I had to put up with in my poor dear, but they don't seem much now," she said as she mounted the dark

slippery stairs. "He would smoke in the parlor, and he would drink beer with his breakfast, and I'm thankful that in those two things my boy don't take after his father. Will never forgets he's a gentleman. I shall put on the best bed with the daisy fringe, and the best toilet curtains too. I must show this Mr. Whitmore that my son is something more than a mere farmer; but I do wish I knew what shaped caps are worn in London. Will never thinks about fashion when he goes to town; never can tell me anything of that kind."

Mrs. Bright had a way of prattling on without taking much heed to what she said. She had got so used to being laughed at and not listened to, that she would have been puzzled now if she had known how some of her careless words were pricking at her son's heart, as he drove his spirited black horse over to Guildford.

"What am I about!" Will asked himself. "My mother is right; Nuna is just the girl to be much more taken with any one coming in, in this sudden unexpected way, than with the regular matter-of-fact courtship I pay her." Here he lashed out at the black horse. The horse having a full consciousness that it was doing its duty, gave a violent plunge and bolted, and Will had a narrow escape of being pitched on his head. It was fortunate for him that the road was level and free from awkward stones, and after a bit he managed to soothe the irritated creature. They went on evenly as before, and Will's mind travelled again to Nuna, and to the chance of her love for the stranger.

"Does she know I love her?" He went slowly back in thought to the early days when Mary Beaufort had been often glad to trust her fragile little sister to Mrs. Bright's motherly care. What golden days those had been, when Nuna had been given to his sole guardianship! Spring days, when they had gone to the woods to find blue-bells and starry anemones; summer days, when he, a great sturdy fellow of twelve, had carried dinner for both to the old chalk-pit at the farthest end of the farm, and then afterwards had crowned Nuna with wreaths of dog-roses; autumn days, with the crimson glories of blackberrying, or more adventurous nutting; and then, when Nuna grew stronger and was permitted to spend winter days at the farm—the dear delights of sliding on the large pond in Four-acre

meadow. What days these had been! Will was not twenty-five, and yet it seemed to him that life did not hold in the present these bits of sunshine crystallized forever in his memory. And such recollections evoked the vivid triumphant consciousness that if Nuna lived to be an old woman, no one could ever have the power of serving her that he himself had possessed. Why, the pretty weak little girl could scarcely run the first time he saw her; he smiled as he remembered teaching her to run races down the Creek field, and then how he had caught her up in his arms and lifted her over the deep ditch at the bottom of the hill. And in those summer days, more than once she had tired out, and had thanked him so gratefully when he carried her in his strong arms.

Will sighed. His love for Nuna then had been protecting and brotherly—the pitying love strength has for weakness. How little he had prized those days, so precious now as memories!

Will sighed again. What would he give for the privilege of carrying Nuna across the creek now—the privilege of feeling her arms round his neck, and hearing the sweet “Thank you” from the rosy mouth that once on a time had offered a kiss with the words.

Memory went on again to the time when these visits grew rarer, and when, on his return from school, these tendernesses subsided into ordinary boy and girl acquaintance.

“But I never had ordinary feelings for Nuna,” he said to himself impetuously. “Why, when I taught her to ride, it was the lifting her up and down I cared for more than the riding. Why didn’t I make her love me then? Before she went to London I could say anything I liked to Nuna.”

Will had never forgotten that leave-taking. How, in the midst of the exquisite June day, a sudden winter had come on his spirits, and going home in the long light evening, it had seemed to him that the season was in error, and that the trees should have been brown and leafless.

He learned on that day a truth which had since been developing and making itself felt more and more urgently, that he could never love any one as well as Nuna Beaufort, and that, if she would not love him in return, he would be content to live alone for her sweet sake. He had told

himself over and over again that she should love him, and she must; there was nothing else for her to do. But six months ago Nuna had come back a tall graceful woman, whose sweet shyness subdued him far more than even the changeable fitful frankness of her girlhood, and a new sort of barrier seemed to have grown up between them. Then had come Mary Beaufort’s death, and Will told himself that he must wait till Nuna’s deep sorrow for her sister softened, and then she would be his wife. He would claim the fulfilment of a promise made in one of their childish rambles.

“I will be your wife, Will, dear,” the little maiden had said; “and you’ll always take care of me, won’t you?”

He knew the idea was foolish, but it haunted him. As he drove along to-day it pressed on him that he was letting the year slip by without having made one effort to win Nuna’s love.

“I have been away in London, and then there came hay-making and harvesting; what chance have I had?”

A deep flush rose on his broad open forehead. He had seen Nuna every Sunday, and he might have seen her oftener; why had he been so backward a wooer?

The reins slackened, and the black horse, feeling that his master was lost in revery, took himself along the road at a more leisurely pace than the swinging trot he had been keeping up.

A woman would have got to the root of the matter in no time; but Will being a man, and being gifted only with the large lordly faculties of mankind, could not understand the reason of his delay, simply because that very British part of his nature—his own self-reliance—put a bandage on his eyes. It was not likely that he would own to himself—he, the firm, determined, cool-headed Will Bright, to whom men older than himself appealed in matters of difficult judgment—how could he own to himself that he was afraid of the girl he had known and petted ever since she was three years old? And yet if he had led a less active outside life—had he been more of a student—Will might have learned out of books that much of his love was founded on the sort of reverent awe which now tied his tongue. Even as a child Nuna had talked to him, not learnedly, for Nuna had little enough of learning till she went to London, but in a way quite as much be-

yond Will's comprehension as learning itself, about pictures in the clouds, in the fire; she would even weave stories out of a hedge bank, which made Will marvel. He could not define his feelings; but he had long been aware of the presence of something in Nuna beyond his power either to grasp or to sympathize with; and the very self-reliance which he never shrank from manifesting among his fellows, made him prefer to love that to which he felt himself inferior. Tangible superiority he would have shrunk from, but he did not recognize this in the Beauforts. Mr. Beaufort was proud that his wife had been an earl's daughter, but his poverty kept him aloof from his aristocratic connections; and as to blood, Will Bright was not of yeoman descent: some of the oldest families in the county were kin on his father's side.

In his matter-of-fact way he would perhaps have said that his wealth and the comforts with which he could surround a portionless wife were equivalents to the bluest blood in England. His mother's words had aroused him to the fact of his delay, and Will was impatient to atone for it.

CHAPTER VII.

A TALK.

ON the morning on which the master of Gray's Farm took his way to Guildford, Paul Whitmore had risen much earlier than he ever did in London, and had in consequence gained considerably in the opinion of Mrs. Fagg.

So far as feeling went, possibly she might have preferred to have got his breakfast later. It was a busy morning at the "Bladebone;" a noisy party of horse-dealers had come in over night from Weston fair, and they were assembled in the large room clamoring for breakfast when Paul asked for his. But Mrs. Fagg was one of those women to whom an emergency is as a whetstone to a knife; it neither flurried her nor made her impatient, just a flush on the pale cheek, a fire in the sunken eyes, and a compression of the firm mouth told an observer that the woman was over-taxed, and might somewhat stir his indignation against her small-eyed lord and master smoking his pipe in the garden, while he counted his plums and apricots ripening on the wall.

How many eggs and rashers of ham were cooked and carried into the consumers

thereof on that hot summer morning it would be hard to say. The horse-dealers disdained all cold meats; and Mrs. Fagg being too solicitous for the credit of the "Bladebone" to permit her maid a share in the cooking, Paul found her still bending over the fire when he went to look for her after breakfast.

"I shall come in to dinner some time, Mrs. Fagg," he said, "and I shall want to keep my room on certainly till Monday, perhaps longer. Dear me! is not that very hot work?"

He looked admiringly round the kitchen: the white wood of the long dresser, the bright oak table up in one corner, the shining array of pots and pans glowing in the fire heat, and sending out a warm greeting to the sunshine which streamed in through the window, Mrs. Fagg placing the last golden egg on the dish of crimson rashers, all struck his fancy as new and unusual.

Mrs. Fagg set a cover on the dish and gave it to the maid before she answered.

"Now mind what you're about, Sarah; if you overset an egg, there's no pickin' it up, mind you that. Well, sir, it is hot, but I don't look to find cooking cool; perhaps you never saw an inn kitchen before, sir?"

Something in the landlady's manner told Paul that Mrs. Fagg deemed his presence in her kitchen superfluous.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I've not seen many English kitchens, but abroad I'm sure to find them out. You should see the wonderful brass pans and kettles they have there; they are quite a study. Well, I must say good-morning."

"Quite a study!" Mrs. Fagg threw back her cap-strings contemptuously. "That's so like a man; they always judge of things by the outside; they set no vally on the trouble that things cost folks to keep bright. Just like Dennis; he'll go about, I haven't a doubt of it, this morning, making a boast all over Ashton of the breakfasts the 'Bladebone' has served up, and he'll give no more a thought to my trouble than I give to them egg-shells," and she flung a handful of them on the fire.

Paul was glad to get away from the heat, glad to find himself again in Carving's Wood Lane, under the over-arching trees. These were the causes of gladness he owed to; he was half ashamed of the eager-

ness which drew him on to Patty's cottage.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is a sort of maxim we grow up to have faith in, as we put faith in "A stitch in time saves nine," and other wise adages, with a secret belief that if they came freshly to us, and so presented tempting food for investigation, we might discover that they are not so flawless as they seem. One point, however, in respect of this first maxim is certain: if a man's fancy be strongly and suddenly impressed overnight, the impression grows almost as Jack's bean-stalk did—grows in a semi-conscious way through his dreams, till when he awakes next morning it has shaped itself into an intense desire to realize the half-tasted delight which caused it.

It had been so with Paul Whitmore. Those few brief moments with Patty had been exquisite to him; his ardent love of beauty had found full scope for worship in her loveliness, and the simple, sweet shyness with which it seemed to him she shrank from his admiration, had made him long to conquer it—to tame this lovely rustic into a liking for him. If you had told Paul Whitmore that there was any danger of his really loving Patty, he would have scoffed; and yet his thoughts had been so full of her overnight at the Rectory that he had scarcely noticed Nuna Beaufort. The Rector had explained to him that he had seen his friend Mr. Bright, who would be absent till Monday; and Paul had accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Beaufort on Sunday, much against his will, and only because he could not plead any good reason for refusing.

"I would much rather get a stroll with Patty," he said to himself, "than have to play fine gentleman to a proper young lady like Miss Beaufort. When one goes in the country, one doesn't care to wear harness. I like freedom in every way."

He was in hopes of meeting Patty somewhere in the lane; but even when he reached her cottage gate there was no trace of her.

Paul hesitated as to what he should do. There might be some one besides Patty in the cottage, and it might vex the young girl if he ventured in without her asking.

He stood leaning on the gate whistling—whistling a tender, appealing strain he had heard in Italy; he whistled it without being conscious of its appropriateness to

his feelings. He had learned it from a young vetturino in a moonlight drive one soft spring evening; and memory, linking the tender emotions the sweet mournful air had evoked to his present state, tuned his lips to produce it at Patty's gate.

But there was no answering sign; all was quiet. After a bit Paul seated himself on the gate and looked across the open country. In front of the cottage the ground sloped downwards in broken masses of yellow gravel, fringed with long fine grass, and then sunk into a bulrush-shaded pond crowded up with bog-plants; beyond this it spread out into a wide, far-stretching common, purple and green and brown in the bright morning sunshine, only here and there flecked with golden gorse blossoms.

Unless as a study of color, there was not much in the prospect for an artist's contemplation, except that an artist finds food for study in all nature; but the common was so specially flat, and the horizon beyond so specially level, that a windmill with outspread sails was quite a boon in this unbroken monotony.

Presently Paul looked towards the angle of the lane, and his heart gave a great leap; there was Patty.

He was beside her in a minute. He had resolved to repress his admiration, to be quite indifferent; but he had counted on meeting Patty in a natural way in her garden or at her cottage-door. Instead, he was so taken at unawares, so eagerly delighted, that he had got both Patty's hands in his before he knew what he was doing, and was gazing down into her face, his feelings speaking ardently in his dark eyes.

No, his fancy had not deceived him; she was lovely—far lovelier than she had looked yesterday. She stood with downcast eyes, a delicious blush rising softly in each cheek; and it seemed to Paul that her hands trembled while they lay passively in his warm clasp.

All Paul's speech had flown; he only wanted to look at Patty. He feared to break the exquisite raptures the sight of her face inspired, by any word. He would have stood there much longer if Patty herself had not roused him.

The white lids were gently raised, and then the sweet blue eyes looked up from under their black lashes. Patty drew her hands away gently. E

Then Paul found his tongue.
 "Where have you been? I feared I should not see you. I have been waiting for you ever so long."

"I'm very sorry," said Patty; "I went to the post, sir."

"Do you write letters then?" he said, with a keen pang of jealous vexation.

Patty stooped a little; she tried to tread a stone into its place in the loose gravel.

"Sometimes, sir."

"Don't call me sir—pray don't. Would you object to tell me the name of your correspondent, Patty?"

Patty looked at him; she saw that he was frowning, and a half smile curved her full red lips.

"I wrote this letter to a friend of mine—Miss Coppock," she said.

"A friend of yours! Where does she live?" said Paul. He said the words absently.

"In Guildford. I used to live with her before father sent for me home." Patty sighed.

This was the first clew she had given him, and Paul caught at it eagerly. He longed to make her talk about herself, as he had longed just now to stand still gazing down into her face.

He saw this morning that she was less rustic than he had thought. She had been used to something better than a mere country life; others had doubtless admired her as much as he did; and yet if she were aware of her beauty she could not be so simple.

"Which do you like best, Guildford or the cottage here?"

"I don't know quite," and Patty blushed.

"But your father is kind to you, isn't he? You are happy with him, aren't you?"

Patty tossed her head like a young pony.

"Father's kind; but you see I've been brought up different to his ways, and I find them too strict."

"Ah!" said Paul, and Mr. Fagg's words came back.

Poor little Patty! she was then one of the victims he had fancied only existent in books; shut up in this lonely cottage with a miserly father, who probably made her work cruelly hard so as to get the most he could out of her; and yet her hands showed small signs of work.

"He says," Patty went on, timidly glancing up every now and then to make sure

her listener did not think her over-bold, "I ought to earn wages; he wants me to take service at the Rectory."

"Take service!" Paul's brain spun round. It was fortunate for Patty that she stood there close to him in all her beauty as she said this, or he might have been cured of his growing passion. "Service!" a vision of Patty with cap and apron cleaning the grate in the Rectory drawing-room, of Patty thus garbed receiving her orders from the silent, unapproachable Miss Beaufort, almost made him gasp for breath.

"You must not dream of such a thing," he said warmly. "What can your father be thinking about? He must know that you would be exposed to all kinds of annoyance, even if you were in any way fit for such a thing. You must laugh at him, and tell him you mean to marry and have a house of your own to take care of."

Paul did not know how eagerly he looked at her as he spoke. He said to himself, "Of course she'll marry, only I hope it will be something better than a mere bumpkin." A quick flush on Patty's face, and a sudden light in her eyes as she looked full at him, told him he had in some way offended her.

"What is the matter? don't you mean to marry?" he said.

"No;" Patty looked sulky.

"And won't you tell me why?" said Paul. He felt so guilty at having made this poor child unhappy, he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"I don't know." Patty hung her head, and her lip quivered. Paul's curiosity grew intense.

"Ah, you can't marry the man you love, and so you won't have any one else," he said, laughingly. "That's father's doing, is it?" and while he laughed he felt as jealous as Blue Beard.

Patty looked up, her eyes round with surprise.

"What does he know about me?" she thought. "I don't love anybody," she said slowly; "and I won't marry only to please Father."

There was a little pause. Paul had awakened to the consciousness that he was talking in a very unusual way to this country girl, and Patty was waiting to see the effect of her words.

Patty had learned much from her friend in Guildford, and one lesson that she had

especially retained was, never to lessen the effect of her beauty by too many words. "Middle-aged women and plain women must talk, my dear," said Miss Coppock; "but till a man tires of a pretty face, let him look at it—that's all he wants; and yours is no common pretty face, Patty Westropp."

"Well then," Paul spoke slowly, "I don't see why you should not stay at home, and keep house for your father; he must have some one."

But Patty was not appeased, though she tried to hide her vexation, and the flutter she was in made this difficult; her only help lay in clinging to Miss Coppock's wisdom. "Patience says real ladies never look cross," she thought; "they only smile all the harder to hide what they feel," and she forced a smile. Patty was not as simple as Paul took her to be, but she had never talked quite alone to a gentleman before, and it was very difficult to know how to behave. Patty's rule was that no man was a gentleman who earned his living, but it was impossible to deny this gentleman's claim to the title, even if he did paint pictures.

"I don't like rough work," she said, plaintively; "it spoils my hands."

Paul glanced at the ill-used hands; they were plump and well shaped, with little rose-tinted dimples where knuckle-bones show later. The fingers, too, so far as he could judge, looked round and shapely; but Patty had taken good care to crumple up her finger points as she spoke, so that he did not see much more than two small pink fists.

"But you would have hard work to do in service, would you not?"

"Not if I was lady's maid. But I shouldn't like service at all," said Patty angrily.

"Not even at the Rectory?" She looked so pretty, and in her pettish mood she had so forgotten her shyness that he teased her on purpose to prolong it.

"No, that I wouldn't. I wouldn't be Miss Nuna's maid not for better wages than she could ever give."

The words jarred, but she was growing more charming every minute, he thought.

"I should have thought Miss Beaufort a kind, quiet sort of young lady."

"I don't know about that," said Patty, and she fixed her eyes doggedly on the cottage, "and I don't care to know. I

don't believe anybody does know her. She hasn't a bit of style or manner about her; why, the maids at the Rectory don't mind her more than they'd mind me."

"Well, we won't talk about her," Paul was sorry when he saw tears of vexation in the angry girl's eyes. "I'll tell you what I want, Patty; I want you to sit to me—I mean I want to take your likeness. You'll let me paint it, won't you?"

Patty felt horribly ashamed. Whatever had she been about, letting the gentleman hear her find fault with Miss Nuna, and getting in a passion, and all because she felt jealous that he had only made a pencil scribble of herself, while Miss Nuna was sketched distinctly as she sat on the tree stump. And, meantime, he had been meaning this—this great wonderful triumph. Oh, how she wished she had known before she sent off that letter to Miss Coppock.

She looked up at Paul so sweetly, so gratefully, that he could hardly help kissing her.

"Yes, if you like, sir."

CHAPTER VIII.

PATTY'S SUNDAY.

"JANE!" the Rector called through his bedroom door to the maid who had just brought his shaving water, "if any letters come for me this morning, bring them up to me here."

"Yes," he went on to himself, "there is sure to be a letter from Elizabeth, and unless she fixes a definite time for coming I shall not tell Nuna I have invited her. Why should there be any discussion about it? Surely I can judge better than Nuna can."

Having said this in the captious manner which some men mistake for firmness, Mr. Beaufort sat down before his looking-glass and shaved.

Another tap at the door, and when he opened it he found two letters—one from Miss Matthews, the other for Roger Westropp, under cover to the Rector of Ashton.

Miss Matthews would be delighted to come; but was her dear cousin quite sure that darling Nuna wished for her? "You must remember that she is mistress of your household now, and I cannot go to you unless I am sure of her welcome."

Mr. Beaufort looked fretful as he read,

and then folded up the letter and put it in his pocket.

"These women have no consideration, not even Elizabeth. Why give me the trouble of writing twice? However, I'll soon let her know who is master at the Rectory."

The feeling that he was plotting against her made his manner to Nuna much more fatherly than usual. She was in one of her excited, sprightly moods. Mr. Whitmore had promised to come in after church and spend the rest of the day with them, and Nuna had never in her life seen any one like Mr. Whitmore.

He had scarcely spoken to her, but then Nuna did not thirst for admiration. The only man she knew intimately, Will Bright, always showed her that he was thinking of her, and she would have liked him better if he had occasionally treated her to a little neglect. Nuna had never loved any one yet, but she had shaped out in her dreams a creature she idolized—a creature too high and noble for poor, weak human nature to attain to, but still a creature in whom Nuna believed as implicitly as she believed in heaven. She had given this dream-love a likeness, the portrait of which Paul had reminded her, and this had attached a strange significance to her casual glance at him when they met in the lane. And on that Friday evening when she came into the drawing-room and found Mr. Whitmore chatting with her father, his voice and manner had no strangeness for her; they seemed the realization of that which she had so often pictured.

All day Saturday she had been in what the cook irreverently termed "one of Miss Nuna's moons." She could not have told what she was thinking of, unless it was Mr. Whitmore.

This morning she had waked with the glad anticipation of coming joy. She tried hard to collect her thoughts in church, and luckily for her she did not see Paul; he sat some way behind her, far more intent on looking at Patty than at his Prayer-book.

"I tell you what it is, Dennis,"—Mrs. Fagg always took her husband's arm and leaned on it as they walked home from church,—“girls such as Patty Westropp don't ought to go to church—that they oughtn't; they're a snare to young men's eyes.”

"Well, my dear, but Patty can't help

being so very pretty;" and then Mr. Fagg looked half-sheepish.

"Now don't be a fool, Dennis, if you can help it, putting me out on a Sunday of all days in the week. If you'd got sense in your eyes instead of folly, you'd have seen something in Patty's face this morning besides the good looks you're so in love with."

"In love! that's a good one!" Dennis sniggered till his wife's fingers itched to box his ears; but she was not the woman to lower a man in the opinion of his neighbors, so she only held her parasol very stiffly, and leaned extra heavily on the delinquent's arm. "Why, Kitty, you know I never was in love but once, and that's been ever since—eh, old woman?"

"Don't be a simpleton!" But she was clearly appeased. "What I mean is," she lowered her voice, for they were still in the stream of folks that had come out of church with them, "there's something up between Patty and our lodger. Now don't contradict me, Dennis. He'd look at her, of course; I don't mean that only. Men are just like flies at treacle, if there's any pink-and-white doll to be looked at. But I never saw Patty look as she looked at him this morning. It's high time Roger came home to see after that girl."

Patty lingered in church. She had felt proud and happy that Mr. Whitmore did not sit on the Rectory bench, and she had likewise been aware that during the service his looks had been constantly travelling towards her; but the service was over now, and yet he made no movement to leave his seat. Patty waited till almost every one had gone out, and then she had to follow the rest. She stood waiting among the daisy-covered graves, as if she were reading some of the quaint headstones. "Why don't he come, I wonder? He don't know Miss Beaufort. Why need he wait till she comes out? I know that's what he's waiting for." She stamped her foot angrily, heedless that she stamped it on an old blackened stone, blistered with orange-colored spots.

She looked towards the porch again.

Miss Nuna was coming out, and Mr. Whitmore was following her; and, yes, they were shaking hands. Patty stood as still as one of the old headstones, and she felt mad with jealous vexation when she saw Miss Nuna taking the path that

led through the churchyard to the Rectory gate, and Mr. Whitmore walking side by side with her, seemingly without invitation.

He never so much as looked around at Patty.

"It's too bad—a deal too bad; and to see him yesterday while he was painting my picture, he looked as if he never could care for anybody but me." Poor Patty sobbed freely as soon as she was safe out of the throng of neighbors and in the lane, and the large hot tears blistered her fresh white ribbons. "I did not want him to speak to me before people, but he needn't go off with her. And is he going to be just the same to Miss Nuna as he was to me yesterday? Oh! I do hate her, I do!" said Patty, vehemently; "and she's not pretty. I don't care what folks say, I can't see no prettiness; she's as pale and as thin as a lily, no shape nor color in her."

Poor Patty! her pretty white eyelids were red and swelled by the time she reached the cottage. She felt miserably ill-used. Her life had not pleased her, it had been so dull and hard to her ease-loving, pleasure-seeking nature; but till now she had endured it for the sake of what was to come by and by; she had looked forward. Miss Coppock had predicted that her face would make her fortune some day, and Patty had firmly determined to be a lady, however long she might have to wait for promotion. Her notions of benefits to be gained by this exaltation were perhaps not very refined, but they bore a strong family resemblance to those of many of her more cultivated sisters.

She should never walk; she should have a carriage to take her wherever she chose to go. Then she would live in London itself, and buy as many bonnets and gowns and gloves as ever she liked—much grander bonnets than Miss Coppock had ever had in her show-room; and she should wear plenty of real jewels. However lofty her dreams would sometimes be, this last vision always floated on the summit of the pyramid.

One evening at Miss Coppock's a county grandee drove into town on her way to some large party on the other side of it. The lady's head-dress had got displaced, and Patty was sent for to help Miss Coppock in arranging it. The lady blazed with diamonds, and the girl saw

how they renovated the faded beauty in her face. This same face in the morning Patty had thought sallow and plain, but now the lustre of the jewels lent a sparkle to it, and made it attractive. The lesson was not forgotten. From that evening Patty's resolve took increased strength. If she were beautiful in her simple cotton dress, what would she be in velvet and diamonds? Castle-building and planning had soothed her toil when she came to live at Ashton; bright dreams of the future gave a relish to the homely fare which her father said was good enough for such as them. But the last two days had taught Patty a new kind of happiness. At first when Paul noticed her, and she thought he would take her likeness, her heart throbbed with joy. If he painted her picture, others might see it; rich and grand people perhaps would inquire about the original; but yesterday as Paul talked to her while he painted, and as she felt his eyes fixed in their ardent gaze, a more idle, more exquisite sensation than castle-building had come to Patty; dress and bonnets, jewelry even, faded in the pride of being admired by him. Her cheeks glowed, her lips trembled, and when at last Paul left off painting and said he must go back to the inn, she could scarcely keep from tears.

He disappeared at last round the angle of the lane, and all the sunshine went out of her afternoon. She would have liked to have gone on always in such new delicious enjoyment, and to her surprise she found that hours had slipped away unheeded. It was very weary to think that he would not come again till Monday, and then her father might be at home.

"But Father can't find fault with him for taking my likeness; no one can say a word against his coming here to do that. And yet I don't want Father to know, and I couldn't have Mr. Whitmore see Father;" and then she began to count the hours which must pass before she saw Paul again.

Patty's nature was worldly; and no one had ever tried to teach her that she must not live entirely for herself. But as she came home from church on this Sunday, with all the heart she had, she loved Paul Whitmore better than she had ever loved anything or anybody, and she longed to have him beside her, chiefly because she did love him.

She threw the nicely-trimmed bonnet on her bed when she reached home, forgetful of the tender care she usually bestowed on it. She sat down before her tiny looking-glass. Her hair was ruffled, her eyes looked red and fretful, her face was tear-stained, her mouth even drooped in limp misery.

"If I looked like that in church," she sobbed, "no wonder he went home with her. Oh! why can't I have a gray silk gown and a black lace shawl as well as she? We'd see who'd do the most credit to their clothes then! But I didn't think it of him; just because he was walking and talking with that miss, I didn't think he'd be too proud to speak to me. But it's not pride, it's meanness. Ah! and he'll forget all about me! He'll get fond of her to-day, and then to-morrow she'll plan to have him there again. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? Like will take to like; I'm prettiest, but then she's a lady."

But this last thought had consolation in it. Patty drew her hands from her face and set about smoothing her rich hair into its usual wavy gloss. Mr. Whitmore had seen Miss Nuna in the lane, and he had not seemed much impressed by her; he had been much more taken with herself. By the time Patty had washed away her tears, and settled her collar and brooch to her satisfaction, she decided that after all he could not help it, and it was just possible that he had avoided her on purpose, so as not to draw notice on her.

"It would never have done for him to speak before that sharp-eyed, bitter-tongued landlady," she said. "But I will have it out with him all the same when he comes; I'm not going to be made much of one day and snubbed the next without good reason."

She could pacify her anxiety, but she could not quiet impatience. She could not feel at ease; she was restless and feverish; the day seemed so hot and so long there was no bearing its shining dulness. Patty would not give herself even the variety of afternoon church. She could make excuses for Mr. Whitmore here, away from him, but she knew that if he walked past her again beside Miss Nuna she should probably do something foolish.

And so that Sunday went on, the most

sorrowful that Patty had ever known, and yet the first in which she had found such happiness—for it was such happiness to think over yesterday. Would he come to-morrow?

Something whispered that he would; and so, thinking over what would happen in his next visit, Patty sat, her head resting on her hand, while the light faded out of the glowing sunset.

It was happiness to have her thoughts so filled that the petty vexations of her daily life had lost power to annoy her. When Roger was at home she hated the darkness he insisted on, candles being, as he urged, too dear to be wasted on her crochet and finery; but even if the light had been dimmer than it was now, Patty would have preferred to be alone with her thoughts in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE RECTORY.

PAUL had not seen Patty as he passed her half hidden behind a gravestone; and even if he had, it is possible that he would not have noticed her. He wanted to see a good deal more of the pretty little thing, and he certainly did not mean to make her a subject for village gossip.

He had eyes to discover that Miss Beaufort was far prettier than he had thought her on Friday. He was not influenced, as Patty had feared, by Nuna's superiority of dress. Her eyes chiefly had attracted him: as she sat opposite at dinner he found himself looking at them, wondering at their depth and variety of expression. Nuna was timid, and rather more silent than usual; but when Mr. Beaufort began to question his visitor about Italy, she listened with such enthusiastic interest that Paul warmed towards her. Mr. Beaufort left them together before afternoon service, and then, little by little, Paul drew her on from Italy to talk of pictures and of art, and learned that she herself had an earnest love of painting, and gave up all the time she could find to its exercise.

Still Patty need not have feared, though she would have seen that the deep glow on Nuna's transparent skin was very beautifying, and that her eyes looked into Paul's with a wealth of expression of which she was utterly unconscious. But Nuna was quite aware that Mr. Whitmore took a very ordinary interest

in her, and that probably he would not have talked to her at all if she had not cared so much for the things he cared for; and if Nuna had been a little older she might have feared that in this very sympathy of tastes lay a repulsion to love — that the very last thing a man values in a woman is sympathy with his actual pursuit. She may sympathize with himself, and to a certain extent in his tastes, always provided that she does not grow learned in them, and so lose the sweet docile ignorance which he takes such pleasure in informing and correcting.

In one way her cousin Elizabeth had been a true friend to Nuna; she had so magnified her failings, and depreciated her gifts, that the girl had a very mean opinion of her own attractions; and it never once occurred to her that Paul could admire her. Truly she was too deeply absorbed in him to remember her own identity.

They had tea in the garden; Nuna sat under a grand old plane-tree, the light flecking her hair here and there with gold, as it crept down through the broad leafy canopy.

The cups and saucers were rarities, old Vienna porcelain. Mr. Beaufort had whispered to Nuna to produce them, after the dinner talk had shown him that his guest would appreciate them; but when Paul admired them, you would have thought, from the Rector's manner, that he was used to drink tea out of these treasures every Sunday. If Paul could have kept his thoughts from straying to the cottage, the evening would have delighted him. Mr. Beaufort was a good listener so long as he was well amused, and the glow in Nuna's eyes led the artist on from one description to another, till he was surprised at his own eloquence.

He looked at Nuna; she was bending forward to take a teacup from her father, and a remembrance struck him.

He drew out his sketch-book, and showed her the little drawing he had made in Carving's Wood Lane.

"You were just like it a minute ago," he said.

Mr. Beaufort looked at it attentively, and then a sudden remembrance came to him also.

"Had you been sketching again when I met you?" He looked hard at Paul. "Sketching Martha Westropp?"

Paul did not flinch under the Rector's scrutiny; he grew a shade paler. He was very angry, he could not have said why; but it seemed to him that Nuna need not be made acquainted with his intimacy with Patty.

"I sketched the little cottage there," he said, carelessly. He turned over the leaves, and showed the porch to Mr. Beaufort.

Nuna worshipped beauty. "Patty deserves to be put in more distinctly; she would make a beautiful picture, I think."

There was a little silence, and then Paul felt that he must say something.

"Yes, she is very pretty. I expect some artist or other has painted her before now."

"She is what I could fancy a *Perdita* might be," Nuna went on, growing excited with her own enthusiasm. "She is too short for a *Dorothea*, or else she has just that fair, fresh, healthy beauty, and yet her skin is more delicate and velvet-like than any I ever saw. I wish I could dress Patty like a lady for once, and see how lovely she would look."

"And most likely you would be disappointed." Her father spoke sharply, and Nuna drew into her shell in a fright. What had she done? "Peasant beauty," continued the Rector, oracularly, "owes much to its surroundings: in the garb of a higher class, its uncouth ways and awkwardness show out as they never would have shown in cotton gowns."

Paul longed to give the Rector a good shaking. He rose up to say good-by presently, and he held Nuna's hand in a long, warm clasp. He could have thanked her with all his heart for her generous praise of Patty's beauty.

Even while he hurried down Carving's Wood Lane, impatient to see the face that so enthralled him, his mind went back to Nuna; and he felt that if he were free, there would be interest in getting her to lay aside her reserve, in developing the enthusiastic nature which had hinted its presence to-day, as the glowing cracks in the black ridge betray a volcano. But this was purely a mental idea. The day's separation had so fostered his passion for Patty, that it had been hard for him to return to the Rectory after afternoon service; only a slight fear of arousing the Rector's suspicions had induced him to do it.

After morning church, and that sweet vision of Patty in her bonnet, he had gravely asked himself what he was doing, and how he meant this idyl to end? But then came the meeting with Nuna, and there had been no further opportunity for self-communing.

Now, as he hurried along in his mad impatience—an impatience quickened by Nuna's praise—a sense of wrong-doing hung over him, but did not check his progress. As he drew nearer and nearer the cottage, thought grew confused; a tumultuous, throbbing joy left no room for aught beside its own presence.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTERRUPTION.

PAUL went in behind the scarlet-runner vines; he wanted to take Patty by surprise, so he stepped over the gate, that its click might not give her warning.

Light had faded suddenly out of the sky, and by the time he reached the porch the green of the honeysuckle had darkened so that the blossoms showed ghostwise on the dusky leaves.

The stillness was death-like, except for the weird, mysterious murmur by which Nature indicates her function of perpetual growth. As he listened, there came a shriller sound than these indistinct pulse-beats—a cricket chirping out in the silent house.

The charm was broken. He had stood in the porch, spelled by the murmuring stillness; he tapped at the door, and smiled.

"I am faint-hearted to need encouragement from a cricket."

The door opened, and there was Patty. "I'll come out," she said, "it is so dark in here."

There was no surprise in her voice. It seemed to Paul that she had felt his presence before she saw him. Patty would have liked to ask him in-doors, only then he would have seen how poor her home was.

She was so very glad that she could not find anything to say. But Paul's first words reminded her of her grievance against him.

"I thought I should see you at church again?"

Patty had meant to speak calmly, and like a lady, as she phrased it, but her indignation mastered her. He wanted her

to go to church, did he, that he might look at her, and then walk home with Miss Nuna, without so much as turning his head?

"You wouldn't have seen me if I'd gone," she said.

Paul started, the words were so harshly spoken. Patty had turned her head away, but he felt that she was looking vexed.

There was no possible way of guessing at Paul's moods; he was, as Mrs. Fagg would have said, "so touch-and-go." The very cause of offence of one day might on the next be specially pleasing to his fastidious notions; and now, although at the sight of Patty his whole being seemed to go out to her, and though he could hardly restrain the avowal of his passion, these few words, hardly and flip-pantly spoken, threw him back on himself—almost broke through the charm that had held his senses in thrall.

He stood cold and unmoved. And Patty turned round her head and saw him so standing; and as she really did love him, nature prompted her to do the only thing which could have moved him: she began to cry.

The little quivering sob thrilled through his heart, and in a minute his arms were round her, and she was drawn close to him.

"You sweet little darling, what is it?" he whispered. "You know I couldn't vex you, Patty."

Patty made no effort to free herself. "I thought you'd forgotten me," she sobbed.

The light was very indistinct, but Paul did not want much light to make him see her face. He put one hand under the soft round chin, and raised it.

"You would not have liked me to speak to you before all those people?"

"No," said Patty. She was so happy she would have said anything she thought he wished her to say.

"Of course I knew I should see you here this evening; isn't it much better, eh?"

He bent down and looked into her eyes—looked until his soul seemed to go out at his lips. Somehow they met Patty's.

Even while that first thrilling kiss lingered, a slight but distinct sound made them start asunder—the click of the gate latch.

"It's Father," Patty whispered; and then her keen wits helped her lover. "He can't see us because of the bean-vines; go away over the front palings—go, quick!"

Paul would have stood his ground, but there was such terror in her voice that he feared to expose her to her father's anger.

He stepped over the palings; and then he stood waiting till he heard footsteps going towards the cottage.

There was a murmur of voices, but no sounds of anger. He waited yet for some time, but there was no sign of life. He heard the front door shut, and some creaking bolts drawn across it, and then he turned slowly towards the lane again.

Patty had inwardly blessed her father's thrifty ways. He could not see her blushes in the darkness; and the very fact of finding her thus, and not, as he expected, burning a candle through the whole evening, put Roger in good humor with her, and made him unsuspicious.

"Well, lass, I'm come home later than I thought, but I'd have been later yet if Mr. Bright hadn't given me a lift; an' I've brought you news you'll like to hear."

"Oh, what's that?" Patty's heart fluttered violently; she longed to run upstairs and realize some of the delight of the last few minutes; it was dreadful to be forced away from the thought of it.

"Well," Roger spoke almost jocularly, "I'm not going to say all on a sudden; I'll make ye guess, lass; there's a visitor coming to see ye."

At any other time Patty must have guessed his meaning, but now she could not even take in his words.

"A visitor? Do you want supper, Father?"

"I'll have a crust," he said; and in the faint glimmer he found his chair and sat down in it, while Patty disappeared into the wash-house.

A little chill fell on her father. We are apt to proportion our notions by the mood in which we view things. If Roger's journey had proved unsuccessful, and if on his return he had found Patty writing a letter by the light of a half-burnt candle, he would have been as cold as usual, and would not have expected any warmth from his child; but he was in singularly bright spirits. Grandmother Wood had died easily, and had left her

savings to "her daughter's husband, Roger Westropp, for the use of his only child Martha." This was better than he expected; he should have no trouble now in keeping the money from being spent in ribbons and rubbish. It had been a triumph, too, to rescue the money from his brother-in-law Peter. Grandmother Wood had only left her son ten pounds; he had displeased her by an imprudent early marriage, but at her death she had forgiven and blessed both him and his wife.

"How that fellow took on for the loss of his mother!" said Roger to himself. "He couldn't have done more if she'd left to him instead of to me. And how that wife of his did try to comfort him!"

A sort of smothered sigh escaped him.

"She means well, does Patty," he said to himself.

Patty came back with a thin candle in a flat tin candlestick, and then she set a loaf, a fragment of cheese, and a knife on the table.

Roger drew his chair up and ate in silence.

"I may as well have a drink," he said; "I'm thirsty." She fetched him some water, and then she tried to think of something to say.

"How's Grandmother?"

Roger took a draught out of the brown pitcher, and then set it down on the table.

"She's dead! And, Patty, she's left all she'd got to leave in trust to me against you're old enough to want it: it beant much, lass, but it 'ull be useful one day."

Patty's eyes brightened for an instant; then a look of disappointment came into her face. She made no answer.

Something in her silent manner struck her father as new and unusual.

He lifted the candle suddenly to his daughter's face, and gave her a keen, searching glance.

Patty did not wince; she had recovered her self-possession, and the very manifestation of her father's suspicion put her on guard to baffle it.

"What makes ye so quiet, lass? Why don't ye guess who your visitor 'll be?"

"Is it some one at Guildford?" And then she went on quickly, roused suddenly out of her deadness to outside things by an eager hope: "Is it Miss Patience herself?"

Roger nodded.

"I don't see as it can be any other, unless ye've friends in Guildford as I knows naught on. I saw Miss Patience in the street yesterday, and she said she was coming over to Ashton Rectory, to-morrow or next day, to wait on Miss Nuna Beaufort, and she 'ud be glad if you'd go up and see her there."

"You ought to have asked her here." Patty spoke crossly; a vision of Nuna waited on obsequiously by Miss Coppock, with the curtsying manner the milliner observed towards her customers, was disturbing. "Miss Patience can come over all the way from Guildford to wait on that Miss Nuna, and yet she won't take the trouble so much as to walk the length of Carving's Wood Lane to see an old friend like me."

But Patty was too practical to nourish such resentment.

"Miss Nuna pays for her going," she thought, and her forehead grew smooth. Just then it seemed to her that anything might be expected so long as the pay was in proportion to the service rendered; never in her life before had she felt such a craving for money.

Roger paused before he answered; his words were always weighed before he spoke them.

"I did ask the lady to come and see you, and I'll tell you why I did, Patty. You can tell Miss Patience of your grandmother's bounty, if you will, but I won't have Jane at the Rectory, nor Clara Briton either, chattering about my affairs; d'ye hear, lass?"

He spoke sharply, but Patty's spirits had come back.

"Never you fear, Father. Oh, I am so pleased Miss Patience is coming: to-morrow or next day? I hope to-morrow."

Roger's suspicion was lulled.

"She'd got dull like with being alone," he said; "if she'd found amusement here, she wouldn't be in such a taking at seeing that stuck-up dressmaker." Then a thought struck him, and he went on aloud:

"Miss Coppock 'll be down here somewhere about three o'clock. You can give her a cup o' tea, Patty, but I'll have no waste in providing cakes and pastry; don't you fancy I'll make the smallest change in my ways because of this bit of money comin' in. It's put by against a rainy day."

"Suppose the rainy day never comes," Patty laughed. She was too happy in the prospect before her to be vexed again. Her secret had been delicious enough in itself only, but to think of pouring out to Miss Coppock the story of the last three days! Oh, it was too delightful! Why, if Father had not come when he did, there was no knowing what Mr. Whitmore might have said.

Her father was tired, and scarcely answered her last words. Patty went upstairs to her little bare room, and listened impatiently to his slow, firm tread. It seemed to her he was longer than usual shutting and bolting the door.

"As if any one would rob a poor cottage like this," she said. "Why, I'm the only thing worth stealing in it."

She looked wonderfully pretty as she sat on the edge of her bed, loosening her luxuriant hair till it reached the counterpane, and longing for silence in the cottage.

It came at last, and then Patty could give herself up freely to her reveries without fear of interruption.

While she sat waiting, a cloud had come across the sunshine of her future.

Were artists gentlemen? To Patty the word gentleman did not represent a state of mind, or manners, or breeding; it simply meant style of living—a large, luxurious house, a carriage, plenty of servants; and, above all, an unlimited command of money; these things, so the novels she had devoured at Miss Coppock's assured her, were to be found by poor country girls, provided they had wit and beauty, and it was for these things she had resolved to marry a gentleman.

"Such things make any one a lady," said Patty; "it don't matter about the schooling or the breeding either—I'm sure it don't—half so much as the clothes and the carriage. A poor lady, if she's a lady to the backbone, 'ull get snubbed and sent to the wall if she's no money to cut a dash with."

And yet wasn't Mr. Whitmore enough in himself, without anything besides?

And that first kiss came back; it seemed to be really pressing itself on Patty's lips again. She hid away her glowing face in her hands, hugging the memory of it.

And he might be rich after all, who could tell? Perhaps he only painted pictures for amusement; he had spoken

of himself as an artist, but that might not mean anything; he might be a real independent gentleman.

She went to bed at last, comforted in this new perplexity by the anticipation of Miss Coppock's counsel.

(To be continued.)

Fortnightly Review.

THE MEANING OF THE PRUSSIAN TRIUMPH.

THE true question which this war presents for Englishmen to answer, is not whether France or Germany have done most to provoke each other, nor whether France or Germany have the larger sum of wrongs to avenge, nor whether it is desirable for Germany to be one and to be powerful, nor yet whether much that is vicious be not mingled in French policy and the French character. The real question is none of these; and it is sophistry only which can lead us off upon these issues. The true question is a very plain one. It is this. *Is it for the interest of civilization, or of England, that France should be trampled on and dismembered by Germany?*

I say the former are all false issues, and have little to do with the matter before us. Let us grant that the larger share in provoking this long-preparing struggle must be laid at the door of France; as I certainly shall grant she wantonly commenced it. Is it enough for a nation to have wrongfully entered upon war, to make us rejoice at seeing it torn in pieces; rejoice over a policy which must hand over Europe to discord and hate? To sum up the historical wrongs of Germany may exercise the ingenuity of biographers; but are politicians ready to make retaliation the new key of international relations? A man may devoutly desire the unity of Germany, without finding it precisely in the smoking ruins of Paris. It may be the best guarantee of peace that Germany should be powerful. It is a bold leap from that to welcoming six months of pillage, fire, and slaughter. We may wish to see Germany both safe and strong, without caring to see France mangled and frantic with despair. We never deny that the French temper has many a blot, and French history many a foul page. We may even hate French folly and vice. What nation has not its own follies and its own vices? What

puling Judas is he who would sneer away the life of a nation by these hypocrite's laments? We have never yet admitted that the vices of national character entitled one race to come forward as the executioner of another, to wreak its hate and fill its greed in the name of national morality. We have ceased to regard a conquering horde as the chosen avenger of God, or national disaster as the same with national guilt.

We may admit all these propositions of the apologists of Prussian invasion, and yet the case is not answered, nor even touched. Suppose France wrong at first, to have been wrong in the past, to have been and to be, as a nation, foolish and guilty. Suppose that the unity of Germany is the greatest of human goods, and its supremacy the best hope of mankind; what has all this to do with the long-drawn torture of France, with the firing of her citizens, and the trampling on her provinces and her children? The greatness of Germany is not secured, the guilt of France is not cured, by dragging out a brutalizing and fiendish war, until agony itself seems to sustain life and to inspire defiance. All the specious grounds on which some still try to justify all this, no more justify this war than they justify Pandemonium. There is but one true question. What good end requires all this fire and this blood? *Is it for the interest of civilization that France should be trodden down and dismembered by Germany?*

To say that France is being trampled on and dismembered, is to use words far short of the truth. For six months one-third of France has been given up to fire and sword. For 300 or 400 miles vast armies have poured on. Every village they have passed through has been the victim of what is only an organized pillage. Every city has been practically sacked, ransacked on system; its citizens plun-

dered, its civil officials terrorized, imprisoned, outraged, or killed. The civil population has been, contrary to the usage of modern warfare, forced to serve the invading armies, brutally put to death, reduced to wholesale starvation and desolation. Vast tracts of the richest and most industrious districts of Europe have been deliberately stripped and plunged into famine, solely in order that the invaders might make war cheaply. Irregular troops, contrary to all the practices of war, have been systematically murdered, and civil populations indiscriminately massacred, solely to spread terror. A regular system of ingenious terrorism has been directed against civilians, as horrible as anything in the history of civil or religious wars. Large and populous cities have been, not once, but twenty, thirty, forty times bombarded and burnt, and the women and children in them wantonly slaughtered, with the sole object of inflicting suffering. All this has been done, not in license or passion, but by the calculating ferocity of scientific soldiers. And, lastly, when the last chance of saving Paris was gone, and it became a matter of a few weeks of famine, they must needs fire and shatter a city of 2,000,000 of souls, and grind its palaces and churches to powder in mere brutality. Of a truth this citizen-army system of Prussia has nursed a spirit more devilish than anything which this nineteenth century has yet begotten. Von Moltke cannot rest till his name lives in history beside those of Tilly and Alva. And King William yearns for the immortality that centuries have given to a yet more pious sovereign, whom history has canonized, King Philip the Second.

Let us remember that all this was done and carried on for five months after France had sued for peace in the dust; and had offered what was practically everything except her national independence, and the honor and self-respect of every Frenchman. It is well known that there were no serious terms which France would have rejected short of dismemberment. To give up 2,000,000 of the best citizens of France, and make them permanent prisoners to Germany, is what no nation in Europe would do whilst breath remained. Let Englishmen quietly contemplate surrendering Sussex and Hampshire to an invader, to be permanently

annexed to France. This is what Frenchmen are coolly exhorted to do. But it was much more than this. To give the possession of Metz and Strasburg, the Moselle and the Vosges, to united Germany, is simply to make France her prisoner, to make France what Piedmont was with Austria in the Quadrilateral, what England would be if the whole coast from Dover to the Isle of Wight were made permanently French soil.

And because Frenchmen rejected these terms, terms which the vilest of Englishmen would, in their own case, turn from with scorn, Prussia has poured on, reveling in this orgy of blood. In politics there are no abstract rights. All matters between nations are a balance of advantages. And even if there were, on the side of Germany, some decent claim for what they sought, humanity will brand the people that insisted on that claim through all the hideous cost which it involved. A gambler (to pursue their favorite metaphor) may have a fair claim to the stakes he has won; but we still call him a murderer who deliberately kills the loser that he may seize them. The language-boundary may seem such an obvious arrangement to a pedant at his desk; and the strategic frontier may run glibly off the journalist's pen. One nation may be most moderate in its demand; and the other may be most blind in its resistance. But if, in the hard proof of facts, this natural boundary or this moderate claim can be won solely by desolating a million homes, and by turning provinces into one vast charnel-house, it is only the tyrant with the heart of steel who seeks that end at such a cost.

But I had forgotten "the security" and "the permanent peace" of Germany! The security of Germany which, unapt for war, with only a few poor fortresses on the Rhine, and but a million of mere armed citizens, will never be able to rest for fear of France, without a new line of French fortresses, strongholds, and mountain passes. She will never be really safe till she has 2,000,000 of Frenchmen writhing under her grasp on her French border. The poor wolves must have a fold to protect them from the greedy sheep. And how can the great German and the great French nations ever dwell, side by side, in unity and peace hereafter, until every French field has been trampled by the

Uhlán, till every French home has given up its one or two dead, or at least smelt the petroleum of our highly-cultivated troopers? Once plant in every French heart a feeling that a German is a red Indian savage on a scalping party; sow a blood feud which the very infants may suck in with their mother's milk, and we shall have ample security and a permanent peace evermore! Prussian soldier-statesman! we know you to be brutal, but do not take you for a trifler!

But of the wanton cruelty of the Prussian warfare in its present phase I have already sufficiently spoken. I have little to add and nothing to withdraw. Two months more of calculated terrorism, the burning of a long list of cities, ending in the last atrocity of setting fire to Paris and reducing its monuments to ashes, have convinced men in England that Germany has revived, in modern Europe, the worst savageries of war, and outraged the hopes of civilization. Of that the great majority of Englishmen are now assured. On that subject I have done. The question I now discuss is this:—is it for the good of England or of civilization that France should be dismembered by Germany?

Can we doubt that the real object of Germany is the dismemberment of France? I know that the apologists of Prussia here, straining out the last dregs of captious objection, ask us sometimes, with an air of honest doubt, how we know that Bismarck insists on the dismemberment of France; and one of these advocates has told us, almost indignantly, that if he thought the prisoner at the bar had taken Metz (for instance) with any intention of appropriating it for himself, he for one would be the last, &c., &c. To this point is the case of Prussia reduced! How do we know, forsooth, that Germany insists on incorporating all Alsace and at least half Lorraine, the Vosges, the Moselle, Strasburg, Metz, and a string of French fortresses, the whole "language-boundary," as the cant runs, and *something more*, to be settled by Count Moltke? We know it because, whatever journalists here may find it convenient to say, every utterance in Germany, official and semi-official, combines to tell us so. We all know now how completely Count Bismarck controls and inspires the whole well-affected press of Germany, and muzzles the ill-affected; how officials and as-

pirants to office watch his every look; how journalists and professors truckle to his nod. With one consent they all tell us that Germany must have at least all this, and an indefinite something more. If the words of official journals and publicists in high favor are worth anything when they assure us that Count Bismarck wants nothing but a united and peaceful Germany, we may trust them not to misrepresent him when they tell us he wants Alsace and Lorraine. To such a length has the belief of this run, that Count Bismarck cannot afford to disappoint it. And yet, seeing the set of this current, and the concurrence of all who were supposed to represent him, he has never directly or indirectly attempted to check it. Whether Count Bismarck demands Alsace and Lorraine or not, it is plain that Germany does, and believes them to be hers as completely as if peace were signed. Men of sense judge matters of politics by what seems reasonable on a balance of probabilities, and cannot be stopped to answer every wild suggestion of an advocate whose case is desperate.

Whatever Count Bismarck may find it at present convenient to say, or not to say, it is plain to any one of common sense that Germany most undoubtedly does demand large provinces of France, several of her chief fortresses, and a long line of strongholds. If not, if Germany is continuing the war for only some small object, even let us say for Strasburg, the invasion assumes a still more wanton character. Practical politicians will not strain the excited words of M. Jules Favre quite literally, pronounced as they were in September; nor can they doubt that after an unbroken succession of fresh calamities, Frenchmen would have been inclined to terms had the Germans really been content with anything short of the dismemberment of their country. Had Germany no such end, then the last four months of horror have had no purpose but to satisfy the lust of military glory. But as every utterance of those Germans who had the best right to know has declared, so every act in the dealing with the conquered provinces has proved, that the wrenching off most vital members of the French nation is the very least of the demands of Germany.

It may well be that Count Bismarck's ultimate intentions are not yet fully

known. But it is not that he will ask less, but a great deal *more*, than has yet been claimed for him. When did he ever yet stay his hand in open violence, except that he saw his way to his end by artifice? If he gave up forcing on the Prussian people his system of army extension, it was only to rouse their military passions more fiercely by corrupting them with baits to their vanity. When he closed the war against Denmark, it was only that he saw his way to seizing her territory by treachery and fraud. When he made peace after Sadowa, it was because he saw that secret diplomacy could thenceforth effect the rest of his programme. Peace or war, fraud or force, are with him only different means to the same end—the military aggrandizement of Prussia. He uses both alternately, always in the same onward path. Like the lion in the fable, if he is great in bringing down the prey, he is yet greater in securing the whole of it to himself by chicanery or threats. And it is to this man, as false and as insatiate as the ideal of *Macchiavelli*, that Europe is to confide for wisdom and moderation.

It is but too true that we have not Count Bismarck's real demands. For my part, I should wonder if the world has yet heard the half of them. His enemies as yet have found that to make peace with Count Bismarck is as hard a bargain as to continue war with him; perhaps even a harder. The greatest of the German chiefs loudly declare that they will be satisfied with nothing short of reducing France to a second or a third-rate Power. One of the foremost long since explained this to mean that she was to be placed in the position of Spain. Others use the phrase "of annihilating the power" of France. The "Red Prince," as they delight to call him in the Mohican dialect of the camp, announced his intention of "destroying the power" of France. Now, when have these military chiefs not kept their threats? Morally speaking they are men on the level of the Black Prince, Wallenstein, or Charles the Twelfth—relics of a past age; strong, able, born soldiers; of an insatiable ambition, and scorning everything but military honor. To them the annihilation of France is just as worthy an object as it was to Catherine of Russia to destroy Poland or to crush Turkey. They honestly believe

themselves capable of it. What is to prevent their attempting it? The Prussian soldier-caste conceives the destruction of France to be the most glorious of all achievements; and the Prussian soldier-caste is absolute master for the present of the German people. Count Bismarck is but the organ of that caste, its one man of genius who has seen how to dress up that singular mediæval figure as the champion of modern ideas, and the leader of the people. But Count Bismarck has not changed the *lanz-knecht* heart within that caste; it beats fiercely within him, too. And though he can force its tongue to talk in the language of modern statesmen, its true nature is to be found in men to whom pity is unknown, and progress a by-word, men between whom and modern civilization there is a feud as deep as between backwoodsmen and Sioux. These are the men—no boasters, and no madmen—who have declared in tones not loud but deep, for the annihilation of France as a great Power.

What is to stand between these men and their end? The intelligence of Germany? But every one who knows Germany has seen—for my part I have seen for twenty years—gathering up in the minds of the literary and military classes of Prussia a hatred of France, Frenchmen, and French ideas more deadly than anything we know of in race-feuds. And with this hatred there went a deep, fierce thirst to humble France one day in the dust. I do not pretend that this feeling existed outside the soldier and the academic class. In both, I believe, it was based on mortified pride. Prussians, conscious of their wonderful power both for war and in thought, were stung with rage when they saw how little their unapproachable pre-eminence was recognized in Europe, and how much French egotism and versatility had carried off from them their legitimate honors. Be the cause what it may, men who have long watched this intense hatred, existing, I admit, in only two classes, and of course not in all members of them, such men have felt and insisted for years that the most gigantic war in history must be the issue of it.

It has come; and this hatred has filled its maw, and has swollen to incredible proportions. What, then, is to stop it from working out its avowed end—the an-

annihilation of France as a Great Power? The Crown Prince? And men can build all their hopes on a life, which a stray Chassepot bullet may end, to give us for twenty years the regency of the Red Prince. The Crown Prince, whom all his good intentions have led only to the hell of burning a city with a civil population of two millions, and reducing to powder, for very wantonness, the monuments of six centuries! Who is to stop it? The intelligence of Germany, now employed in inventing apologies for every act of aggression, and the barbarian outrage of bombarding Paris? The good sense of the German people?—But the German people are now only the German rank and file, and public opinion is insubordination. The Great Powers of Europe?—But they are employed in doing reverence to the new Emperor, with the ministers of "Happy England" at their head. Let us rest assured that the Prussian chiefs will give up their project of annihilating the power of France for one cause only—that they find it impossible. Till they find it impossible they will try, in spite of the conviction of honest burghers in Fatherland that they are a quiet home-loving race, and in spite of goody-goody platitudes from courtly professors.

Count Bismarck has certainly not told us his ultimate demands. They will include all that has yet been asked for in territory with a large addition (perhaps that of Nancy and the whole of Lorraine). But there will be other demands not necessarily of territory and perhaps not immediately disclosed, the effect of which will be to leave France absolutely at the mercy of Germany. The fortress of Luxemburg, as a matter of course, will be included in German hands, if not immediately; at least in due time. Some one lately spoke of this matter as a *misère*, whereas it really is the strongest place in Europe, and as such indispensable to Bismarck. He is a statesman who squeezes as much out of negotiations as he forces out of war. Austria is now of less account in Germany than she was at the moment of peace, and Denmark is also of less account in the Baltic than when she gave up the struggle. Count Bismarck is a swordsman who gives wounds from which his adversaries do not recover; but from which they grow weaker and weaker. And when he wipes from his sword the

blood shed in this great war, it will be to leave France permanently crippled. Who or what is to stay him?

Let us take merely the already announced demands of Prussia, and see how France will stand at the end of the war. There will first be an enormous war indemnity. Its sum-total will, in truth, be something as yet unconceived. It will be measured, however, not by the demands of Germany, but by the limit of what it is possible by direct or indirect means to squeeze out of France. There will then be the prostration of France by the exhaustion of the war, and the desolation and famine of about one-third of her area. She will probably be compelled to cede her navy and some of her colonies, and may possibly be restricted in her standing army. Metz, Luxemburg, Strasbourg, with the whole chain of fortresses on the Moselle and Vosges line from Longwy to Belfort will form the rampart, the guns of which are directed upon her heart. The whole of the French will thus be added to the whole of the German strongholds along the left district of the Rhine, and consolidated into a complex chain more tremendous than anything in Europe. It will be the Austrian Quadrilateral multiplied tenfold; a line for defence preposterously overdone; for offence almost irresistible. This vast line of forts will hold the east of France in a vice. Within their walls 100,000 men may easily in peace be housed, and around them 500,000 may easily in war be sheltered. They are ten days' march from Paris. And between them and Paris not a single fortress, not a single military depot, and scarcely a single defensible line of country exists. Now, without giving too much importance to strategic frontiers, it is impossible to be blind to what follows when a strong power posts itself in a menacing position. If we were told that Antwerp in French hands would be a pistol pointed at the heart of England, if Sebastopol was a standing menace to Constantinople, if the Quadrilateral gave Austria the command of North Italy, then France, with nothing between her capital and this vast strategic line, would be prostrate at the feet of Germany. A power which commands a million of men, with the overwhelming superiority now proved in a hundred victories, possessing along the left side of the Rhine the chief of all the

great fortresses of Europe, and a quadruple quintuple network of strongholds in which the resources of nature have been used by the skill of two nations, would hold France in the hollow of her hand. A fortress is as useful for the most part for offence as for defence, and with the whole of the eastern fortresses of France turned over to Germany, and the heart and capital of France turned naked to their guns, Germany would be as absolutely mistress of France as Austria in Mantua and Verona was mistress of Lombardy and Venetia. Hand over Alsace and Lorraine, and France stands disarmed—the prisoner of armed Germany. It is easy for those who turn the selfish growl of the tradesmen into a sneer, to cry out with a gibe—"What are two or three departments out of seventy? what are two millions out of forty? now you are beaten, pay up the stakes, and for God's sake let us get to business!" So he with the money-bag: but politicians of common-sense know that this is no mere question of surrendering broad provinces or even of giving up good citizens. It is not a prince losing an appanage, or a nation losing a subject province. It is the life or death of France as a great power. It is her independence as a nation. It is whether she shall be one of the Powers of Europe, or the State prisoner of Imperial Germany.

"France," say the optimists, "will be always a great power, come what may." Perhaps so; but not if the Prussian chiefs have their way. The wretched juggle about the language, and the old possessions of the Reich, the whole antiquarian twaddle about Elsass and Lothringen, form only one of Bismarck's tricks to amuse the book-worms; who, good, silly souls, are flapping their wings with the glee they would feel if some one turned up the real sword of Barbarossa, or proposed to revive the worship of Odin. "The sword of Barbarossa!" cry the learned geese, "es lebe der Kaiser! let us try if it will cut off men's heads. Oh, beautifully! See how they fly off, and how the corpses writhe! Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig seyn!" So do the professors rejoice exceedingly. For political childishness and social immorality no one comes near your true Dryasdust. So throughout all Germany Teufelsdröckh, with immense glee, is airing the biogra-

phies of the Imperial vassals. Then, again, all the learned strategic stuff about the line of the Vosges, and the indispensability of this, and the importance of that to the defence of Fatherland, and the mysterious references to the omniscient Moltke, are just another amusement for the journalists and soldiers at home. Mephistopheles, who is as relentless as he is artful, laughs his harsh laugh. Bah! let the pedants bring home their lost German brothers, with hoch-Deutsch lays, and the wiseacres discuss the defensive powers of the new German frontier; are the real chiefs of Prussia the men to play these academic pranks, or fight for what they have got fifty times over? Their real end is a very plain one—the annihilation of France as an independent power. The jugglery about language-boundaries and strategic frontiers (in its defensive sense) will soon be swept aside, and the real purpose of Prussian policy will soon be disclosed—such a settlement as will leave France prostrate before Germany. Bismarck swore to drive Austria out of Germany. He has done it, and she clings still struggling to its borders. Bismarck and his captains have sworn, too, to drive France (practically) out of Europe. And, if they have their will, they will not rest till they have done it. That is what the language-boundary and the Vosges line, in sober truth, comes to at last; and what is to prevent them from insisting on it? The heads of the military caste in Prussia feel towards France what the Roman aristocracy felt towards Carthage. *Delenda est Carthago* is their policy, and old Blucher was their Cato. The pedants may go on maundering most beautifully about Teutonic civilization; but the caste will pursue their end as coolly as if the said pedants were actual, as well as metaphorical, bookworms.

The most dreadful part of all this is that peace, even on any terms now demanded by Germany, is not a peace, but a truce. We have it on the best possible authority, that of Count Bismarck. In his cynical frankness, he told us that he knew that France would renew the conflict, and he only wanted a position of superiority to meet it. The truth is, that it suits neither the welfare nor the policy of Prussia to complete the destruction of France at once. Place her in a situation of overwhelming mastery, and she would prefer

to take her own time. Prussia did not swallow Denmark at one mouthful, nor drive Austria from Germany entirely in the seven weeks' war. But she has planted herself in such a position that she can deal with Denmark or deal with Austria much as she pleases; and she is assuredly about to do so. With such a settlement as Prussia exacts from France, she can begin again, and finish her task whenever she pleases. There was a first, a second, and a third partition of Poland, arranged at convenient intervals, without too exhausting efforts. And there was a first, and a second, and a third Punic war. As Rome dealt with Carthage, as Prussia dealt with Poland, and as she has since dealt with Austria, so will Count Bismarck deal with France. It might be too hard a task, Europe might be alarmed, if all were done at a blow. But, once place Prussia upon the prostrate body of disarmed France, and the rest is a question of time. No one can imagine, even in the most maudlin hour of optimism, that France can long endure such a lot. Her two millions of oppressed citizens, her sense of helplessness, and the intolerable weight of humiliation, will goad her in some evil hour to a fresh desperate effort. She will rush to arms again like the Poles, or the Carthaginians, without a chance, and almost without a hope; and with a like result. A nation of forty millions of men are not thrust from their ancient place in the world by one war, however crushing; nor are races nowadays partitioned and annexed in a single campaign, however triumphant. The seizure of Silesia was a splendid feat of arms, and Austria was crushed for the time. But even in that age Frederick well knew that it was but a truce, to be followed as certainly as night follows day by the Seven Years' War. And France is more than Austria, as Alsace and Lorraine are more than Silesia. And so Frederick's successor tells Europe, with the harsh laugh, what, indeed, we know, and hear with a shudder, that even this horrible war is but the first act; and when he makes peace it will be nothing but a truce.

The prospect, then, which the statesmen of Europe have before them is this:—This fearful war is but the beginning of an epoch of war; it is, in fact, but a first campaign. A new Polish question, a new Venetian subject-province, is established

on far larger proportions, and in the centre of Europe. The population to be torn from France is even more patriotic and more warlike than are either Venetians or Poles. And certainly France is stronger than Austria, and occupies a more central position. But this is not merely a question of subjecting a province to foreign rule; it is exposing the nation from which it is torn to permanent helplessness. It is easy to say that Austria gave up Venetia, the kingdom of the Netherlands gave up Belgium, Italy ceded Savoy, and Denmark Schleswig-Holstein. These examples in no case apply. In all of them the ceded provinces were not a source of strength, but of weakness. They lay outside the true area of the nation which ceded them, and belonged by many ties to the nation that received them. In the case of Alsace and Lorraine, all these circumstances are reversed. They form an integral part of France, socially, economically, and geographically; in every sense except in some wretched antiquarian pretence that could be found in any case. They can only be torn from France by the sword, and retained by oppression. And to tear them from France is to expose her to standing helplessness. The true parallel to the case is simply this:—What would England be if Hampshire and Sussex were annexed to a foreign country, whose armies were posted in a network of arsenals and strongholds along their entire sea-coast.

We hear it thoughtlessly said:—"Well, other nations have ceded provinces, and lost territory; why is it so terrible for France to do the like, or for Frenchmen to change their nationality?" It is sufficient to say that in every case in this nineteenth century in which provinces have been ceded, with the exception of Nice (which is yet a standing menace to Europe), it has been done in the name of nationality, and not in defiance of it. Colonies, alienated provinces, and the like, have been ceded; but in no single case has a vital and integral part of a nation, and one of its most intensely national centres, been cut out of its very trunk. For deliberate violation of national right this case stands, therefore, alone in the history of the nineteenth century or paralleled only in the case of Poland. It is not the cession of a province, but the dismemberment of a nation. It is annexation on a scale and of a character unexampled in more modern times.

To find its parallel we must go back to other centuries. And then we must remember how completely the sentiment of nationality is the birth of recent times; sprung, in fact, from the Revolution. In the old days of dynastic wars nations in our sense hardly existed, or existed only in England and France. The principal kingdoms consisted of bundles of duchies, fiefs, and principalities, with little sense of national coherence. To transfer them from one sovereign to another may have weakened the power of the ruler, but it was but a small shock to the feelings of the population transferred, and hardly any to the other lieges of the sovereign to whom they ceased to belong. Cession of provinces, as the result of war, was then a dynastic and feudal question, and may have had some reason; for national rights hardly existed. One German savant, in that spirit of grotesque chicanery which this war has developed in that ingenious body, has told us that it is quite *immoral* to end a war without cession of territory. Others have deluged us from their note-books with instances from the history of the House of Capet or the House of Hapsburg. Antiquarian rubbish! The intense spirit of nationality has revolutionized these matters entirely. It is but of recent birth, but it is now one of the prime movers of the European system. *Guai a chi la tocca*. Barbarossa may indeed awake, but if he venture to recast Europe with the mediæval notions with which he went down into his tomb, more especially if he attempt it in France, democratized and nationalized, and in the enthusiasm of a new Republican spirit, this weird phantom of a dead past will be plunging the nations of our time into a new era of revolution and war.

A very eminent historian has lately put forward in this Review a defence for this and other acts of the Prussian monarchy, by comparing it with what was done by Plantagenet or Tudor kings in England, and by the House of Capet in France. One would think it was only necessary to be an historian, to set aside the principles on which modern nations depend for their existence. Why the very charge against the Prussian dynasty and its advisers is, that they are carrying into modern policy those violent and unjust practices of old times, which it is the function of modern civilization to repudiate and to repress.

They are simply Tudors and Capets in the nineteenth century; and that is what the nineteenth century will never endure. The attempt to repeat the process by which dynasties of old formed nations is the worst of all offences now against the rights and peace of nations. It is precisely because the Prussian monarch belongs to an era and a cast which has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, that he is outraging the conscience of modern Europe, and perpetrating a wrong against nations, more fatal than any other since the revolutionary wars, and against which the modern world must remain in permanent insurrection.

Let us now consider the position of England at the close of this war. France, from the necessity of the case, will be so much exhausted and humiliated, that independent action in Europe would be in any case impossible to her. But that she is feeble will be the least part of the case. She will be so completely at the mercy of Germany, that she must simply cease to count as one of the great powers. When diplomacy has finished the work of war, she will not dare to profess a policy contrary to that of Prussia. She will not be in the position of Russia at the close of the Crimean war, exhausted, but powerful and independent. She will be like Poland after the first partition, or like Piedmont after Novara, at the mercy of an enemy who can march at any moment on her defenceless capital. She must, therefore, for any practical purpose retire from the councils of Europe, or enter them, as now, for the purpose only of making her indignation heard, of fomenting discord, or of grasping at any ally at almost any price.

The problem that English statesmen have to face is, how to maintain our position in Europe when France has ceased to be an element in the question. Let them look back for one or two generations, and weigh the importance of those interests in which England and France were as one. Ever since the days of the Holy Alliance, and the recovery from the great spasm of the Revolutionary war, no fact in the history of Europe has been more marked than the growing tendency towards union in the policy of France and England. In spite of dynastic or ministerial intrigues, gradually for forty years it has been growing more clear that in France and in Eng-

land the weight of the popular feeling marched onwards in parallel lines, and that France and England stood out as the guaranties in the long run of progress and of right. England and France were felt by all to be great powers, second to none in material strength; the one supposed to be supreme by sea and the other by land, whilst they were the only states in Europe where the liberal feeling of the nation had strength to prevent their respective Governments from long continuing on the wrong side.

During the last generation there have been four great questions of European importance. In all of these France and England, in the main, had a common purpose. In the question of Turkey and the East, disfigured as their action was by private jealousies, they at least concurred in this: both England and France were opposed to the absorption of Turkey in the Muscovite empire, and both favored the *status quo* in the East as the least disturbing issue possible. In the key of the English policy, the French on the whole agreed—that the Eastern Mediterranean should not become the prey either of anarchy or of the Czar. During the Crimean war that alliance was deepened and confirmed; and since the taking of Sebastopol there has grown up a tacit acknowledgment, too often not justified by facts, that in the long run England and France were the representatives of the cause of national independence, in the Mediterranean as well as in the Baltic.

The case of Poland came next. And to whom did Poland look in spite of repeated disappointment—to whom could she look—but to England and to France? There again the policy of our two nations, emphatically of both peoples, and mainly of both Governments, has worked together. And though on no single occasion has the Government of both agreed on any common plan of active intervention, their assistance has not been wholly in vain; and their moral support has enabled the Poles to maintain their national traditions under all the tyranny of the Eastern despotisms.

Throughout the whole of this period there existed the Italian question; and here again, in spite of the insincere policy of Napoleon, the French and the English people heartily concurred. With the ruler of France, and sections of Frenchmen, selfish interests held the foremost place;

but no one can doubt that it was by the persistent support which the French and the English nation gave to the principles of national right, that Italy has at length regained her independence.

Then came the Danish war, the first beginning of that career of aggression which is now triumphing in France. Here again the French people and the English were entirely as one. And though the French ministry, but lately rebuffed on the Polish question, declined (as we now know) to join the English in active operations, the mere fact of a proposal of the kind having passed between them, is a proof how closely the two countries felt the cause of independence to be violated by the attempt to partition Denmark, and how much their joint support contributed to save her from utter extinction.

In the East the fleets and armies of France and England have acted even more directly in concert. But I abstain from making any use of the arguments to be found in the support which England has received from France in Asia. In neither case do I believe the interference to have been for the good of civilization, though perhaps it was rendered less injurious to it by the presence of two rival nations in concert. I freely admit that there have been many questions in which the French nation has been opposed to the English, and still more frequently their Government to ours. It is sufficient to point out that in the four principal questions which have deeply stirred Europe within this generation, the French nation had joint interests and sympathies with our own, and were actuated by the same principles to follow a common policy.

Even when, as is too true, the wretched Government of Napoleon, and at times the French people, engaged in or tended towards a course fatal to progress and peace, and hostile to our common traditions, the English policy and public opinion have been able to modify and control those of France by virtue of the sense of our many common interests. In the Italian question, in the American civil war, in the Danubian questions, in the Mexican interference, and even in the Luxemburg difficulty in 1867, where the miserable ambition of the Imperial dynasty was embarked on a retrograde course, the moral strength of England has exercised a most salutary control, and gained an ultimate ascen-

dancy for right, by virtue of its being felt by the French people to represent the voice of an honest and genuine friend. Looking at it broadly, as national policy alone can be looked at, and seeking only for what is fundamental, a fair mind will allow that the co-operation of France with England has been a solid and a great fact; that the alliance has been on the whole a real thing, and an alliance in the main for good.

It is all over now; and where are we to find its like? On all these four typical questions of European policy, whilst France at heart was with us and with the right, Prussia, the new mistress of Europe, was against us and with the wrong. In the Crimean war she threw her undisguised sympathies and her secret influence on the side of Muscovite aggression. In the Polish question she played into the hands of the oppressors, for is she not one of the standing oppressors herself? In the Italian question she joined her cause with Austria, and declared for the permanent enslavement of Italy by German bayonets. Nay, more, in 1859 she declared Venetia a strategic question for Germany, though for her own ends, in 1866, she found means to surrender it. Of the Danish question it is needless to speak, for she was the author and head of that wanton spoliation. On all these great questions, in which England stood forth with France as the guardian of right and respect for nations, she will find herself now face to face with that gigantic Despotism which is the very embodiment of the wrong; and she will find herself before that power—alone.

Condemn, as we may, the national faults of France, denounce as we please their pretension to supremacy in Europe (a pretension exactly equivalent to that which England makes to maritime supremacy), we must still feel that in no other nation does there exist a public opinion so akin to our own, and at the same time so completely in the ascendant. The heart of the great French nation beats with that of our own, and we feel its pulsations in every workshop and every cottage of the land. The true modern life breathes in both of us equally; the same generous sympathies, the same faith in progress, the like yearning for a social regeneration of the West. And France, we feel, has been truly passed

through the revolution: the social rule of caste, the dead-weight of feudal institutions, the organized reaction, has passed away from them, far more than from us, and certainly far more than from any other people in Europe. Anarchy and tyranny in turn afflict them for a season; but we know that in France the reign of neither can be long. We feel that in spite of repeated failures and errors, and the misdeeds of rulers, there still lives the great French people, animated by noble ideas, the slaves of no caste and of no system, who in the long run are always, and are worthy to be, the masters of the destinies of France.

It is so now, and it has been so in the past. The true history of France, seen in the light of a broad survey of the annals of mankind, is the history of a nation which has been in the van of progress. She who led Europe in the Crusades to resist the aggression of the Saracen; she who built up the great central monarchy in Europe out of feudal chaos, and inaugurated the institutions of modern government out of the antique armory of chivalry; she who kept at bay the bigotry and tyranny which once menaced Europe from Hapsburg ambition, rose out of a century and a half of restless thought and evil policy into the Revolution, which, with all its crimes, was the new birth of modern society. In the true philosophy of history, it is France who (often backsliding, and often the enemy of right) has been in the main foremost in the cause of civilization. Let us leave it to half-crazy pedants to represent her as the evil destiny of nations. Men who have grown purblind and half-human whilst working deep down in the stifling mines of German records, see the good spirit of mankind in the wild and valorous doings of panoplied Rittmeisters; of the Grafs and Kaisers who prolonged the Middle Ages down into the sixteenth or the seventeenth centuries. The good sense of mankind has long agreed that the great French nation holds a precious part in the history of civilization; a part which she held of old, and holds still; her place no other can supply.

We need not thereby deny the great and noble qualities of other races in Europe, much less of the profound and energetic German people. But the good sense of Englishmen is agreed that nowhere (for America distinctly stands aloof

from Continental questions) do they find, as they do in the French, a people combining the same sympathies and interests as their own, with so high a power of giving them effect. How can the new German Empire supply that place? How can the free and peaceful policy of England look for its right hand to the Prussian dynasty and its military chiefs? The Hohenzollern monarchy has traditions more unchanged and rooted than any house in Europe. They are traditions of national aggrandizement, of military power, of royal prerogative, and divine right. It represents, and is proud of representing, the despotic, warlike, retrograde forces of Europe. The key of its policy has been common cause with Russia. Its aim has been to broaden the foundations of its own ascendancy. Not a single liberal movement in Europe has ever found in it a friend; not one service to civilization or to peace can it boast. Its great pride has been that, alone of the five great Powers, it has upheld unbending the old royalty and chivalry as it existed before the Revolution. Such is the power with which the Parliamentary Ministers of this free English nation are to form their future alliances, or to whose will they are to bow in submission. The scared Ministers of "happy England" do not lift up the eyes to dream of an alliance with the successor of Barbarossa; but they are offering him their homage at Versailles, as if the House of Guelf were one of the mediatized princes.

Optimists, with a tincture of German literature, are fond of assuring us that however little hope civilization can find in the Hohenzollern dynasty, the great German people will set all right in their own good time. Far be it from us to deny the admirable qualities of the German people, more especially their high cultivation of all sorts, and their splendid intellectual gifts. Professors, with a naïve enthusiasm, rehearse the tale of Teutonic literature, science, and art; grow maudlin over the domestic virtues of the German home; and celebrate it as the nursery of the best of fathers and the truest of friends. Well and good; but the question is, what has the Prussian dynasty done for the peace of Europe? A race may have the highest intellectual and personal gifts, and yet not as a nation have consciously assumed any great in-

ternational function. After all, the value of a nation in the common councils depends on its social forces, on its consciousness of public duties, rather than on its intellectual brilliancy. In their later ages the Greeks, with their matchless mental gifts, were of almost no account as a nation; whilst the Romans, in cultivation far their inferiors, were foremost by the ascendancy of their national genius. The real strength of a nation, especially in these days, consists not in its achievements in science or art, but in the degree to which its national will can command the sympathies and give shape to the wants of the age. This is now the only claim which a nation can possess to the supremacy amongst nations. And it is this which Germany is yet too inorganic, too much encumbered with the debris of the past, and too little conscious of national duty, reasonably to assert.

Worthy and enlightened souls as the good German burghers are in many relations of life, socially and politically they are what we in the West of Europe, or what Americans, call, decidedly backward. They have a wonderful army, a consummate administration, a high-pressure educational machinery, an omniscient press, and a number of other surprising social productions, but, with all that, they have not the true political genius. They still live under a grotesque medley of antiquated princelets, who are not, like our monarchy and aristocracy, modernized into the mere heads of society, but are living remnants of feudal chieftainship. The rule of these princes still rests on divine right, on vassal devotion, and military subordination. It is buttressed round by the serried ranks of a social hierarchy, also feudal in its pretensions and in its strength, not like our own, modernized and transformed to the uses of a democratic society, but standing in all the naked antiquity of its preposterous pride. Society, therefore, in Germany, is heavily oppressed by the superincumbent mass of strata upon strata of old-world orders and venerable institutions, habits, and ideas, of which a great free and progressive people, as we here understand it, would never endure the weight.

There is, therefore, in Prussia no true public opinion. Politics are discussed with unfathomable profundity, and the

press peers into public affairs with well-regulated curiosity; but for true influence on the policy of Prussia the people of Prussia count nothing. An eminent economist of the German empire has but recently acknowledged in these pages, that great as the proportions of the new edifice will prove, it will still want some of the modern improvements of the State fabric. It will not be (of course) a constitutional affair; it is not intended to be a parliamentary government; there is no idea of having ministerial responsibility, or of public opinion controlling the army or the finances of the State. For my part I am no defender of our present form of parliamentary government; but I do maintain that a government which is in no sense to be the organ of public opinion, is not a free and not a progressive government. The Prussian régime is not one which has passed beyond a parliamentary system, but one which has never reached it. It looks upon the voice of the nation as Tudors or Stuarts looked at it, as something which may offer respectful comments, but is never to exercise control. This is the ideal of government which accords with every tradition of the house of Hohenzollern, which is maintained by the yet unshaken strength of a social system pledged to defend it by pride as much as by interest, which the middle class Prussian accepts by every habit of his nature, and worships with instinctive idolatry. It will be a revolution only that can shake it.

But the true character of this Hohenzollern dynasty is determined by that "peculiar institution" of Prussia, the Junker class. It is a phenomenon to which no parallel exists in Europe, a genuine aristocratic military caste. It is not like our own aristocracy, rich, peaceful, and half-bourgeois. It is not like the French imperial army, a mere staff of officers, with no local or social influence. It is not like the Spanish order of Grandees, an effete body of incapables. It is an order of men knit together by all the ties of family pride and interest; with an historic social influence; with a high education and a strong nature of a special sort; rich enough to have local power both in town and country; and yet so poor as to depend for existence on the throne—and with all this, devoted passionately, necessarily, to war. It is a caste, which an

aspiring dynasty has moulded out of the Ritters and Gräfs of mediæval Germany. The Fredericks, with their strong hand, have taken the fierce old *lanzknecht* and his children, given him a scanty manor and a soldier's pension, drilled him into the best soldier in the world, tutored him in the absolute science of destruction, given him two watchwords—"King" and "God"—and kept him for every other purpose a simple mediæval knight. He is now the ideal of the scientific soldier, always a gallant, often a cultivated man, but in this industrial and progressive age, an anachronism. Scratch the Junker, and you will find the *Lanz-Knecht*. We have nothing to compare with him, though he reminds one a little of the Rajpoot caste in Oude, or the Japanese Daimio and his Ronins. The last time these islands saw his like, was when Charles Edward led his Highland chieftains on their raid. The difference is, that the Junker is a social and political power, civilized in all the material sides to the last point of modern science. Morally and socially, in all that we look for in peace and progress, he is as abnormal and foreign an element as if Fergus McIvor were amongst us with his claymore.

It was the fashion (not unnaturally) to treat this order as of small political account. But they have now thrown up their man of genius, they are the true masters of the situation, and they have embarked their King on a new career, in which he will be unable to stop. Count Bismarck has found how this caste may make itself a necessity for the nation; how it can step forward as the right arm to work out the national dream, and in the name of Nationality and Peace may found a new military supremacy. He has done with profounder craft what Napoleon did at the close of last century, and has debauched the spirit of patriotic defence into a thirst for glory and domination. Who thought in '92 that the acclamations of Frenchmen for universal philanthropy (more passionate and real than those of German eruditi in 1870) were destined to glide, step by step, into the sanguinary vanity of the Napoleonic wars? At every move in the game of ambition, the self-love of the people and the degradation of the army grew with an equal growth. Like Napoleon, Bismarck must go on,

feeding an Empire of military supremacy by fresh pretensions. It is a situation so false and unreal, that it must be sustained by further crimes. The Empire, threatened already by the people, must rest on the vast soldier caste; to reward and stimulate that soldier caste, fresh aliment must be found for its soldier pride. Russia, Austria, France, must some day look askance, even if England still smirks before the new Empire, with its tradesman's bow. To maintain an attitude founded upon wrong, fresh wrongs must be ventured. The weight of the new Despotism, threatened from its birth both at home and abroad, must tell on the deluded German people. And to repress their opposition, their national vanity must be fed with fresh stimulants, or their efforts swallowed up in a new convulsion. Bismarck plays with Fatherland to the German burgher, as Napoleon I. played the Coalition to the bourgeois of France, or Napoleon III. the Spectre Rouge. As to the chiefs of the German army, and its whole officer class, war is their profession, and their social monopoly. They no more desire peace, than the lawyer desires to close courts of justice, or the Roman patrician desired to close the Temple of Janus. A military Empire now has but one career to run—that of Napoleon I.—that of Napoleon III. Those States who take the sword for their title, must perish by the sword.

The new Empire of Germany is thus, in its origin, a menace to Europe. The house of Hohenzollern, with its traditions of aggrandizement, with its consummate bureaucratic machinery, and its bodyguard of a warlike caste, can never be the titular chief of peaceful industrial German kingdoms. It is no case of chance personal despotism, or mushroom revolutionary adventurer. It is a great power, whose roots go deep into every pore of the two upper-classes of German society. It is arbitrary, military, fanatical. In one word, it is the enemy of modern progress. Though not representing the German people, it has debauched and masters the German people. Six months of this gigantic war have turned the flower of the German citizens into professional troopers. The very fact that they have as a nation submitted to the military yoke, the fact that every German is a soldier, is itself a proof of a lower type of civilization,

and marks them as a nation capable of becoming a curse to their neighbors.

It is not necessary to suppose that this new power has any distinct vision of further conquests, or universal dominion. It is quite sufficient calamity to Europe that such a power should possess paramount supremacy. It may be the good German souls are right, and that neither they nor the Empire, which is another thing, mean any harm. But why are the nations to depend for existence on the forbearance of their mighty neighbor? And if we are safe, are all the smaller states safe? The one thing which is now the dream of the North German is a great navy and power at sea. To this end the very friends of Prussia admit that Continental Denmark is necessary for her. The inevitable result of such a career as that of Prussia is, that she must seek to be the mistress of the Baltic. She will begin by coercing, and end by absorbing all who stand in her way. As to Holland, every step in affairs brings her nearer and nearer to the inevitable fate. And England will yet come to see that she must stand alone to defend the existence, to guarantee the independence of those industrious, friendly kingdoms along the northern seas, or consent to see them made the instruments of a new and far nearer Russia.

In the centre and South of Europe, Prussia, if this war close with her undisputed triumph, can arrange everything at her own good pleasure. The question of the Danube, the very existence of Turkey, hang upon her favor, and will be determined by her interests. For as the first-fruits of the new supremacy, Austria, who at first was calling out for English support, is for very life drawing near in obsequious deference to the conqueror. Italy may at any moment be ordered to restore or to satisfy the Pope. And Switzerland finds herself surrounded by a new danger. With a power so tremendous, and an ambition so ruthless, as that which Prussia has exhibited, everything is possible, and every nation is unsafe. But the matter for us is not so much whether Prussia will overrun Europe, or swallow up this or that smaller nation. All that is for the future; but what is in the present, our actual calamity, is this: the greatest shock of this century has been given to the principle of national rights; the black flag of conquest has been unfurled by a dominant

power; one nation has gained a supremacy in arms which puts the security of every other at her sufferance, and that a nation directed by a policy against which every free people is in permanent revolt.

Such is the result which an English Government has watched gathering up for six months, now with an air of Pharisaical neutrality, now with a flood of pulpit good advice. European politics form a world in which the forces are tremendous. To cope with them are needed great insight and resolute natures, and not fluent tongues. Statesmen need something to deal with them more solid than pretty essays; they can be touched only by deeds, and not by words. No nation can stand apart, gaping on in maudlin hymns to its own exceeding good fortune, or pouring out its eloquent laments over the naughtiness of its neighbors. If the foundation of a great military empire, overshadowing all Europe, be in truth a good thing, let us make it the new basis of our foreign policy, and not crawl like mere courtiers to the conqueror's footstool. But if it be a bad thing, and a danger to us and to the common peace, by all the traditions of the British race let us throw our whole force to prevent its triumph. Act; for act you must; to stand still is to be on its side. Act with your moral force, if you please, since we are told that England has no physical force left; act even with your moral force, for that may yet be something. Have a policy, and declare it, and act on it. It is impossible to be morally neutral. If you mean well to the conqueror, stand up and preach sermons upon peace; for that is to truckle to the stronger. If you do not see his triumph with delight, you must show him so with something stronger than affectionate remonstrance or copy-book exhortations to keep the Ten Commandments. Nations in this wicked world are seldom amenable to moral lectures, and a nation flushed with glory and ambition can be touched by nothing but the fear of retribution. When England stands by, and sees, without moving, the whole face of Europe transformed and a new principle enthroned amongst nations, she is virtually its accomplice. A great nation, in spite of itself, must play a part. It cannot stand by, like a field-preacher at a street-fight, crying out with benevolent imbecility—"My friends, keep clear of those wicked men! Wicked men,

shake hands and be friends!" To offer good counsels to Prussia is to become her plaything, or her parasite. You might as well throw tracts and hymn-books at a tiger.

"What can we do?" cries that cynical No-Policy with which the governing classes have contrived to gild and to satisfy the gross selfishness of the trader. "What!" sneers the organ of the money-dealers, "are we for the balance of power and intervention in this latter half of the nineteenth century?" If to have national interests and duties, and to act for the maintenance of those interests, and in defence of rights, if this be intervention, it has not yet ceased to be the policy of this country, and let us trust it never will. England has continually intervened when it seemed to be her interest and her right. She intervened in 1854 to protect Turkey from absorption; she is intervening at this moment for the same end; she intervened but the other day to preserve Belgium. She intervened persistently and effectively against the retrograde oppression of the old Austrian empire. Her policy in Asia is one perpetual and restless intervention. As to the balance of power, if the pedantic and jealous adherence to the *status quo* was a source of danger and of wrong, which the good sense of our time has rejected, there is a sense in which it is an invaluable safeguard against the preponderance of power. It is as true now as ever, that it will be a dark day for Europe when any one Power shall hold the rest in the hollow of its mailed hand. If it was a menace to Europe when the House of Hapsburg or of Capet threatened to absorb half Europe, if it was an European calamity when Napoleon ruled from Berlin to Madrid, so it will be the knell of peace and liberty when the triumphant Empire of Germany bestrides the continent without an equal. If it succeed in doing so it will be the act of England, who stands by, trading and sermonizing, selling arms but using none, "*bellum cauponantes, non belligerantes*," droning out homilies and betraying every duty of a nation. It will be the crowning proof of the degradation of those governing orders who have bought power by subservience to the traders, and surrendered the traditions of their ancestors; that they who can make war at the bidding of a knot of merchants, and call

Europe into conference for some supposed commercial interest, have nothing in this, the greatest revolution in the State system of modern Europe, but a policy of absolute abnegation ; a policy which thoughtful politicians know to be suicidal, and the mass of the people feel to be shameful ;

the policy which the new Emperor of the West told them with a gibe, as they came bowing to his court, was the only policy that remained for them—the policy of effacement.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Fraser's Magazine.

REMEMBRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

WHEN back I ventured to this sacred spot,
I thought to suffer, while I hoped to weep ;
Thou dearest of all graves, yet minded not,
Where only memories sleep.

What feared ye then, friends, of this solitude ?
Why sought ye thus to take me by the hand,
Just when old habit and old charm renewed
Led me to where I stand ?

I know them in their bloom, the hills and heath ;—
The silver footfalls on the silent ground ;—
The quiet walks, sweetened by lovers' breath,
Where her arm clasped me round ;—

I know the fir-trees in their sombre green ;
My giant-friends that, murmuring along
The careless byways of the deep ravine,
Once lulled me with their song ;—

The copses, where my whole youth as I pass
Wakes like a flight of birds to melody ;—
Sweet scenes, fair desert where my mistress was,
Have ye not looked for me ?

Oh, let them flow ; I love them as they rise
From my yet bleeding heart, the welcome tears ;
Seek not to dry them ; leave upon mine eyes
This veil of the dead years !

Yet will I with no vain lament alarm
These echoing woods that in my joys had part ;
Proud is the forest in its tranquil charm,
And proud, too, is my heart.

In idle moan let others waste the hours,
Who kneel and pray beside some loved one's bier ;
All in this place breathes life ; the churchyard flowers
Grow not nor blossom here :

Athwart the leafy shade, bright moon, I see thee;
 Thy face is clouded yet, fair queen of night;
 But from the dark horizon thou dost free thee,
 Widening into light.

As 'neath thy rays, from earth yet moist with rain,
 The perfumes of the day together roll,
 So pure and calm springs my old love again
 From out my softened soul.

The troubles of my life are past and gone;
 And age and youth in fancy reconciled:
 This friendly valley I but look upon,
 And am once more a child.

O mighty Time! O light years lightly fled!
 Ye bear away all tears and griefs of ours;
 But ye are pitiful, and never tread
 Upon our faded flowers.

All blessings wait upon your healing wing;
 I had not thought that wound like mine could wear
 So keen an edge, and that the suffering
 Could be so sweet to bear.

Hence, all ye idle names for frivolous woes,
 And formal sorrow's customary pall,
 Paraded over bygone loves by those
 Who never loved at all.

Dante, why saidst thou that no grief is worse
 Than to remember happiness in woe?
 What spite dictated thee that bitter verse,
 Insulting misery so?

Is it less true that there is light on high—
 Forget we day—soon as night's wings are spread?
 Is 't thou, great soul, sorrowing immortally,
 Is 't thou who thus hast said?

Nay, by yon torch whose splendor lighteth me,
 Ne'er did thy heart such blasphemy profess;
 A happy memory on earth may be
 More real than happiness.

H. C. MERIVALE.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE MONASTERY OF SUMELAS.

"IN concluding the history of this Greek State, we inquire in vain for any benefit that it conferred on the human race," says Finlay, as he winds up the crime-stained scroll of the Byzantine empire of Trebizond. A severer sentence could hardly have been passed; yet none perhaps has been ever more thoroughly borne out by facts and memorials, in annal or in monument. Originated, to borrow the same able historian's phrase once more, in accident, continued in meanness, and extinguished in dishonor, the Comnenian dynasty has left on the Pontic coast but few enduring records, and those few unmistakably stamped with the leading characteristics of the empire itself. The straggling, loose-built walls of the ill-constructed citadel of Trebizond; the dwarfish littleness and tasteless ornamentation of the over-vaunted church of St. Sophia; the still feebler proportions of the churches of St. Eugenius, St. John, and others, now doing duty as mosques in different quarters of the town, belong to and attest the type of those who reared them; and their defects are rendered but the more glaring by a servile attempt to copy the great though ungraceful models of earlier Byzantine date. If this be true, as, begging Fallmerayer's pardon, true it is, of the quondam capital, what can we expect in the less important and outlying points of the ephemeral empire, where the littleness of art is still more disadvantageously contrasted with the gigantic proportions of nature?

Yet even here, among these relics of a debased age, we occasionally come across some grand constructional outline indicative of others than the Comnenes; of nobler races, or at least of superior organization. Such are the Cyclopean fragments at Kerasunt, the broken columns of Kyrelee, and the solid though shattered walls of "Eski-Trabezoon," or "Old Trebizond," situated some sixty miles east of the present town. With these may rank the rock-built monasteries scattered throughout the mountains that line the coast; and which, though bearing the traces of later modification and, too often, defacement, are yet not unworthy relics of the time when Chrysostom

preached and Pulcheria reigned. And of these is the monastery of the Virgin, the Panagia of Sumelas.

High-perched among the upper ranges of the Kolat mountain chain, south-east of Trebizond, from which it is distant about thirty miles inland, Sumelas is the pilgrim-bourne of innumerable "Greeks," to use a customary misnomer for the mongrel population of Byzantine, Slavonian, and Lazic origin that here professes the "orthodox," faith, who flock to the shrine of the Panagia on the yearly recurrence of her great festival day, the 27th of August in our calendar, the 15th in theirs. At other seasons her visitors are comparatively few: indeed, snow, rain, and mist render the convent almost inaccessible for full eight months of the twelve; nor can the road be called easy travelling at any time. Hence the convent, in spite of its wide-spread nor undeserved reputation, is visited by Europeans seldom, by the inert and uninformed Levantines hardly ever. For us, however, Ovid's fellow-convicts in our Pontine Sydney, a trip to Sumelas, so managed as to coincide with one of the rare intervals of clear weather on this murky coast, and yet avoid the crowd and other inconveniences of the festival epoch, was too desirable a break in the sameness of Turko-Levantine life not to be undertaken; and a fine week towards the beginning of August at last afforded the wished-for opportunity.

The Sumelas ascent follows for several miles the upward course of a deep and precipitous ravine, where huge rocks and cliffs, many hundred feet in height, are interspersed among or overhang forests of walnut, oak, beech, and pine, that might do honor to the backwoods of America themselves. Under the shade, now of the branching trees, now of the wall-like crags, winds the path, bordered by a dense fringe of laurel, dwarf fir, azalea, rhododendron, and countless other tangled shrubs; it is kept in fairly good order, propped up by stone counterforts, and protected by trenches and dykes against the descending watercourses by the care of the monks, whose convent we are now approaching. On either side and in front glimpses of bare and lonely heights, herb-

less granite, and jagged ridges far up in the blue sky, show that we have penetrated far into the Kolat-Dagh, the great Anatolian coast chain, that even here averages ten thousand feet in elevation, and ultimately out-tops the Caucasus, its northern rival and parallel. At last a turn of the way brings us half-round at the foot of a monstrous rock that has for a long while barred our direct view along the ravine in front; and there, suspended like a bird's nest in air far overhead, we see rejoicingly the white walls of the convent, the object of our journey.

One last corkscrew ascent of almost Matterhorn steepness brings us up through the dense forest that somehow manages to cling to and girdle the cliff half-way; till, just on the edge of the leafy belt, we reach the narrow ledge, almost imperceptible from below, on which the convent is niched rather than built. Two-thirds in length of this ledge are occupied every inch, from precipice above to precipice below, by the monastic buildings; the remaining third partly forms a kind of landing-place, where visitors may wait admittance within the claustral precincts, partly is occupied by large stables and out-houses for horses and cattle. From this shelf sixty-six stone steps, of recent construction, conduct to a little iron-bound door in the convent wall, conveniently commanded by some grated windows above. Till within the last few years a long wooden ladder, let down as circumstances required, then drawn up again within, afforded the sole and occasional link between the monastery and the outer world; while sinister arrivals might, if they tried entrance by other means of their own, receive from the flanking windows a warmer welcome than they expected or desired.

Our coming has already been witnessed by the monks; and as we slowly climb the steps, the iron door ahead half opens for a moment, in sign of recognition, then closes again, while consultation goes on within as to our admittance. After a short interval the portal re-opens, and displays an old monk, in the dirty blue dress and black head-gear of his order, that of St. Basil—I may as well remark here that the orthodox Greek Church recognizes this one order only; a silent protest against the more modern multiplicity of Latin discipline—standing in the entry, while other

brethren group behind him in the dim perspective of the narrow vaulted passage. Glancing at us, he notices the dagger and silver-mounted pistol of our principal negro attendant, and requests him to consign these ornaments to monastic keeping before crossing the threshold. To this preliminary ceremony the Darfooree objects; nor does the argument that such is the rule of St. Basil, with which the Sultan himself, were he present in person, must, under penalty of non-admittance, comply, produce any effect on African obstinacy. So, armed as he is, he turns back to look after the horses; while the monks obligingly assure us that neither animals nor grooms shall want for anything during our stay here.

We enter the passage. The "Economos" or Accountant of the monastery, an elderly man, long-bearded and long-vested, at his side a stout, jovial, gray-haired, red-cheeked old monk, apparently verging on the seventies, but hale and active, our destined "bear leader," and several other brethren, all blue-dressed, bearded, and dirty, come forward to greet us; and conduct us up and down by a labyrinth of little corridors, ruinous flights of stairs, dingy cells, and unsavory well-like courtyards, all squeezed up close between the rock on one side and the precipice on the other; till, having thus traversed the "old buildings," which form an irregular parallelogram about two hundred feet in length by forty in breadth, we emerge on a little flagged space, neater kept than the rest; and find ourselves in presence of the famous shrine of the Panagia herself.

The body of the church, a cavern natural in its origin, but probably enlarged by art, is hollowed out in the rock, which here faces due east. The sanctuary, which in accordance with the prescription of ecclesiastical tradition also points eastwards, is here represented by a small construction, doubled staged, about fourteen feet in total height, and sixteen in length; its general appearance from without brings to mind the conventional ark of Biblical pictures and children's toy-shops. It projects at right angles from the stone wall with which the entrance of the cavern all round it has been closed; and, like that wall, is covered with the most appalling specimens of modern Greek mural painting; impossible saints with plate-like

halos; crowded days of judgment where naked but sexless souls are being dragged by diabolical hooks into the jaws of a huge dragon, which is hell; Scriptural scenes from the stories of Moses, Elijah, &c., where large heads, no perspective, and a stiffness unrivalled by any board are the chief artistic recommendations; red, yellow, and brown the favorite colors; the whole delicately touched up with the names of innumerable pilgrims, mostly terminating in "aki" or "ides," scratched, with no respect of persons, across saints, souls, demons, and deities alike. The entrance door is closed alongside of the sanctuary; and three square grated windows admit the light above. The roofing of the sanctuary is sheet copper, thick encrusted with dirt; so thick, indeed, as to enable the monks to assure you, without too violent a contradiction of your own ocular evidence, that it is not copper, but silver; the costly gift—so continued the same chroniclers—of the famous Sultan Murad IV. himself; who, when on his way from Constantinople to Bagdad to fight the Persians, seems to have led his army—Heaven only knows how or why—across the Kolat mountains, and to have encamped, horse, foot, and artillery, on the goat's perch of the ravine here opposite. That Sumelas lies hundreds of miles away from the route which the said Sultan really took, and that Hannibal or Napoleon I. himself would have been puzzled to drag the smallest field-piece among these precipices, are considerations which matter nothing in legend. Accordingly, so continues the tale, when the ferocious Murad first turned his bloodshot eyes on the convent, he inquired of his Begs and Pashas what that building might be; and, on their answer that it was the abode of Christian monks, gave immediate orders to his artillerymen to batter it down. But, lo! no sooner were the cannon pointed at the consecrated edifice than they spun round self-moved, and began firing among the Sultan's own troops. Hereon Imperial amazement and further inquiry; met by the information that all this was the doing of the miraculous Virgin, the Panagia, who, or whose picture—for in popular orthodox as in Roman devotion the distinction between the symbol and the original is inappreciable to any but a controversialist—tenanted the monastery. Murad, deeply impressed, and no

wonder, by the miracle and its explanation, at once abandoned his destructive intentions, did due honor to the Panagia and her ministers, and amongst other offerings presented the silver roof in question—only he never did anything of the sort, and it is really copper.

Looking up, we now perceive that the rock above, which here overhangs sanctuary and court in an almost threatening manner, supports in one of its darkest recesses a little Byzantine picture, the Theotokos of course. Dingy and faded, till at first sight hardly discernible from the damp stone against which it rests, this painting occupies the exact spot—we have the monk's word for it—where in the fifth century some goatherds discovered the original Panagia, the work of St. Luke, here placed by angelic agency seemingly in order to keep it out of the way. Now, however, it is deposited for more convenient veneration in the sanctuary below, where we will visit it a little later; but the copy has itself, like iron near a magnet, acquired a good share of useful efficacy by juxtaposition. From the rocky brow above, in front of the picture, fall without ceasing drops of water, which to the eyes of faith are always three at a time, neither more nor less; but for all I looked I could not detect any special numerical system in their fall; these drops, carefully collected in a little cistern below, possess miraculous virtues equal to any recorded of the same element in the veracious pages of Monseigneur Gaume.

While we have been thus gazing and listening, the four church bells, hung outside in a pretty little open belfry of four light columns and graceful arching—the work and its costs having been alike furnished by the devotion of a wealthy Russian pilgrim—have been ringing a very hospitable though untunable peal in honor of our arrival; and the monks invite us to enter the sanctuary without further delay. But it is near sunset; and the monotonous chanting of the priests inside warns us that vespers are even now going on, and the church full of worshippers. Unwilling to disturb the congregation, we defer our visit; and, adding that we are somewhat tired by our day's journey, we are conducted by our hosts across the courtyard, and up a neat stone staircase to our evening quarters, namely, the chief apartment in the "new buildings."

These, completed only three years since, rise seven stages in total height, vaults included, from the precipice below to the beetling crag above; the front faces east; and its white-painted masonry, its four tiers of large square windows, and its handsome open gallery supported on slender stone pillarets that run along the whole length of the topmost story, are what first attract the admiration of the traveller as he reaches the opposite point of the ravine. The edifice is eight rooms in length and only one in thickness throughout; but the great solidity of the stone work, and the shelter of the hollow rock in which it nestles, neutralize the danger of over-height. From foundation to roof a narrow space, protected from the weather by the wide eaves above, is left between the building and the crag behind; and here winds an ingenious zigzag of galleries and staircases, all stone, that afford entrance to the several chambers of each story. Beneath, and partly hollowed out in the living rock, are cellars and store-caverns to which the monks alone have access; besides a large reservoir of excellent water, filled from the oozeings of the inner mountain. The entire work, whether considered in itself or in the difficulties of scaffolding and construction, where not a spare inch is left of the narrow shelf on which the building stands, balanced as it were hundreds of feet in mid-air, is one of no small skill; and its well-considered proportion of wall, window, and gallery, with the just adaptation of every part to the practical exigencies of domestic use, claim high constructive praise, and evince a degree of good taste not always to be found among the house-architects of Western Europe. Yet the builders of "Mariamana" were from no European, not even from the Constantinopolitan school; they were mere indigenous stone-cutters, "Greek" the most, from the adjoining villages of Koroom, Mejid, and Stavros.

We stroll along the top-story corridor, the openings of which are guarded by high iron railings, and look across the dizzy depths below, whence rises the ceaseless roar of the Melas torrent, and beyond the dense masses of beech and pine that cluster on the ravine side opposite, to the lonely peaks of Kolat-Dagh, seemingly close in front, and rose-tinted with the last rays of the setting sun. Soon the

evening air blows cool; at this elevation—4,100 feet above the sea, as my aneroid informs me—the night temperature is rarely such as to detain one long out of doors. Five months of the year on an average the convent snow lies unmelted, and for five more of the remaining seven mist and rain are the rule, not the exceptions. The very cats of the establishment, large, tame, and well-fed, bear witness by their long fur and bushy, fox-like tails to the general coldness of the atmosphere in which they live. Still the site is healthy, and in proof of this an old centagenarian monk presents himself to view hale and hearty among his comrades, who, to judge by appearances, are mostly themselves in a fair way to rival his longevity. But besides, absence of care, and indeed of brain-work in general, has doubtless something to do with this prolonged and vigorous vitality. Nor have they many privations to endure, except what the numerous fasts and abstinences of their antique ritual impose; the convent is wealthy to a degree that might have long since moved the greed of any but a Turkish Government, while the monks in residence are not over numerous—fifteen indeed is their average. However, besides its regular inmates, this convent contains also several members of distant monasteries from different parts of Anatolia, Roumelia, and even Syria, sent hither to a quiet retreat, or mitigated prison, or both, thus to expiate some past breach of discipline or to prevent some menaced scandal. Lastly, a large number of the monks—though how many my grizzled informant could not, or perhaps would not, say—are scattered on longer or shorter leave of absence without the walls, in quest of the temporal welfare of the community, or superintending the numerous farms belonging to it, some by purchase, more by legacy. For in the Orthodox, no less than in the Latin Church, the passports of the rich to a better world are seldom countersigned "gratis." As a natural consequence, the fields and havings of the Sumelas Panagia lie thick scattered along the entire South Euxine coast from Trebizond to Constantinople, and bring in revenues sufficient for a moderate-sized duchy. Nor is all this wealth consumed in selfish indulgence, or hoarded up by miserly precaution. While the monks still, as before,

content themselves with the narrow and cranky buildings of the original convent, the handsome and commodious lodgings of newer construction, the cost of which cannot have fallen short of 4,000*l.* at least, are freely abandoned to the eight thousand pilgrims or guests who, on a rough calculation, pass from twenty-four hours to fifteen days, some more, some less, year by year within these walls, free of board as of shelter. Nor should we forget the neat pathway, solidly constructed and sedulously repaired by the sole care and cost of the monks, along many difficult miles of mountain ravine, which else would be not only dangerous but almost inaccessible; a path, thanks to the self-taught workmen of Mariamana, now safe, and even, comparatively speaking, commodious—qualities estimable in roads and creditable to the road-makers anywhere; most creditable, because most rare, in Anatolia.

Escorted by our hosts we re-enter our night's lodging. The large and handsome room—neat still, because new—is garnished with divans, carpets, and a supplementary stove for cold weather in the centre; over the fireplace hangs conspicuously a photographic print of Russian manufacture, representing an apocryphal act of Cretan heroism, wherein a priest is enacting, torch in hand, an imitation of "Old Minotti's" suicidal exploit in Byron's *Siege of Corinth*. Perhaps it is meant as a hint on occasion for the "Economos" of Sumelas: if so, let us hope that he will be slow to take it. The period of strict abstinence, which among the "orthodox" precedes the great festival of the Virgin, has already commenced; and as the hour for supper draws on, we own to a horrible anticipation of finding ourselves included among the eaters of olives and unseasoned vegetables—poor restoratives after a long day's ride. But such treatment of their guests forms no part of our hospitable entertainers' programme. Soup, flesh, fowl, eggs, caviare, butter, and so forth, soon cover the table; and the wine, produce of conventual vineyards, is good enough to show how excellent a liquor might be afforded by the Anatolian grape under more skilful culture. Coffee and tea follow, and when time comes to rest we recline on well-stuffed mattresses beneath quilted coverings of silk, embroidered with gold and

silver thread, not unworthy of the state-bed of Elizabeth at Kenilworth, or of James at Hatfield.

Next morning we pay our promised visit to the church, and entering by the narrow door at the angle of the sanctuary, find ourselves in a cavern about forty feet in length and breadth, scarcely sixteen in height, lighted up by the three east windows in the outer wall. Sides and roof are decorated with paintings in the style already described, where to disjoin art from devotion, and to throw ridicule on both, seems the principal aim: damp and incense-smoke have, however, charitably done much to cover the multitude of pictorial sins. Within the church are many other objects worthier of observation, and some even of real interest. At the entrance of the sanctuary hang, one over the other, two small silk curtains, richly worked; which being withdrawn disclose to our view the identical Panagia, the likeness (Heaven forefend it!) of the Virgin, by St. Luke,—of equal merit in all respects, natural and supernatural, as of equal antiquity, it would seem, and certainly of equal authenticity, with the Madonna of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome. A blackish outline, chiefly defined by the gold-leaf ground that limits head and shoulders, indicates the figure. Close beside it hang, obliquely from the ceiling, like masts in slings, two huge wax tapers, wrapped in some material, costly, but now undistinguishable through its dingy encrustments; these form part of the præter-historical peace-offering of Sultan Murad IV., mentioned farther back. Near the tapers is also suspended an enormous circular chandelier of silver gilt, with a quantity of little ex-votos, silver boats, gold filagree ornaments, coins, and the like, dangling from its rim; this too, if we credit the monks, is the memorial of the repentance of another Sultan, Selim II.—on what occasion shall be related in its place. Meanwhile we deposit the offering that courtesy requires in the all-receiving platter before the Panagia; and are next called on to revere the special object of devout pilgrimage, a small silver rocking-cradle of pretty but not ancient workmanship, consecrated to the goddess of the shrine. Into this cradle a piece of money (the more precious the metal, the greater its efficacy) is to be laid; after which the pilgrim, having thrice

raised and lowered the toy and its contents on the palm of his or her hand, before the unveiled Panagia, deposits it on the plate of offerings. Should the cradle when thus set down continue to rock, the happy votary will infallibly become before long a father or a mother, as the case may be; its immobility on the contrary is a sad but conclusive presage of married sterility. Now barrenness is at the present day no less an opprobrium in the East than it was in the age of Hannah and Pheninnah; and its prevention or cure is the motive of far the greater number of pilgrimages to Mariamana; even newly-married Mahometans, not to mention Armenians, Latins, and other unorthodox Christians of either sex, prove by their frequent visits to the cradle of Sumelas how catching a thing is superstition. The residue of the pilgrims are mostly petitioners for the recovery of a sick child, or relative, or self, and for them also the cradle obligingly extends the subject-matter of its oracles. The origin of this particular observance probably does not go back farther than Comnenian times; though the monks refer it, like the foundation of the convent itself, to the fifth century.

Passing rapidly over the inspection of a copious store of ecclesiastical vestments and gewgaws, that might call forth the raptures of a ritualist or a pawnbroker, we come in front of a small wooden cabinet, placed in a recess of the cavern, and carefully locked. This the monks now open, and draw forth from its nook the famous Golden Ball of Alexios III., Emperor of Trebizond, who in 1365 confirmed by this document the privileges and exemptions of the Sumelas convent and its possessions; and amongst other precious tokens of Imperial liberality, bestowed on them the right of defending themselves as best they could against the Turkoman inroads, which the sham empire was unable to check, even at but a day's distance from the capital. At the head of the "Bull," a long narrow strip of rolled paper, appear the portraits of Alexios and his wife, the Empress Theodora, holding between them on their joined hands a small model church, much as ecclesiastical donors love to appear in Western monuments of a corresponding age: the characters of the writing are large and fine drawn; the Imperial autograph, in huge red ink letters, sprawls below; but

the gold seals once appended have long since disappeared from the foot of the scroll. The most remarkable feature in this memorial of later Byzantine times (published at full length by Fallmerayer in 1843) is the inflated verbosity of the style; a verbosity subsequently adopted with many other vices of the degraded empire by the victorious Ottomans.

Of more real importance, though inferior in antiquity, is the paper next unrolled before our eyes, namely, the firman of the Sultan Selim II., also confirmatory, but this time to good purpose, of all the old monastic rights, privileges, and exemptions. It is remarkable that in this document the handwriting conforms to the stiff and old-fashioned Naskhee of Arab origin, instead of the elegant semi-Persian Divanee of later official use. The quotations from the Koran that garnish it from first to last exemplify a tone frequently adopted by the Osmanlee rulers in their day of power. Certainly no miracle is needed to account for the concession of this favor, one in entire accordance with Turkish and even with Mahometan usage everywhere. The Sumelas monks have, however, a legend ready to hand, and thus it runs: Once on a time Sultan Selim came on a hunting-party to this neighborhood, and while pursuing his chase up the Melas ravine beheld for the first time the great monastery. To become aware of its existence and resolve its destruction were one and the same thing in the mind of the tyrant. But before he could so much as form his guilty thought into words of command he was stricken with paralysis, and laid up a helpless sufferer in a village close by. There he might have remained to the end of his wicked life, had not the Panagia graciously appeared to him in a vision, and suggested the expiation of his crime and the simultaneous recovery of his health by means of the document in question, further accompanied by the douceur of the great circular chandelier that we have already seen suspended before the sanctuary; and, to borrow Smith the weaver's logic, the firman and the chandelier are both alive at this day to testify the prodigy: "therefore deny it not." Anyhow, the firman of Selim II. proved a more efficacious protection to the monastery and its land than the "Bull" issued by the Comnenian emperor; and its repeated renewals by suc-

ceeding Sultans, from Selim II. to Abdel-Mejeed, form a complete and not uninteresting series in the Mariamana archives, to which we refer the denouncers of Turkish intolerance and Islamitic oppression.

Here were also many other curious documents and manuscripts laid up, say the monks; but a fire which some years since consumed a part of the convent, and pilfering archaeological pilgrims, are assigned as the causes of their disappearance. A Greek Testament, supposed to be of great antiquity, was shown us; but the paper on which it is written, and the form of the characters, bring its date down to the fourteenth or thirteenth century at earliest.

We go the round of what else remains for notice in the cavern: a fine carved reading-desk, eagle-supported, for the lessons of the day; three or four more Panagias, all miraculous; more church plate; a painted screen, and the like; but these objects have no exceptional interest, and we soon find ourselves again in the dazzling sunlight of the paved court outside. Next we roam about the "old buildings," timber the most, with huge over-hanging eaves, and something of a Swiss cottage appearance. But nowhere does any inscription, carving, or the like indicate date or circumstance of construction, nor has any diary or "log book" of events ever been kept within these walls. The memories of the monks, mere uneducated peasants they, form the only chronicle; and memory, like other mental faculties, has but a narrow range when deadened by the sameness of a life that unites agricultural with conventual monotony. Little is here known of the past, and that little is uncertain in epoch and apocryphal in detail, if not in substance. Nor has the establishment ever undergone what, had it taken place, would have been of all other things a sign-mark in its annals—the profanation of the spoiler. Roving bands, Kurde or Turkoman, have indeed been often tempted by the report of hoarded treasures to prowl about the woods of Sumelas, and have cast wistful eyes at the Panagia's rock-perched eyrie; but the narrow path that winds up the precipice is available only at the good-will and permission of the convent inhabitants themselves; and from all other sides, around, above, the birds that flap their wings

against the sheer crag of a thousand feet and more could alone find access to Mariamana; while a blockade, if attempted, would be indefinitely baffled by the capacious store-rooms and cisterns of the fabric. From the Ottoman Government itself the monks, like most of their kind in other parts of the empire, have experienced nothing but protection, or, better still, non-interference; and the freedom of their hospitality, while it does credit to the convent, bears also good witness to its inviolate security. This hospitality is indeed proportioned in some degree to the rank and social position of visitors or pilgrims, but no one is wholly excluded from it, nor is any direct recompense exacted or received from rich or poor, "Greek" or stranger. Of course the shrine gets its offerings—small ones, as a rule, from Greeks; larger from Russians and Georgians; most munificent in any case when prayers are believed to have been heard. The birth or convalescence of a child contributes to the wealth no less than to the fame of the Panagia. But payment for board and lodging is unknown, however numerous the guests, and however long their stay. Indeed, so scrupulous are the monks regarding the gratuitousness of their welcome, that when, after having deposited our offerings in the church, we wished before leaving the convent, some hours later, to make an additional and more general donation, it was at first absolutely refused, and was at last only accepted under the assurance that it had been originally meant for the sanctuary, where its presentation at the foot of some shrine or other had been, said we, unintentionally omitted.

Yet hospitality is after all a virtue that has no necessary connection either with present civilization or with future progress; one that to fail in is a reproach, but to possess no very high praise. Besides, it is, with comparatively rare exceptions, a quality too common in the East for special commendation; Kurdes, Turkomans, Arabs, Armenians and the rest are all hospitable after their kind, some profusely so. What particular merit then shall we assign to the monks of Sumelas to justify the existence of a not inconsiderable number of men, and of widely extended demesnes, withdrawn from the natural current of life, and the "ringing grooves" of the onward world? Learning these monks certainly

neither store up in themselves, nor encourage in others; of moral science and teaching they are wholly ignorant; in agricultural industry they do not exceed the average or tend to improve the practice; from a religious point of view they represent and aid to maintain one of the grossest compounds of fable, bigotry, and superstition that has ever disgraced the inventors. Individually benevolent, hospitable, industrious even, they belong to a system essentially narrow, retrograde, odious. If this be the "Cross" of the East, what advantage has it over the "Crescent?" And is it from night like this we are to look for the dawn of a better day in the regions of the Levant? If there is little to commend in the Turkish Government symbolized by the Mosque at Trebizond, was the rule of Alexios III., the feeble and ostentatious patron of Sumelas, a whit better? nay, was it not the more sterile, the more corrupt, the more worthless of the two? Whatever may be the handwriting on the wall of the Ottoman palace, the "Tekel" of "Greek" rule and "Greek" mind is unmistakably inscribed on the memorials of the Byzantine past; nor do the wonder-working pictures and rocking cradles of Mariamana tend to reverse, rather they deepen and confirm the sentence.

It is now mid-day; and before we re-descend into the valley, thence to attempt some sketch of the picturesque building

from the opposite side, we stand a few minutes in the gallery, and take a last look at the lovely scene before us, now bathed in the silent splendor of a southern noon. Far aloft stretch the bare snow-streaked heights where passes the summer track to Beyboort and Erzeroom; below the dense tree-tops are pierced here and there by fantastic rock pinnacles, splinters detached centuries ago from the precipice on either side; ten of these gray islets in the leafy depth are crowned by as many little white chapels; they also belong to the Mariamana jurisdiction, and in each of them, when the appropriate anniversary comes round, the festival of its peculiar saint, Eugenius, John, or some one else of the ten spiritual guardians of Trebizond, is duly celebrated by the Basilian monks of Sumelas. Far beneath rushes and foams the Alpine torrent, the waters of which we have thus traced backwards from their marshy exit at Trebizond almost to their fountain-head.

The monks with undiminished hospitality press us to stay; and when we insist on the necessity of setting out, lest night should overtake us before regaining Jev-ezlik, are warm in their farewell. "You will make your English friends acquainted with us and our convent," says, with an accent of request, the old monk who has been our chief attendant; we promise; and thus we keep our word.

W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

Chambers's Journal.

TEA.

TEA, once rejected in ignorant scorn by a Russian ambassador as neither useful nor agreeable, has long since established itself in the dietaries of every European nation. Its acceptance by English taste was acknowledged two hundred and nine years ago, when tea appeared for the first time among taxable commodities; it being thought worth while to levy a duty of eightpence a gallon upon all made for sale. Possibly it was this official recognition that induced Pepys to try a cup of the new China drink. We wonder at the curious diarist being so much behind other folks, for an advertisement in 1658 informed the public that the excellent physician-approved drink called tcha, tay, or tea, was to be had at the *Sultanness's*

Head, a coffee-house in Sweeting's Alley. Garway, the founder of Garway's, claimed the merit of being the first to offer tea in leaf and drink for public sale in 1657, earning the patronage of many physicians, noblemen, gentlemen of quality, and merchants, by retailing it at from sixteen to fifty shillings a pound, whereas, before he embarked in the trade, it was difficult to get at the rate of six to ten pounds. By 1659, the new beverage was obtainable in most streets in London, a fact quite overthrowing Johnson's statement, that tea was brought into the country by Lords Arlington and Ossory in 1666, and made fashionable by their wives. The Duchess of York, when keeping house at Holyrood, astonished and de-

lighted the Scotch ladies by regaling them with tea; and my Lord Clarendon was gratified by Father Couplet pronouncing the tea served up after supper quite as good as any he had tasted in China.

While royalty and aristocracy encouraged the use of tea by their example, there was no lack of puffing to spread its popularity in lower circles. Physicians wrote in its praise; and its admirers lauded tea, as not only good, as Mrs. Pepys's apothecary told her, for colds and defluxions, but as a remedy for almost every ailment afflicting mankind. It was said to clear the sight, remove lassitude, purify the liver, improve the digestion, create appetite, strengthen the memory, cure agues and fevers, and act as a specific for consumption. One panegyrist says, while never putting the patient in mind of his disease, it cheers the heart without disordering the head, strengthens the feet of the old, and settles the heads of the young, cools the brain of the hard drinker, and warms that of the sober student, relieves the sick, and confirms the healthy. Epicures drink it for want of an appetite, bonvivants to remove the effects of a surfeit of wine, gluttons drink it as a remedy for indigestion, politicians for the vertigo, doctors for drowsiness, prudes for the vapors, wits for the spleen, and beaux to improve their complexions; summing up by declaring tea to be "a treat for the frugal, a regale for the luxurious, a successful agent for the man of business, and a healthy amusement for the idle." The men of rhyme, too, swelled the chorus of praise in Greek, Latin, and more vulgar versicles. One pictured Hebe preparing the grateful cup for the goddesses, who, finding it make their beauty brighter, and their wit more brilliant, drank so deeply as to disgust Jupiter, who had ungratefully forgotten that he himself

Drank tea that happy morn
When wise Minerva of his brain was born.

Laureate Tate describes a shocking row among the fair deities, each desiring to become the special patroness of the ethereal drink destined to triumph over wine. Another poetling exalts it at the expense of its would-be rival:

In vain would coffee boast an equal good;
The crystal stream transcends the flowing mud,
Tea, even the ills from coffee sprung repairs,
Disclaims its vices, and its virtues shares.

While a despairing enthusiast exclaims:

Hail, goddess of the vegetable, hail!
To sing thy worth, all words, all numbers fail!

The advocates of tea did not have it all their own way. Lovers of old ways still insisted

'Twas better for each British virgin
When on roast-beef, strong beer, and sturgeon,
Joyous to breakfast they sat round,
Nor were ashamed to eat a pound.

And there were, of course, doctors only too happy to disagree with their brethren respecting the merits and demerits of the new-fangled beverage; and it is hard to say which were most absurdly extravagant, the friends or the foes of tea. Maria Theresa's physician, Count Belchigen, attributed the unwelcome advent of various new diseases to the debility born of daily tea-drinking; and one Dr. Paulli, not only proved, by everything excepting experiment, that tea was only a well-known European plant, but boldly denied it had either taste or fragrance, owing its reputation entirely to the peculiar vessels and particular water used by the Chinese, so that it was folly to partake of it unless tea-drinkers could supply themselves with uncorrupted water from the Vussie, and the fragrant tea-pots of Gnihing. This sapient dogmatizer also discovered that among other evil things, tea-drinking entailed sterility, and deprived its followers of the power of expectoration; wherefore, he hoped Europeans would thenceforward keep to their natural beverages, wine and ale, and reject coffee, chocolate, and tea, which were all equally bad for them.

However old-fashioned doctors inveighed against the dangerous innovation, wits sneered at the finely bred men of England being turned into women, or lovers of the pipe and bottle grumbled at the stingy custom of calling for dish-water after dinner, the progress of tea-drinking was not to be stayed. By 1689, the sale of the leaf had increased sufficiently to render it desirable to replace the eightpenny duty on the decoction to one of five shillings a pound on the leaf. In his anxiety to increase His Majesty's revenue, some over-zealous official at Harwich seized two boxes of "thee," addressed to His Majesty's spouse, and detained them until the Lords of the Treasury ordered them to be sent up to their proper destination. The worth of tea in the market

at this time may be gathered from a Custom-house report of the sale of a quantity of divers sorts and qualities, the worst equal to that "used in coffee-houses for the making of single tea," which being disposed of by inch of candle, fetched an average of twelve shillings a pound. During the next thirty years, the use of tea vastly increased; but very little seems to have been known about it by those who drank it, if we may judge from the amount of enlightenment the public received from a pamphlet, given gratis up one pair of stairs, at the sign of the Anodyne Necklace, without Temple Bar. All it can tell us about tea is that it is the leaf of a little shrub growing plentifully in the East Indies; that bohea (called by the French "Bean Tea") is best of a morning with bread and butter, being of a more nourishing nature than the green, which may be used when a meal is not wanted. Both sorts are of a diuretic nature, and good against gravel, stone, and gout. The reason tea is so much used in Europe is because the Dutch change it weight for weight with the Eastern people for sago, which they value as we do their tea. Three or four little cups at a sitting are enough; and a little milk or cream renders the beverage smoother and more powerful in blunting the acid humors of the stomach.

If the satirists were to be credited, tea had just a contrary effect on the acid humors of the mind, making the tea-table the arena for the display of the feminine capacity for backbiting and scandal. Swift describes a lady enjoying her evening tea—

Surrounded with the noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute;
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lapdog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Far less the rabble roar and rail
When drunk with sour election ale.

And even gentle Gay pictures Doris and Melanthe abusing all their bosom-friends, while

Through all the room
From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.

Few women were courageous enough to declare against the tea-table like Madam

Drake, the proprietress of one of the three private carriages Manchester could boast, who, when she paid an afternoon's visit, expected to be offered her customary solace—a tankard of ale and a pipe of tobacco. The *Female Spectator*, however—which considered the snuff-box a pretty trinket for a lady's pocket—declared tea-drinking to be a debauchery as expensive and pernicious as that indulged in by the men; the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery, and the source of all idleness. Tradesmen were especial sufferers, losing customers from lack of hands to serve them, their apprentices being absent at the busiest hours of the day drumming up gossips for their mistresses' tea-tables. This censor says no one can drink a cup of tea without feeling a sinking of the heart and a kind of inward horror, so that the most temperate of the sex find themselves obliged to drink wine freely after tea, or supplement their bohea with rum and brandy—the bottle and glass becoming as inevitable to the tea-table as the slop-basin; while the custom had grown so general, that every wife looked upon its implements to be as much her right by marriage as the wedding-ring itself. Jonas Hanway was much of a mind with the *Female Spectator*, for his *Essay on Tea* only needs the substitution of the word "alcohol" for "tea" throughout its pages to make it a violent temperance tract. Dr. Johnson reviewed this tirade against his favorite indulgence. An enthusiastic defence might be expected from one who never let his kettle cool, and who had for twenty years welcomed his mornings, amused his evenings, and solaced his midnights with the cheering cup. The doctor, however, is but a fainthearted advocate; he rather excuses than defends, and almost fights his opponent's battle for him; confessing that tea is a barren superfluity, fit only to amuse the idle, relax the studious, and dilute the meals of those who cannot take exercise, and will not practise abstinence. His chief argument in tea's favor is, that it is drunk in no great quantity even by those who use it most, and as it neither exhilarates the heart nor stimulates the palate, is, after all, but a nominal entertainment, serving as a pretence for assembling people together to prattle, for interrupting business, or diversifying idleness; while he owns

that, only gratifying the taste without nourishing the body, it is quite unsuited to the lower classes.

Mr. Joseph Williams, who, by way of distinguishing him from his more worldly trading brethren, was called by himself or his friends "The Christian Merchant," gave a friend, who had sent him some tea which lost its "elegant flavor" on the road, the following little sermon: "Had the tea been packed up with cloves, mace, or cinnamon, it would have been tinctured with those sweet spices; so he that walks with wise men shall be wise; he that converses with heaven-born souls, whose treasures and whose hearts are there, will catch some sparks from their holy fire; but evil communications corrupt good manners. I have put the tea in a canister, and am told it will recover its original flavor, as the pious soul, which hath received some ill impressions from vicious or vain conversation, will, by retiring from the world, by communing with his own heart, by heavenly meditation and fervent prayer, recover his spiritual ardor!" This was written about the middle of the last century, by which time tea had become pretty generally used by all classes. While the macaronis were taunted with hating all drinks save posset, capillaire, and tea, and fine ladies, enjoyed themselves at the crowded entertainments at Carlisle House, with tea below stairs and ventilators above; citizens blessed with leaden roofs to their houses took their ease and their tea thereon; or on Sundays, finding the paths of Kensington, Hampstead, Highgate, Islington, and Stepney, "to be much pleasanter than those of the Gospel," flocked to those suburban villages with their wives and children, to take tea in the arbor. In one of Colman's plays, a Spitalfields dame defines *bon-ton* as

Drinking tea on summer afternoons

At Bagnigge Wells with china and gilt spoons.

London was surrounded, in fact, with tea-gardens: the most popular were Sadler's Wells, Merlin's Cave, Cromwell Gardens, Jenny's Whim, Cuper Gardens, London Spa, Bagnigge Wells, and the White Conduit House, where they used to take fifty pounds on a Sunday afternoon for sixpenny tea-tickets. D'Archenholz was amazed by the admirable elegance and beauty of these resorts of the middle and lower classes, where, as Steele puts it, they swallowed gallons of the juice of tea,

while their own dock-leaves were trodden under foot. The breaking down of the East India Company's monopoly of the trade gave a great impetus to the consumption of tea, still further increased when the legislature recognized the fact that it had passed out of the category of luxuries into that of necessities. We do not intend saying anything here about the hundred and twenty-nine substitutes for what a Canadian advertiser terms "the finely flavored and humanizing leaf of Cathay." It is said that half the human race drink tea of some sort or another; it is certain they are by no means agreed upon the proper method of preparing and drinking it. The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion off the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese tritulates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy, and a great deal of sugar into a tea-pot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara, every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth-keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhariot finds it as difficult to pass a tea-booth as our own dram-drinker does to go by a gin-palace. His breakfast beverage is Schitschaj, that is, tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton fat in which bread is soaked. During the daytime, sugarless green tea is drunk with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton-suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand, and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw is calculated to the second; and when the can is emptied, it is passed round among the company, for each tea-drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger—the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When Mr. Bell was travelling in Asiatic Russia, he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling-point, she tossed the tea

about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed round, and the tea ladled into them, a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveller. Hear M. Vambery: "The picture of a newly encamped caravan in the summer months, and on the steppes of Central Asia, is a truly interesting one. While the camels, in the distance, but still in sight, graze greedily, or crush the juicy thistles, the travellers, even the poorest among them, sit with their tea-cups in their hands, and eagerly sip the costly beverage. It is nothing more than a greenish warm water, innocent of sugar, and often decidedly turbid; still, human art has discovered no food, has invented no nectar, which is so grateful, so refreshing in the desert, as this unpretending drink. I have still a vivid recollection of its wonder-working effects. As I sipped the first drops, a soft fire filled my veins, a fire which enlivened without intoxicating. The later draughts affected both heart and head; the eye became peculiarly bright, and began to gleam. In such moments, I felt an indescribable rapture and sense of comfort. My companions sunk in sleep: I could keep myself awake, and dream with open eyes."

Of all methods of making tea, that hit upon by Heine's Italian landlord was perhaps the most economical. Heine lodged in a house at Lucca, the first floor of which was occupied by an English family. The latter complained of the cookery of Italy in general, and their landlord's in particular. Heine declared the landlord brewed the best tea he had ever tasted in

the country, and, to convince his doubtful English friends, invited them to take tea with himself and his brother. The invitation was accepted. Tea-time came, but no tea. When the poet's patience was exhausted, his brother went to the kitchen to expedite matters. There he found his landlord, who, in blissful ignorance what company the Heines had invited, cried: "You can get no tea, for the family on the first floor have not taken tea this evening." The tea that had delighted Heine was made from the used leaves of the English party, who found and made their own tea, and afforded the landlord an opportunity of obtaining at once praise and profit by his Italian method of making a pot of tea.

The Chinese, who have been tea-drinkers for seven hundred years at least, have not preserved the name of the mortal who made the first cup of their national tippie. The Japanese, less remiss or more inventive, tell us that about the year 519, Darma, son of an Indian monarch named Koojurvoo, was obliged, for unexplained reasons, to take refuge in China. There he set about preaching the only true faith, and teaching all who chose to listen to him, that the only way to attain happiness was to eat nothing but vegetables, and go without sleep—a doctrine that doubtless astonished, if it did not edify, the Chinese. After many years' wakeful watching, this anti-Morpheusian prophet succumbed to the drowsy god, and when he awoke to a knowledge of his violation of his own precept, great was his self-reproach. Determined not to transgress a second time, Darma cut off his eyelids, and threw them on the ground. Next day, he found they had taken root. He naturally took an interest in watching this vegetable phenomenon, and watching, he saw his lids gradually develop themselves into the plant now known as tea. He soon discovered (intuitively, no doubt) the use to be made of it, and, by discoursing thereon to his disciples, spread his knowledge abroad, and gave the world a new solace.

St. Paul's.

CONVIVIAL PAUPERISM.

SPENDING Christmas day, 1869, with one of the guardians of the B—Union, a worthy member of the Society of Friends, I was invited by him to pass an hour or

two at the workhouse; and I gladly accepted the invitation.

We took with us large supplies of tobacco, cigars, snuff, nuts, oranges, and cop-

pers for distribution, the guardians allowing the paupers to beg from visitors on Christmas day, and Christmas day only. A pleasant half-hour's drive along the outskirts of the city brought us to the splendid pile of buildings—architecturally speaking—in which two or three thousand of our fellow-creatures were endeavoring to enjoy the happiest day of all the year to the utmost extent the Poor Law Board and the Board of Guardians would allow. The B—Union workhouse is situated in a charming country spot on the summit of a hill. Surrounded by its own grounds and plantation, as well as by a picturesque neighborhood, viewed from the distance it has a very imposing aspect; in fact, the exterior of the building cannot fail to lead passers-by to contrast its ornate appearance with the misery within. My friend tells me it is a model workhouse, and that guardians of the poor come from all parts of the country to inspect its arrangements. I thought a less costly building would have answered the purpose of the union equally as well, and that a goodly portion of its cost—part of the money is still owing—might have been employed in alleviating unusually severe outdoor cases of distress. He agreed with me, and had he been a guardian at the time of building, would have objected to the expenditure of so much money for ornament. He further informed me that, owing to its grand appearance, it is in the vicinity frequently denominated “the palace for the people.”

We pass through the entrance hall, and after inspecting the master's offices and the awe-inspiring board-room, where *Oliver Twist* and the sweep *must* have been only five minutes before, we proceed to the circular kitchen. This apartment presented a lively scene. Able-bodied male paupers were carving huge joints into small square pieces, and able-bodied female paupers were serving the vegetables, while other able-bodied paupers of both sexes carried the Christmas fare to the various wards—in their hurry occasionally upsetting each other, and then scrambling the provisions into the tin plates again with their hands. All parts of the house were tastefully—nay, beautifully—decorated with evergreens and devices made of paper-flowers, all the work of the inmates. Near the kitchen door was the following inscription, painted, and I presume composed, by one of the paupers:—

“Merry Christmas has come, and happy are we,
With our beef, plum-pudding, and Christmas tree;
Then hurrah for the guardians! a cheer for all
those

Who have brought the old year to so merry a close.”

Above these lines was the representation of two aged paupers dancing with delight round an immense Christmas pudding—not a bad work of art for a pauper.

In the centre of the kitchen was the immense apparatus for cooking vegetables, consisting of several compartments, into which—the vegetables having been previously deposited therein—a constant and continual supply of steam is introduced until the cooking is complete. Each adult is allowed on Christmas day one pound of roast beef, with potatoes and parsnips *ad lib.*, and a pint of ale to wash it all down. I encountered the doctor in one of the wards, and asked him how many of the inmates he expected would die in consequence of over-feeding. “We have generally a heavy bill of mortality Christmas week,” was his arch answer. Expressing a desire to test the quality of the provisions, we were directed to a snug little room at the side of the kitchen, where shortly afterwards two plates of roast beef and potatoes made their appearance. Both beef and potatoes were *very good*. My friend being rather corpulent and not so young as he once was, required some rest after the exertion of eating; so, leaving him in the matron's room, I returned to the kitchen, the matron attending to give any information I might require. I wished to closely examine the provisions. The kitchen was still in full bustle, the dinner-bell ringing, the maids and women chattering, the men shouting, knives and forks rattling, the steam hissing, and altogether such noise and confusion—not altogether unpleasant—as one seldom meets with indoors. On inspecting the joints, all prime meat, I found that some were scarcely warm through, while others were burnt almost to cinders. Insisting on tasting a sample of each, the matron apologetically observed, “You see, sir, we have to consider the tastes of all parties. If they like their meat ‘underdone’ we give them *this*; if they prefer it ‘well done,’ we give them *that*.” One was tasteless, being burnt; the other insipid, being raw. Both were cold.

“Supposing an aged or infirm pauper

wanted beef not overdone, would you give this?" asked I, pointing to one of the samples.

"Certainly."

"Then allow me to say that in my opinion you would not be doing your duty to the poor."

"The guardians are the best judges of that," she sharply replied.

Bearing in mind the peculiar proceedings of several very respectable boards of guardians, I could not agree with her, but I did not say so.

The potatoes served out to the paupers were almost black,—indeed I have seen better ones given to the pigs,—and were *shovelled* into boxes with a common shovel; the parsnips, the only other vegetable supplied, were apparently nicely cooked, judging from the sample on my own plate, and looked palatable. I did not taste the ale.

Being rejoined by my friend, I called his attention to the badly-cooked joints, and he was nearly as incensed as I had been, and administered a severe reprimand to the master for his carelessness, who, however, threw the blame upon "the cook." The master and matron were both excessively attentive to us, too attentive for my purpose, as they tried to hurry us through the different rooms. Giving my friend a hint to this effect, he took the keys of the wards from the master, and we pursued our investigations alone. We proceeded through a long cold passage to the "aged and infirm women's wards," where some hundred poor old souls in various stages of helplessness were either feeding themselves, or were being fed. One old lady, nearly ninety, had made for herself a Christmas cap with colored paper, of which she seemed as proud as a young lady of her court-dress; another confidentially showed me a worn letter from her son, long since deceased, of whom, the nurse informed us, she was continually talking, and whose last letter she was constantly spelling over. Another, too ill to eat anything, was lying in bed with her face to the wall, taking notice of nothing that was going on around, and although she was not long for this world, little attention was paid to her comfort, for immediately over her head was an open window, and three or four other windows in the ward were also wide open. In fact I felt cold even with my

overcoat closely buttoned. Never in my life had I seen so much misery, except in the squalid dwellings of the very, very poor in our large cities, where, no doubt, the aged and infirm would receive even less attention than they did here. Before leaving this ward the puddings were brought in, and were really eatable. They had been boiled in cylinders of eighteen inches circumference, and a piece six inches in diameter was cut off for each person. We next proceeded to the ward where the able-bodied men and the "casuals" were at dinner, and very noisy and convivial most of them seemed. Exceptions, however, there were. Sullen, morose-looking fellows shrank back into corners as we approached, and although the tobacco and coppers, which they received with a grunt, tempted them from their retreats, they quickly retired to them again. It was a sad sight, so many strong men living upon the rates, perhaps the saddest in the house. And here let me say a few words concerning the working of the law, which drives, actually drives, and keeps some of these able-bodied men upon the union funds.

A well-educated man, the father of six hearty children, had the misfortune to become deaf, and, in consequence, was discharged from his situation as clerk, which he had held for many years at a very small salary, so small that he had found it impossible to lay by something for "a rainy day." His loss so preyed upon his mind that fever was the result, and he was ill for three months. During his illness, in order to provide necessaries for her sick husband and family and to pay the rent, his wife, a delicately-reared woman, sold part of the furniture. He eventually got better, and at once sought for employment, but owing to his infirmity he was for two months unsuccessful, and then he obtained a situation as porter, at fifteen shillings a week. Shortly afterwards his wife fell ill, and for a long time she lingered in a state of extreme weakness, when at length death released her from that misery, which, the doctor said, had broken her heart. Friendless and poor, the husband nearly starved himself and his children in order to bury his wife decently. He sold every vestige of furniture, except a kitchen-table, three chairs, and the beds, which were placed upon the floor, and even these few things in the

course of a week or two were seized for the non-payment of poor-rates! What could he do now? He went to the relieving-officer, who refused to grant him outdoor relief. The prescription of the guardians also, to whom he appealed, was "the house." And to "the house" the family went. They were there better fed than at home, and the father gathered strength, and his deafness decreasing, he thought it time to look for a situation. Having no money to buy newspapers, he could not see the advertisements announcing vacancies, and whenever he was allowed to discharge himself from the house to seek employment, the affectionate poor-laws, after separating him from his children in the house, thoughtfully ordered that he should always take his six children out with him, for fear that he would never come back to them, or be a further burden upon the rates, which by this time he would have helped to pay, had he, in the first instance, been assisted with temporary outdoor relief. The result was that whenever he availed himself of the permission to seek a situation, he and his family tasted no food all day, the work-house authorities refusing them readmittance before night. As might have been expected, the father became tired of hearing the cry of his children for bread, and preferring half a loaf to none at all, he and they have become, unless some mighty revolution occurs, permanent paupers. This is only one case out of hundreds of a similar character showing the pauperizing tendency of the poor-laws. Can we wonder that, "Once a pauper, always a pauper?"

The imbecile wards next claimed our attention, and we were greatly pleased with the thorough cleanliness of the apartments, and of the bedding. Here, however, as in all other parts of the house, were too many open windows, and more cold air than was required for ventilation. The dangerous patients, the maniacs, were strapped to their beds in a separate room, guarded by two big keepers. Some, we noticed, were devouring their food like beasts, while others were too obstinate to eat at all. Their fearful howling and yelling soon drove us away.

Returning to the male imbecile wards we found that all the occupants, however deficient in other knowledge, understood the value of money, and were not unac-

quainted with the use of the "fragrant weed," both in the form of tobacco and snuff, the old men being unaccountably fond of the latter. Large quantities of oranges and nuts were also distributed. The walls of all the lunatic wards, I must not omit to state, were covered with paintings executed, in the most gorgeous and glittering colors, by the inmates. A loyal pauper, an old man, had decorated one of the rooms with portraits of the various members of the royal family. In another apartment a radical painter had been equally clever in depicting Washington, Oliver Cromwell, John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. George Odger. Among other portraits in various rooms were pictures of murderers, highwaymen, and other criminals. I particularly noticed life-size portraits of Müller, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and Jack Sheppard, and wondered why the master and the guardians allowed them to remain. The walls were also adorned with paintings of naval and military heroes, and pictorial representations of the battles and victories of which Englishmen are proud.

One could have spent the whole of the day with these "daft" folks, if only in listening to what they had to say. An old gentleman between seventy and eighty mysteriously beckoned me into a corner, and as mysteriously unbuttoned his jacket in order to display to my, of course enraptured, gaze, a lot of brass buttons strung together, and to tell me how rich he was, and that he was afraid of exhibiting his treasures openly because his companions would certainly murder him in order to obtain possession of them. Several times they had attempted to rob and murder him, he said.

The keeper afterwards informed us that he had been a small farmer, had worked hard, and scraped together a few hundred pounds, and had almost worshipped them. One unlucky day he was prevailed upon by a plausible agent to invest his all in a bubble company ("limited")—the crash came, and the poor farmer was a wreck, mentally and financially.

Another old fellow told me in confidence that he was elder brother to Queen Victoria, and, by right, sovereign of Great Britain. He showed me a letter headed *Dieu et mon droit* he had just written to his august ally the King of Mesopotamia, requesting him to declare war against the

government of England for refusing to recognize his claims, and against France for aiding and abetting England therein. He expected, he told me, a letter every moment from his ambassador at the court of Peking, the Emperor of China being so favorably inclined towards him that he would have declared war against England long ago, but for the distressing fact that his mother-in-law wouldn't allow him to spend any of his pocket-money!

Poor, unhappy—ay, yet happy—mortals. Content and cheerful; no complaining, no murmuring; thankful for the least attention or kindness, treated with care and consideration—they are better off than many a sane man. Thank heaven! *all* boards of guardians are not entirely selfish and callous.

On entering the female imbecile wards we were greatly astonished at the different behavior of the occupants, as compared with that of the sterner sex. The men were all as grave as senators *are supposed to be*; the women were as noisy as birds in a rookery, all talking and shouting at the same time, each in a different tone, and upon diverse subjects. They became comparatively quiet on seeing us prepare to distribute our snuff and fruit, one or two old ladies anxiously inquiring whether we would sell them all the snuff we had with us, to be paid for "next Christmas." One old woman showed us a short, dirty pipe, and asked for tobacco, remarking that "snuff would do very well for the girls."

On receiving their little packages they danced and sang, and ultimately became so unruly that the keeper threatened to lock all of them up for the rest of the day. This threat produced order for a time, and during the pause we were enabled to observe the stage and the actors. Females, whose ages ranged from three to eighty, were there, dressed all alike, young and old, in short checked frocks and long unbleached pinafores, and representing every degree of imbecility, although to look at and speak with several of them you would think them as sane as yourself. One young girl, with a fresh complexion and beautiful black eyes, really quite a handsome lass, particularly attracted our attention. For three or four weeks together, the attendant informed us, she would be quite rational, and then would be seized with madness of a terrible character.

We remained in conversation with this young woman a considerable time, and found her ordinarily intelligent. There was a large swing at one end of the room, and she proposed that my friend the fat guardian should place himself therein, and allow the girls to give him a swing. He got in, and I was about to follow when she caught me by the arm, and whispered, "Don't you go; stop here and see the fun."

I stopped there and saw the fun; but I question whether my friend did. A dozen of the girls, first of all, swung him backwards and forwards, gently, and he was exclaiming, "Beautiful! Delightful!" when the motion became swifter and swifter, until every ascent threatened to throw him out; but he held firmly to the rods, and breathlessly shouted, "Stop, stop!"

The giddy girls paid no attention to my requests for the discontinuance of their sport until the attendants, seeing the state of the case, made a rush to the end of the room, and quickly dispersed the mischief-loving and mischief-making damsels.

They then treated us to some singing, which was accompanied by one of the patients on a worn-out pianoforte, or rather a *pianopiano*, for there was nothing *forte* about it, except perhaps its age. During one of the songs an old lady of fifty whispered to me, "You would hardly think it, would you, that every one of these people are mad, and the attendants here, and me, are the only sensible persons in the place?"

I looked at her. Was I talking to a mad woman? Yes! there was no doubt about it—her dress proved it. She then began muttering to herself, and presently addressed me again, catching hold of my coat collar.

"Ann, take your hands off the gentleman, immediately," said one of the attendants.

She did so, and retired to the nearest corner. All at once she came rushing forward, grasped me a second time with both hands, and shook me with such vigor that I scarcely knew where I was, yelling in a terrific manner all the while.

"You —, you —," she shouted, "you think I'm mad like the rest,—don't you?" and, uttering the most frightful curses, continued shaking me in such a violent manner as I had never before experienced. I

thought it an excellent joke—after the first shock, and until the keeper came near and with one good blow of her fist sent the old lady sprawling on the floor, pulling me down with her—then I thought differently. Of course I was speedily liberated from her wild embrace, and she was carried off to another ward to undergo some sort of punishment, which we earnestly begged—on being told that discipline *must* be enforced—might be as mild as possible.

This *finale* to our otherwise agreeable sojourn and entertainment precipitated our departure, although some of the inmates would not allow us to leave without shaking hands, while others insisted upon being kissed, the performance of the latter ceremony being intrusted to myself alone, as the younger of the two visitors, my friend the guardian standing upon his dignity also.

The schools were next visited—boys', girls', and infants'. We visited the last first. The same excess of cold air, the same cleanliness, the same immaculate attendants cringing and curtsying *ad nauseam*. I must here enter a solemn protest against what I saw in the infant ward. Half a dozen babes, aged from one to ten months, were lying in a sort of basket close under a large window, wide open, and they were exposed not only to the draught from this window, but from others, and open doors as well. Four of them were awake, and two asleep; those awake were crying piteously, most probably because of the intense cold. So while my friend was talking to the other children, I remonstrated with the nurse in charge respecting the cruelty of the proceeding, and her reply was, as I anticipated, she "had her orders." It was now three o'clock and very foggy, so I closed the windows myself. We afterwards complained to the master. He was "exceedingly sorry, he had certainly given orders for all the windows in the house to be open, but not until so late in the day."

The infant school is composed of orphans, foundlings, and the youthful offspring of parents who have been compelled, or have chosen to seek, the workhouse as a temporary refuge.

Our visit to the young ones, and the distribution amongst them of oranges, nuts, apples, and money, was a proceeding I

shall never cease to remember. It was the pleasantest occupation of the day. So friendless and forlorn did they appear, in spite of their good dinner, that I impulsively offered to adopt the whole batch, with the trifling exception of eight or ten, whose phrenological development was so exceedingly "animal" that my timid nerves were on the rack at the bare thought of having them always with me; but my Quaker friend shrewdly advised me to try *one* first.

The poor youngsters, big and little, were all clad in clothes of uniform shape; and by some peculiar method of distribution the little children seemed to wear all the big garments, and the big ones all the little garments. They were made to sing several school-pieces, which they did very creditably—some of them shivering with the cold though—and then, as we were leaving the room, the poor little atoms were told to stand up and whine "God bless our noble-hearted guardians."

We then passed to the boys' school and the girls' school, in both of which there was too much servility, as well as a thorough lack of that spirit of honest self-reliance and youthful independence which should animate even workhouse boys and girls, and without which man is a mere machine.

As we entered the schools the girls curtsied and the boys made their best bows, not only once, but a dozen times, concluding—of course having received the cue—with the eternal "God bless our noble-hearted guardians!" The only representative of our noble-hearted guardians present—I am sorry to say—was my stout friend, who thought it his duty to deliver a very improving lecture upon contentment and the vanity of accumulating riches. He recited several of "Poor Richard's" sayings, and then bade them all good-by, to be good boys and girls, to be honest, and do their duty in that state of life, &c.; and he hoped and trusted, and believed and felt assured, that in years to come they would all be respectable citizens like Harry Smith, who was once a workhouse boy; but thanks to his hard working and harder living, and chiefly by the attention he had paid to the didactic speeches of his betters (*viz.*, the guardians, more than a third of whom could not properly write their names), had now become a worthy,

civil, obliging, deserving, and flourishing shopkeeper in the greengrocery line.

Upon the conclusion of this eloquent address, the shouts of "God bless our noble-hearted guardians" were renewed with increased vigor. It nevertheless struck me that, if I had the distinguished honor of being a "noble-hearted," I should certainly wish to see a little more spirit and earnestness than were manifested on this occasion. For the next half-hour we listened to the playing of the drum-and-fife band; and so skilfully did the performers acquit themselves, that we presented each with a shilling, receiving in return, given with great gusto this time, the watchword of the day, "God bless our noble-hearted guardians." A visit to the chapel, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens, &c., store-rooms, officers' quarters, and chaplain's apartments, brought our Christmas day in the workhouse to a close.

I was pleased with the cleanliness throughout the house, and with the guardians for providing the paupers with a bountiful dinner. I was displeased—and it is at the suggestion of my guardian friend that I publicly say so—I was displeased with the sinful spoiling of good

food by bad cooking; with the very cold atmosphere of the room where lay the new-born babes; with the cold apartments of the aged and infirm, in one of which, as I stated before, was a pauper dying immediately under an open window, the other occupants of the room feasting and trying to make merry; with the carelessness and cruelty of some of the officers; with the method of training adopted in the schools; and especially with the associating of the rogues and vagabonds with the honest poor, such contact, in my estimation, producing the most pernicious results.

A careful classification of paupers, as recommended long ago by Poor-Law reformers, must be made ere many years have elapsed; and I hope a separate house altogether will be provided for the deserving poor, for at present they are worse off in the Union workhouse than in prison. I am not a chronic grumbler, neither am I a prophet; but I am firmly convinced that the sooner we commence a wholesale revision of the poor-laws, the better will it be for the stability of our constitution.

JAMES PITT.

The Spectator.

MODERN FORTUNES.

THE fortune bequeathed by the late Mr. Brassey, the contractor, is probably, as the *Observer* says, the largest which ever passed the Court of Probate,—for the very few estates which exceed his in value are usually transferred by settlement. This fortune is believed to have exceeded seven millions sterling, the personalty alone having been sworn under six and a half millions. With the possible exception of an instance in the history of the Rothschild family—a family of whose colossal wealth everybody talks, while nobody knows very much—and the doubtful exception of Mr. Vanderbilt, reported by New York gossips to possess nearly a hundred million of dollars—this is certainly the largest amount of money ever accumulated by one man by industry and enterprise, during his own life-time, and its bulk suggests that some great change must have passed over the fortune-making capabilities of business men. The area

of their operations must in some way or other have been enormously increased, until they resembled the operations of a government rather than those of an individual, until, as it were, they must be enabled to secure the services of entire armies of faithful agents. We believe this to have been the case, and to be due to the operation of two causes, one of them entirely good in its action, the other and more important one very doubtful. The national boundaries formerly fixed to speculation are rapidly disappearing. Supposing that an able man with a talent for business of almost any kind can secure a sufficiency of competent and trustworthy agents, there is no necessity for limiting his work to one country. He can repeat himself, as it were, as often as he pleases, and repeating himself implies a repetition of his profits. Mr. Brassey can only build one railway at a time, be the profit never so great, just as one Ambas-

sador can only be in one capital on one day; but Mr. Brassey controlling a hundred Mr. Brasseys can guide them as the Foreign Office guides Envoys, and do the same work and acquire the same profits in England, France, India, and America all at once. Nothing can stop him except an insufficiency of agents, and it is just at this time that the reservoir of agency has begun to widen and deepen. In many departments of life individualism has ceased to pay, the able man with little capital getting more and rising higher by entering the service of some commanding capitalist. The capitalist can pay him as a Premier is paid, and is willing to pay him, because he is able thoroughly to trust him. The greatest of all obstacles to an unlimited employment of agents was once the fear of rivalry. "If," said the employer, "I make that man as competent as myself, he may set up for himself and take some of my business away." The agent, however, of a man like Mr. Brassey has none of that temptation. If he set up for himself he could not do the same business—business profitable mainly on account of its scale—and if he could, it would, considering the risk, scarcely be worth his while. If he is the kind of man who succeeds, his employer will see that it is made worth his while to succeed for him instead of for himself, to use vast means for another instead of small means on his own account. The agent is bound to fidelity by every vulgar as well as every lofty motive, and his employer no more fears his rivalry than the Hohenzollerns fear that of Bismarck or Von Moltke. Of course, when ability seeks service as more profitable than independence, able agents willing always to be agents become plentiful, and there are potentialities of wealth in that new relation of agent and master almost beyond the dreams of avarice. If a man of ability and capital can do one thing best and can secure such agents, nothing prevents him from doing that one thing for the whole world, drawing the whole profit of that branch of dealing, or manufacture, or enterprise throughout the entire world, and so realizing a fortune never yet heard of. The thing has never yet been done, we believe, but it has been done nearly enough to show that our speculation is not dreamy, in the international bullion trade, in the laying of cable telegraphs, and in the construction

of railways, and it may be done yet on a vaster scale, and perhaps on ground not yet worked. The railways of the world will, we believe, be assumed one day by the Governments of the world; but suppose a millionaire to have that capacity for leasing railway lines to a profit which Mr. Brassey had for making railways to a profit, what would be the limit of *his* revenue? He might be lessee of half the lines on the globe, and make year by year all Mr. Brassey made in his life. Why not? It is quite conceivable that a man like the Marquis of Salisbury might have that very faculty, and no rival could observe the method and copy it, for he could not get the capital or the public confidence, and as to the lessee's unwillingness to extend his operations, we despair of that kind of limitation. Mr. Brassey would not have minded making all the railways in the world at once. People in this country, when once engaged in these vast businesses, continue them, and extend them as great Governments used to extend their frontiers, not because they want anything, but because they enjoy doing it. Money beyond a certain amount is to most men, certainly to men able to acquire it, no temptation at all. It will give them nothing they wish for, yet they go on with the work which leads to its acquisition with insatiable zest. Mr. Brassey did not want seven millions, any more than he wanted seventy; but he liked the kind of work which produces millions, he could do it, and he went on doing it. We see no reason why, with international barriers thrown down, and agency so extended and so efficient, and capital so powerful as an instrument, fortunes should not be made to which that of Mr. Brassey would seem a trifle, fortunes so vast that their owners would have all the power of great States and none of their responsibilities. Think. This very Mr. Brassey could have thrown two millions of Remington rifles into Bordeaux, or a thousand pieces of rifled artillery, horses and harness complete, or have fed Paris for twelve months, without asking permission of any human being.

If our anticipation proves correct, States will one day have to deal with these colossal millionaires, and we have a great curiosity to know in what way they will try to do it. Confiscation would be too dangerous to society, besides being

immoral, and the Republics of Anglo-Saxon origin have as yet displayed no disposition to employ such means. Politicians in America dare most things, but nobody proposes to confiscate Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth, and so relieve New York State of taxation for five years. In England, owing to the absence of a peasant proprietary, there is more danger of such a suggestion; but in England it would be resisted from the religious side. A law of compulsory division at death would not effect the end desired, for the fortunes of which we speak will be made by individuals, and an *impôt progressif* would only lead to the concealment of property abroad. A direct statutory limitation on wealth—once a favorite idea of the cottage democrats, whose best representative is Cobbett—is impossible for the same reason, and so is another old device, the imposition of enormous taxes upon suc-

cessions. The whole world must agree to impose them to make them of any use. We suspect the only palliative will be the growth of an intense opinion in favor of pecuniary responsibility, of a feeling that it is infamous for a very rich man to do nothing for the community. That feeling exists already about very great landlords, and it may perhaps be extended to very great wealth of all kinds, and prove as operative as we take it to have been in ancient Rome. Let it once become socially disgraceful to do nothing for the State, and these colossal fortunes will be utilized, though even then it may be now and then necessary for Parliament to decide that the possessor of fifty millions is a moral lunatic whose action must be restrained. Suppose he takes it into his head to evict a county, or burn down a city, or shut up the Bank of England every three years?

London Society.

IN MEMORIAM.—MARK LEMON.

FOR many years past, Mark Lemon, the editor of "Punch," held the foremost place in the Christmas numbers of "London Society." As long as I knew him he always had a short story in hand for this magazine. It frequently happened that he did this work in the summer. I found him one summer evening in Bedford Street (with all the windows open, and letting in the sultry vegetable air of Covent Garden) engaged upon a Christmas story.

"I am glad you are come," he said, taking off his spectacles. "The Muse is a halting fagot to-night; I can do nothing with her."

"What are your intentions with regard to her ladyship?" I asked.

"I have been trying to induce her to help me with a Christmas story for 'London Society.' They like the copy early, and I always try to let them have it."

"Better finish it at Crawley," I suggested.

"It is harder work to cover the fields with snow there than to think of winter here," was his reply. "Let us brew a cup, and then go and see Webster."

I suspect the "Punch" dinners set the fashion of "cups" among the "Punch" men. More than one of the fraternity is

excellent at brewing summer drinks. The late Charles Dickens prided himself upon a mixture which was known as the "cider cup of Gad's Hill." It was made of cider, limes, pine-apple, toasted apples, lemon peel, and sugar, just dashed with brandy. The cup which Mark Lemon and myself compounded in the midst of the "London Society" story was a claret cup. The ingredients were simply claret, soda-water, lemon, sugar, a teaspoonful of brandy, and some ice.

"If we cannot conjure up snow for 'London Society' we can conjure up ice for our cup," said Mark, stirring round the jorum with a spoon. "Claret-cup is your only liquor; my love to you!"

It did one good to see the fine old editor quaff the summer beverage. Whatever he did, he did heartily, reading, writing, eating, drinking. His liking and disliking were equally ardent and energetic. He worked with all his might.

When Sylvanus Urban laid aside his lace ruffles and buckled shoes and came forth as a modern English gentleman, the new series of "The Gentleman's Magazine" was inaugurated by a dinner at the Crystal Palace. The then publishers invited the Whitefriars staff to the feast, and Mark Lemon sat on the right hand of

the chair. None of that famous company enjoyed themselves more heartily than Mark Lemon. Even his witty contributor, Mr. Burnand, could not keep pace with the editor's jokes and repartee. When the time for speaking came, Mr. Evans (who, like his old friend Mark, has now gone to his rest) in pleasant banter told how Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold brought "Punch" to his firm. Mark Lemon was earnest and happy in responding to the toast of his health. At night he took to the fireworks with almost boyish delight, crying "Oh!" with affected wonder at the rockets, and comparing notes with his friend, Shirley Brooks, about the pyrotechnic displays of Vauxhall. It was "Punch" that named Sir Joseph Paxton's building the Crystal Palace. Mr. Punch's young men have always been lavish in their praises of that establishment. Sir Joseph, I believe, was among the few outsiders admitted to the "Punch" dinners. There was an intimate friendship between Mark Lemon and the duke's famous agent. Indeed, the Duke of Devonshire himself was on familiar and friendly terms with the leading members of the "Punch" staff. The private theatricals at Chatsworth were among Mark Lemon's sunniest memories. Mr. Horne, who has just returned to England after seventeen years' absence abroad, is writing a work on "Bygone Celebrities," and will, no doubt, give us some interesting reminiscences of the early days of the Guild of Literature and Art.

It is quite probable that "Our Christmas Contributor" wrote a story for "London Society" at Chatsworth. He had always one in his bag, and "London Society" was started at the time when the Duke of Devonshire was giving to the world of letters practical and graceful proof of his appreciation of the artists and litterateurs of his day. A kindly, amiable, generous, noble nature was the duke's.

"I only knew one duke," Mark Lemon used to say; "and he was the noblest and best man in the world."

They were glorious days those days at Chatsworth for the hard-worked literary men of London. The palace with its gilded windows; the green park with its grand old trees; the silvery Derwent wandering through the flowery meadows; the luxury, the freedom, the splendor of the ducal house—so great a change from

the noise and bustle and din and dirt of London—must have added brighter hues now and then to the inspiration of the guests.

"It was a delightful time, I can assure you," said Mr. Horne, the other day, looking back along the path of his memory, as if he were checking off the landmarks by the way. "I am afraid to say how many rehearsals we had there for the play—a dozen at least—and upon each occasion the grandest, the most superb *déjeuner*. The duke was a gentleman in manner and feeling. Some of us arrived at the park gates in anything but brilliant equipages. We did not all drive our own carriages, you know. But in whatever manner we came, we were received with the greatest possible respect and attention. The splendid gates flew open like the gates of some magician's palace in the Arabian Nights, and care halted behind us."

Mark Lemon often spoke of these visits to Chatsworth; as he did also of the election at Boston, when his friend Herbert Ingram, of the "Illustrated London News," was elected.

"I was never a speaker, as you know; but I held forth at one or two small meetings, and the greatest hit I made was when I asked them who gave to Boston the practical blessings of water. Ingram had done something to get the Act for supplying the town with water, and this reference to his success told immensely."

"Our Christmas Contributor" was always found in the Christmas columns of the "Illustrated London News," the first supplement of which he edited and produced. Some of these stories are collected together in a little work called "A Christmas Hamper." Others, including some "London Society" contributions, are among the contents of "Tom Moody's Tales" and "Legends of Number Nip." The majority of the tales are narratives of real occurrences, and several of them are rewritten from the author's plays.

The Editor of "London Society" thinks these few notes may form a fitting addenda to the last story of his Christmas contributor. It would be out of place to tell the reader what I have told elsewhere, or I might considerably enlarge this paper. Mark Lemon's Christmas stories may be taken as the key to his generous, self-denying, and loving nature. They are

simple, unpretentious contributions to the literature of fiction, full of tender, gentle feeling, teeming with sympathy for artists, overflowing with a genuine and honest love for the drama and its surroundings, and abounding with sympathy for "the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed." Mark Lemon entered heart and soul into the festivities of Christmas, and among his children was a child himself in presence of the holly and the mistletoe. In many

a Christmas cartoon, in many a genial, merry, honest face intended to represent "Father Christmas," may be traced the lineaments of Mark Lemon's well-known features. At Crawley it will seem as if "Father Christmas" himself were dead indeed, now that the snow lies white and cold upon the grave of him who was everybody's adviser and friend in the little Sussex village.

JOSEPH HATTON.

M. GAMBETTA.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE the portrait which is prefixed to this number was put into the hands of our engraver the final catastrophe has come, and M. Gambetta, in common with his other colleagues in the Provisional Government, has been consigned for the moment to comparative obscurity. Perhaps no man of the present day, except Louis Napoleon, has been the subject of such diverse and antagonistic opinions as Gambetta, and this diversity is likely to continue as long as the echo of the recent conflict agitates the hearts of men; but when the tumult has finally subsided, and history makes up its verdict, we believe it will be a somewhat modified form of the following article from the London *Spectator*. To those, however, who would see the ablest argument on the other side, it would be profitable to read the articles in the *Nation*,—as indeed it would be profitable to read every comment on current events that appears in that admirable journal.

"After a noble, tenacious, and brilliant effort to save France, which with a few more M. Gambettas to aid him would almost certainly have succeeded, but for which single-handed he was inadequate,—after a career of splendid efforts and not inglorious errors, M. Gambetta has resigned, and the generous English Press, with a few notable exceptions, is exulting frantically over the 'removal of his baneful influence.' We have no sympathy with his last step,—the exclusion of Imperialist Officers from the right to accept candidatures for the Bordeaux Assembly, an exclusion which we hold at once to be impolitic and a

defiance of the principle of Republican equality. But there are plenty of statesmen with more reputation for sobriety than M. Gambetta who have been guilty of like errors. He holds, no doubt not without reason, that the Imperialist policy was one long system of fraud upon the people,—that it involved the unfair manipulation of electoral influences, the direct corruption of the voters where it was possible, the use of political terrorism where corruption was not possible, and, in a word, that whole assemblage of depraving influences by which the nation has reached its present stage of helpless and disorganized collapse; and he doubtless thought quite honestly that to exclude 'temporarily'—his decree expressly spoke of the exclusion as a temporary disqualification,—*en masse* from the right to represent the people, the agents of this huge system of popular emasculation, would be a fair though rough expedient for the purification of the electoral system. We have declared ourselves convinced that he was wrong. During a twenty years' *régime*, the political agents of the Empire must have included many honest men; or—if they did not,—there can be little hope indeed that political honesty would be discoverable elsewhere outside the Imperial ranks. But however great was the error, we maintain that it was a not inexcusable or inglorious error for a man profoundly sick of the *régime* of corruption, and eager for an assembly which should speak the voice, not of greedy officials already hoping for a new chance of subserviency and new sources of gain, but of sincere patriotic French-

men. Again, M. Gambetta doubtless well understands that the one great hope of Count Bismarck's policy,—the object of all his recent intrigues,—has been the restoration of the Imperialist dynasty, which truly or falsely he believes to be the only hopeful breakwater against the flowing of a new tide of Republican propagandism. And M. Gambetta can hardly have helped feeling that the cause for which Count Bismarck is undoubtedly prepared to exhaust every secret influence which a great conqueror can manipulate, would have an undue advantage on its side that could only be balanced by some counter-move on behalf of the Republic. With a third of France occupied by the Germans, and the strings of many a secret influence in their hands, it is hardly credible that the Imperialist party, of which Count Bismarck is the open friend and favorer, should not gain some very great and unfair advantages at the forthcoming elections; and if only as a set-off against these, he may have thought it fair to put his veto on the candidature of Imperialist officials. No doubt, as we have admitted already, he was wrong,—wrong in both principle and policy. But the error was not a crime of that monstrous and disgraceful kind which English journalists, eager for peace at any price, and delighted to find any vulnerable point in the policy of the one really great Frenchman of the time, are pleased to regard it. It is not a crime like the German arrest and imprisonment of every German democrat who pleads for a peace without territorial confiscation. It is hardly more severe than the exclusion by the North from all political rights of men who had taken an active part in the policy of Secession. It was a grave error, but an error for which there is political excuse that reflects no disgrace on the man who committed it.

"Indeed, take M. Gambetta's career during the last five months as a whole, and we shall find that it is by no means marked by that hysterical and frantic character in the light of which it has pleased furious political bigots like "W. R. G." to represent it. What we must say of him is that he missed success very narrowly, and through the very natural error of ascribing to Frenchmen stupefied and prostrated by a long course of politi-

cal laxatives and opiates, more of his own indomitable spirit than they really possessed. The *Daily News*, in a fair though otherwise hostile article, says, not, we believe, underrating the true influence of M. Gambetta, that with five or six colleagues of his own vigor and fire he would have raised the siege of Paris and saved France. Two more M. Gambettas—one in Paris and one in Metz—would, we believe, have sufficed. As it was, tame, cowed, half-hearted France, under M. Gambetta's inspiration came very near success. The Germans themselves believe that had Metz held out another fortnight the siege of Paris would have been raised; and Metz would have held out more than another fortnight with a single M. Gambetta at the head of affairs there; and even now we do not doubt that if the Government of the National Defence consisted of men like himself, instead of a respectable and worthy, but dispirited and exhausted, knot of patriots, the war would go on with a vigor that would amaze and disgust the Germans, and eventually exhaust the magnificent pertinacity which they are showing in their very bad cause. However, M. Gambetta has failed, and like all who have failed without conciliating the victors by acquiescing in a policy of failure,—which he still thinks might, with more of his own spirit, be avoided,—he is run down, and will be run down, by vanquished and victors alike. Let us, however, attempt to do justice to the one great man whom France in her despair and bewilderment has produced.

"The common theory of M. Gambetta has been that he is a mere melodramatic screamer, not too much burdened with honesty. 'W. R. G.' and apparently 'Azamat Batuk,' concur in believing that his sanguine hopes for the Army of the Loire were 'deliberate misrepresentations' of his real belief,—the latter writer, 'Azamat Batuk,' positively asserting that he heard from one of the most intimate friends of Gambetta that 'no one of the members of the Delegation of the government of National Defence at Tours had the slightest hope of a victorious issue,'—a statement a good deal qualified, however, by the addition that 'the most sanguine of these members, M. Gambetta himself, speculated only upon the difficulties the Prussians

had, the inclemency of the season, and the good luck of France.' Knowing what we do of the inferences which 'intimate friends' of one way of thinking will draw from the language used by intimate friends of another way of thinking, we do not regard this charge of express bad faith brought at second-hand against M. Gambetta, by an informant who frankly admitted that that Minister was 'the most sanguine' of all the members of the Government, and that he 'speculated on the good luck of France,' is worth a halfpenny as moral evidence against him; and we should call any one who, after studying all M. Gambetta's words and acts as we have studied them, really accused him of 'deliberate' (and useless) lying for the purpose of propping up for a few months longer a falling partisan cause, as hardly competent to form any serious judgment on human character at all. The truth is, that though a southerner in speech, who naturally uses some of the exaggerated and even hectic colors of an ardent and oratorical temperament, M. Gambetta, ever since his flight in the balloon from Paris, has shown almost as much self-restraining power as he has of goading and stimulating power. His very first work at Tours was to decline speechmaking, and tell the agitators that deeds and not words were the need of the hour. His first great achievement was the suppression of the Lyons Reds who tried to bring division and tumult into the Councils of the Republic. He was, no doubt, hasty, and perhaps unjust in his denunciation of the surrender of Metz as an act of treason, though all the evidence shows that had Bazaine been capable of as much fortitude as Trochu, he would have held out at least ten days longer, and perhaps saved Paris. If M. Gambetta displaced General D'Aurelles somewhat too hastily, he passed no severer judgment than most English military critics on his failure; and he did full justice to the unsuccessful efforts of Chanzy and Faidherbe. During his whole term of power he never, we believe, interfered with the freedom of the press, which frequently attacked him furiously. In the last instance, when smarting under the unpardonable blunder of M. Jules Favre, who concluded in ignorance, and actually telegraphed in error to Bordeaux, the terms of an armistice which he represented

as taking effect immediately, and as applying universally, when it was not to operate for three days except in Paris, and was not even then to apply to the East, and so led the armies of the East, already in the most imminent danger, into worse peril, M. Gambetta showed the utmost self-restraint, though urged by a number of his more violent adherents to repudiate it altogether. Finally, when asked to assume the position of dictator and overrule the Paris Government, he forcibly restrained the evidently strong impulse he felt to take a course which might too probably have led to civil war, —though the Generals of the only French armies actually in existence would undoubtedly have obeyed his orders, Garibaldi, Cremer, Chanzy, and Faidherbe being all men of his own views, —delayed his answer for a long time, and finally decided on resignation, a decision which he declared in language of true dignity and moderation, and marked by true loyalty to his colleagues, —an act of self-restraint which, in one of his sanguine temperament and conscious power, was undoubtedly a great and patriotic effort. It was right to do, because, as we believe, the temper of the people of France is so far beneath the level needed to give success to his policy, that, alone and unaided as he is by any men at all his equals in power of hope and power of organization, the risk of civil war would have been fearful, and to incur that risk, criminal. But let not the man who, with such power in his hands, resigned it at such a moment, after receiving the most urgent solicitations to pursue his own policy to the end, be called a mere screaming fanatic. M. Gambetta has in five months raised, and supplied with a singularly effective artillery, armies amounting to at least 700,000 men. He has proved to Alsace and Lorraine that if they are to be lost, they were at least not tamely given up by Republican France to the first German threat, but that France has been willing to spill her blood freely in their defence; he has shown, together with something of Southern extravagance, a good deal of resolute reticence and loyalty to his feebler colleagues. He has sacrificed himself first to the defence of France against the Germans, and now to the rescue of France from the evil of civil war. Let furious detractors say

what they will,—when the history of the German war comes to be written by cool historians, it will hardly be denied by any one competent to the task, that that war produced but one really great Frenchman, and that that Frenchman was M. Gambetta."

Leon Gambetta was born in 1835, and is now but thirty-five years of age. He is a lawyer by profession, and won his first honors at Marseilles as an advocate, whence he was sent to Paris as an Oppo-

sition member of the last Corps Legislatif. His fiery and fluent oratory, and undoubted ability, made him at once conspicuous, and marked him out as one of the leaders of the Republican party in France. After resigning his position as virtual Dictator he was elected to the present Constituent Assembly by three constituencies, one of which was that of Strasbourg.

Our portrait of him is taken from a recent photograph, and is very much the best that has appeared in this country.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Our Girls. By DIO LEWIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1871.

THERE is no literary fact of our time which should give more general satisfaction than the expanding proportions of hygienic literature, and the growing interest of the public in the subject of personal hygiene. It is a subject which involves the whole future of the race, and too much importance can scarcely be claimed for it; but we question if, outside of controversial theology, there are any writers who as a class are so irritating to the thoughtful reader as these same hygienic book-makers. The whole science of Hygiene (if it can be called a science) is a mere chaos, concerning the most elementary facts of which, scarcely any two writers can be found to agree; yet each one presents his conclusions with an infallible preciseness, a contempt for the actual conditions of our social life, and an utter obliviousness of the fact that opposing opinions are held by some very able men, which for brazen dogmatism are unsurpassed by a Papal Syllabus. Dr. Lewis, for instance, may consider his pointed, off-hand method (which the unconverted might call pert) quite the thing for the grovelling public; but we should prefer that "*our girls*" at least should be brought in contact with intellectual as well as personal modesty, and we should hardly like them to acquire the habit of brisk dogmatizing after the manner of men who at best are but experimenters on the practical side of biology, and who are blundering slowly into a vague conception of healthier methods of life. As long as they confine themselves to suggestions about bathing, and food, and care of the teeth, hair, &c., they give us good common sense, and there is plenty of it in "*Our Girls*;" but they are usually the kind of men whose culture scarcely qualifies them for dealing with the more complex social relations. The remarks of Dr. Lewis on the Theatre, which he disposes of entirely in one small page, are little short of contemptible in their supercilious bigotry, yet this is but one example out of many.

"*Our Girls*" will doubtless have a large sale, as all Dr. Dio Lewis' books do, and will have a good effect in making families give more thought to the subjects of which it treats; but we shall be heartily glad to welcome some man to the field who will collate in a scientific manner all the well-established facts of the subject, and who, without the airs of a village dominie, will give us the practical conclusions and suggestions of the best authorities.

The History of Greece. By Professor DR. ERNST CURTIUS. New York: Scribner & Co. Vol. I. 1871.

ENCOURAGED by the success of Mommsen's History of Rome and Froude's History of England, Messrs. Scribner & Co. have entered upon a course which will lead us to look to them especially for American editions of those histories which pass the ordeal of criticism abroad. This last addition to their list should receive liberal favor from the public, for Curtius' History of Greece will supply the wants of the average reader and student better even than Grote's. It is less bulky, deals less with abstruse problems, and, judging from the first volume, is written in more popular and attractive style. Dr. Curtius, like Mommsen, is a German, and is scarcely less celebrated among his countrymen for learning, and for carrying the best results of modern criticism into the difficult field of ancient history. His History of Greece is likely to be authoritative for a long time to come, and fortunately it is not confined to one era, but covers the whole period of Grecian history. The translation has been done by Professor Ward, of Owen's College, Manchester, and is very smooth, fluent, and idiomatic. In this first volume we have found almost none of the obscurities and involutions which usually characterize translations from the German.

The work is published in the handsome style of Mommsen's History, and will be completed in five stout volumes.

Convent Life Unveiled. By Miss EDITH O'GORMAN. Hartford: Connecticut Publishing Co.

IN her preface, Miss O'Gorman says: "In laying this book before the public, I am guided by truth. . . . My object is purely charitable. I wish to enlighten the blind, deluded, and superstitious Catholics with reference to the errors of their religion, and the unnatural discipline and pernicious influence of the conventual life; and also to arouse the lukewarm, indifferent, and unsuspecting among Protestants whose daughters may be attendants of some convent school, where they are being enticed from them through the intrigues and cunning of Jesuits and Sisters of Charity, who are adepts in beguiling unstable hearts through the empty, theatrical, and alluring ceremonies of a religion which has a peculiar charm for children and weak minds, and for all who live according to

the senses—not the spirit.” This object she endeavors to accomplish by relating her own experiences during seven years, in which she was subjected to the strict, unnatural, and even cruel discipline of the convent, and was also the victim of a most atrocious outrage.

For ourself, we believe the story of Miss O’Gorman to be substantially true, and the manner of telling it is interesting enough, though it savors somewhat of the wordiness and sensationalism of the platform. But we do not think the book a healthy one, or one which need have been written. Exposure of systematic villainy is doubtless a social duty, and a calm, clear presentment of such facts as Miss O’Gorman narrates might work great good; but the only effect of “Convent Life Unveiled,” aside from vindicating the author’s character (which would hardly seem necessary now that she is married and surrounded by a large circle of friends), will probably be to inflame the religious hate and prejudice which it is the duty of every one in America, especially, to mollify as far as he can without compromising with wrong. We are sorry to see that several gentlemen, among whom is a minister, are disposed to deprive this book of its personal character and make it a weapon of religious controversy.

Roman Imperialism. By Professor SEELEY. Boston: Roberts Bros.

THE three lectures on Roman Imperialism, and the three on The English Revolution of the Nineteenth Century, which form the staple of this book, will be found in our volumes for 1870; but there are others, notably one On the Study of History, and one or two Essays. The author of *Ecce Homo* will always get a welcome in America for whatever he writes, and the present volume deals with living themes, and gives the latest results of his intellectual activity. More precise, severe, and accurate than Froude, and less partisan than Goldwin Smith, Professor Seeley is probably as safe a guide as could be taken by the student of history. He gives the conservative liberal view of modern political events and tendencies, and surveys the great problems of ancient history from the modern standpoint. Besides his intellectual qualities, moreover, he is one of the most fascinating of essayists in point of style.

On Mechanism in Thought and Morals. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THIS essay is almost identical in substance with the paper on Unconscious Cerebration by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, which appeared a month or two ago in the *ECLECTIC*, though the two are independent of each other. The same line of argument is pursued in both, and nearly the same illustrations, but Miss Cobbe insists on the bearing of the facts upon theology while Dr. Holmes declines to touch upon it. The theme is not a very attractive one for a speech, or even for a lecture, and Dr. Holmes tries to make us believe in the prologue that he is going to be dull. Dulness, however, is not one of his many “gifts,” and the whole essay scintillates with the wit and gayety of style which are peculiarly his own.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Recovery of Jerusalem. A Narrative of Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land. By CAPT. WILSON, R. E., CAPT. WARREN, R. E., with an Introduction by DEAN STANLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 435. Illustrated. Price \$3.50.

The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, illustrated. Price \$2.00 per vol.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 633. Price \$2.50.

Tennyson's Poems. A New Edition, comprising “The Window.” New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 308. Illustrated. Price \$1.00.

Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 112. Illustrated. Price 50 cents.

The Kindergarten. A Manual for the Introduction of Froebel's System of Primary Education into Public Schools. By Dr. ADOLF DONALD. New York: E. Steiger. 12mo, cloth, pp. 132. Price \$1.00.

From Fourteen to Fourscore. By MRS. S. W. JEWETT. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo, cloth, pp. 416. Price \$1.50.

Chips from a German Workshop. By F. MAX MULLER, M.A. New York: Scribner & Co. Vol. III., 12mo, cloth, pp. 492. Price \$2.50.

Wonderful Escapes. From the French of F. Bernard, with Original Chapters, by RICHARD WHITEING. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 308. Price \$1.50.

Ad Clerum: Advice to a Young Preacher. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 266. Price \$1.50.

Earl's Dene. A Novel. By R. E. FRANCHILON. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 187. Price 50 cts.

The Apple Culturist. A Complete Treatise for the Practical Pomologist. By SERENO EDWARDS TODD. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 331. Illustrated. Price \$1.50.

Daisy Nichol. A Novel. By LADY HARDY. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 144. Price 50 cents.

Notes on the Acts of the Apostles. By REV. ALBERT BARNES. New Edition. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 418. Price \$1.50.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Disraeli receives an annual revenue of about six thousand dollars from the copyrights of his books.

It is said that *Auerbach* and *Spielhagen*, the famous German novelists, are both serving as privates in the Prussian armies.

Mr. *James Grant*, the late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, is preparing a work on "The Newspaper Press; its Origin, Progress, and Present State."

Alexandre Dumas, after printing more than twelve hundred volumes during his life, it is said left the unpublished MSS. of twenty-three novels and fourteen plays.

The forty-fourth fasciculus of the *St. Petersburg Sanskrit Dictionary* has just come out. It begins with the word *Varshaghna*, and ends with *Vāra*. The sixth volume of this great work is thus approaching completion.

Hans Christian Andersen was the son of a shoemaker, and his family was so poor that at an early age he was apprenticed by his mother to a tailor at Odense, in Fuhnen. He always detested manual labor, and made clever verses at twelve years of age.

It is reported that *James Anthony Froude* is about to write a history of Ireland under the old penal and anti-Roman Catholic laws, and after embodying its salient features in a course of lectures, will deliver them in the principal cities of the United States.

The praises of Mr. *Bret Harte's Stories*, having long resounded over here, are beginning to be echoed back from the other side. The *Spectator* speaks of them very favorably, and, like a good many more of us, "looks forward with pleasure to hearing from Mr. Harte again."

In the *British Museum* are a number of cases bequeathed by *Francis Douce*, the well-known literary antiquary, on condition that they are not to be opened until the year 1900. No one is aware of their contents, but there are all sorts of groundless rumors afloat about them.

M. Ollivier, the late feeble and unfortunate Prime Minister of France, is preparing his version of the scheme for liberalizing the Empire, and of the causes of the war. The work is entitled "My Ministry of the Second of January," and will appear in two volumes, "The Plebiscite" and "The War."

Miss Austen, at her death, left a novel in manuscript, which has been held a sort of sacred treasure by her heirs. It is at length to be published under the title which the popular author assigned to it, "Lady Susan." It is in one volume, but the book will contain some sketches, also by Miss Austen.

The bills of mortality among periodicals have been scarcely more serious in this country during the past six months than in England. The following startling note appears upon the fly-leaf of one of the oldest of the English quarterlies:—"The *North British Review* will be discontinued after the publication of the present number" (for January, 1871).

A series of *Essays* by *Don Francesco Maria Tubino*, published in Madrid, are worthy of the reputation of that eminent historian and anthropologist. Among the best monographs are those on "Don Quixote," on "The History of Gibraltar," on "Murillo" and "P. Céspedes," and the "Estudios Prehistoricos," which are remarkably well written.

Among the Japanese gentlemen, official and unofficial, now on their way to the West, for the purposes of study, is one who goes to Holland to study medicine. Holland having had the monopoly of intercourse with Japan, the Netherlands language is still the foreign language most used and understood, but English is beginning to compete with it. Indeed, most of the party proceed first to New England.

Michelet, the famous historian, is represented as a white-haired man of 76, with large hollow eyes, a very intellectual face, a small, bent figure, full of dignity and grace. His conversation is serious and often sad, though now and then it rises into eloquence and brilliancy. His wife appears young enough to be his daughter, and is said to be a very pretty, though rather pensive-looking woman, of singularly sweet and winning manners.

We have received the first two numbers of a Dutch fortnightly review, which has begun its career with the new year, under the title of *Ons Eeuw* (Our Century). It is edited by the well-known M. H. Tiedeman; and among the contributors are Prof. Asser, Dr. J. Ten Brink, and other writers of repute. It deals with both historical and political subjects, and contains a review of the events of the fortnight, both foreign and domestic. An excellent Bibliography appears at the end of each number.

M. Ernest Daudet has published at Brussels a pamphlet entitled "La France et les Bonapartes," in the form of a letter addressed to M. Conti, the quondam secretary of Napoleon the Third. In it he examines the chances of success that "the man of Wilhelmshöhe" would have in attempting to return to the throne, and concludes by telling Napoleon and his family that the only right left to them is the right of silence, and warns them as they value their safety to retire to the island from which they originally came.

Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh, has just issued an interesting little memoir of Milton's tutor from ten to fifteen years of his age,—Dr. Thomas Young, the celebrated Puritan divine, Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk, a Scotchman by birth. Mr. Laing's volume, "Biographical Notices," contains a lithograph of Milton's mulberry-tree, and the old Vicarage, where he was often a visitor, with a portrait of Dr. Young, fac-similes of his writing, and the title-page of his "Dies Dominica;" also a full list of the tracts connected with the Smectymnus controversy.

Mr. Henry Green, the author of *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, has ascertained that no less than four hundred writers have treated the subject of emblems in no less than three thousand distinct works. He is himself about to bring out a life of Andrew Alciat, with notices of about

the senses—not the spirit.” This object she endeavors to accomplish by relating her own experiences during seven years, in which she was subjected to the strict, unnatural, and even cruel discipline of the convent, and was also the victim of a most atrocious outrage.

For ourself, we believe the story of Miss O’Gorman to be substantially true, and the manner of telling it is interesting enough, though it savors somewhat of the wordiness and sensationalism of the platform. But we do not think the book a healthy one, or one which need have been written. Exposure of systematic villainy is doubtless a social duty, and a calm, clear presentment of such facts as Miss O’Gorman narrates might work great good; but the only effect of “Convent Life Unveiled,” aside from vindicating the author’s character (which would hardly seem necessary now that she is married and surrounded by a large circle of friends), will probably be to inflame the religious hate and prejudice which it is the duty of every one in America, especially, to mollify as far as he can without compromising with wrong. We are sorry to see that several gentlemen, among whom is a minister, are disposed to deprive this book of its personal character and make it a weapon of religious controversy.

Roman Imperialism. By Professor SEELEY. Boston: Roberts Bros.

THE three lectures on Roman Imperialism, and the three on The English Revolution of the Nineteenth Century, which form the staple of this book, will be found in our volumes for 1870; but there are others, notably one On the Study of History, and one or two Essays. The author of *Ecce Homo* will always get a welcome in America for whatever he writes, and the present volume deals with living themes, and gives the latest results of his intellectual activity. More precise, severe, and accurate than Froude, and less partisan than Goldwin Smith, Professor Seeley is probably as safe a guide as could be taken by the student of history. He gives the conservative liberal view of modern political events and tendencies, and surveys the great problems of ancient history from the modern standpoint. Besides his intellectual qualities, moreover, he is one of the most fascinating of essayists in point of style.

On Mechanism in Thought and Morals. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THIS essay is almost identical in substance with the paper on Unconscious Cerebration by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, which appeared a month or two ago in the *ECLECTIC*, though the two are independent of each other. The same line of argument is pursued in both, and nearly the same illustrations, but Miss Cobbe insists on the bearing of the facts upon theology while Dr. Holmes declines to touch upon it. The theme is not a very attractive one for a speech, or even for a lecture, and Dr. Holmes tries to make us believe in the prologue that he is going to be dull. Dulness, however, is not one of his many “gifts,” and the whole essay scintillates with the wit and gayety of style which are peculiarly his own.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Recovery of Jerusalem. A Narrative of Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land. By CAPT. WILSON, R. E., CAPT. WARREN, R. E., with an Introduction by DEAN STANLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 435. Illustrated. Price \$3.50.

The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, illustrated. Price \$2.00 per vol.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 633. Price \$2.50.

Tennyson's Poems. A New Edition, comprising “The Window.” New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 308. Illustrated. Price \$1.00.

Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 112. Illustrated. Price 50 cents.

The Kindergarten. A Manual for the Introduction of Froebel's System of Primary Education into Public Schools. By Dr. ADOLF DONAL. New York: E. Steiger. 12mo, cloth, pp. 132. Price \$1.00.

From Fourteen to Fourscore. By MRS. S. W. JEWETT. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo, cloth, pp. 416. Price \$1.50.

Chips from a German Workshop. By F. MAX MULLER, M.A. New York: Scribner & Co. Vol. III., 12mo, cloth, pp. 492. Price \$2.50.

Wonderful Escapes. From the French of F. Bernard, with Original Chapters, by RICHARD WHITEING. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 308. Price \$1.50.

Ad Clerum: Advice to a Young Preacher. By JOSEPH PARKE, D.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 266. Price \$1.50.

Earl's Dene. A Novel. By R. E. FRANCILON. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 187. Price 50 cts.

The Apple Culturist. A Complete Treatise for the Practical Pomologist. By SERENO EDWARDS TODD. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 331. Illustrated. Price \$1.50.

Daisy Nichol. A Novel. By LADY HARDY. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 144. Price 50 cents.

Notes on the Acts of the Apostles. By REV. ALBERT BARNES. New Edition. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 418. Price \$1.50.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Disraeli receives an annual revenue of about six thousand dollars from the copyrights of his books.

It is said that *Auerbach* and *Spielhagen*, the famous German novelists, are both serving as privates in the Prussian armies.

Mr. James Grant, the late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, is preparing a work on "The Newspaper Press; its Origin, Progress, and Present State."

Alexandre Dumas, after printing more than twelve hundred volumes during his life, it is said left the unpublished MSS. of twenty-three novels and fourteen plays.

The forty-fourth fasciculus of the *St. Petersburg Sanskrit Dictionary* has just come out. It begins with the word *Varshaghna*, and ends with *Vāra*. The sixth volume of this great work is thus approaching completion.

Hans Christian Andersen was the son of a shoemaker, and his family was so poor that at an early age he was apprenticed by his mother to a tailor at Odense, in Fühnen. He always detested manual labor, and made clever verses at twelve years of age.

It is reported that *James Anthony Froude* is about to write a history of Ireland under the old penal and anti-Roman Catholic laws, and after embodying its salient features in a course of lectures, will deliver them in the principal cities of the United States.

The praises of *Mr. Bret Harte's Stories*, having long resounded over here, are beginning to be echoed back from the other side. The *Spectator* speaks of them very favorably, and, like a good many more of us, "looks forward with pleasure to hearing from Mr. Harte again."

In the *British Museum* are a number of cases bequeathed by *Francis Douce*, the well-known literary antiquary, on condition that they are not to be opened until the year 1900. No one is aware of their contents, but there are all sorts of groundless rumors afloat about them.

M. Ollivier, the late feeble and unfortunate Prime Minister of France, is preparing his version of the scheme for liberalizing the Empire, and of the causes of the war. The work is entitled "My Ministry of the Second of January," and will appear in two volumes, "The Plebiscite" and "The War."

Miss Austen, at her death, left a novel in manuscript, which has been held a sort of sacred treasure by her heirs. It is at length to be published under the title which the popular author assigned to it, "Lady Susan." It is in one volume, but the book will contain some sketches, also by *Miss Austen*.

The bills of mortality among periodicals have been scarcely more serious in this country during the past six months than in England. The following startling note appears upon the fly-leaf of one of the oldest of the English quarterlies:—"The *North British Review* will be discontinued after the publication of the present number" (for January, 1871).

A series of *Essays* by *Don Francesco Maria Tubino*, published in Madrid, are worthy of the reputation of that eminent historian and anthropologist. Among the best monographs are those on "Don Quixote," on "The History of Gibraltar," on "Murillo" and "P. Céspedes," and the "Estudios Prehistoricos," which are remarkably well written.

Among the Japanese gentlemen, official and unofficial, now on their way to the West, for the purposes of study, is one who goes to Holland to study medicine. Holland having had the monopoly of intercourse with Japan, the Netherlands language is still the foreign language most used and understood, but English is beginning to compete with it. Indeed, most of the party proceed first to New England.

Michelet, the famous historian, is represented as a white-haired man of 76, with large hollow eyes, a very intellectual face, a small, bent figure, full of dignity and grace. His conversation is serious and often sad, though now and then it rises into eloquence and brilliancy. His wife appears young enough to be his daughter, and is said to be a very pretty, though rather pensive-looking woman, of singularly sweet and winning manners.

We have received the first two numbers of a Dutch fortnightly review, which has begun its career with the new year, under the title of *Onze Eeuw* (Our Century). It is edited by the well-known M. H. Tiedeman; and among the contributors are Prof. Asser, Dr. J. Ten Brink, and other writers of repute. It deals with both historical and political subjects, and contains a review of the events of the fortnight, both foreign and domestic. An excellent Bibliography appears at the end of each number.

M. Ernest Daudet has published at Brussels a pamphlet entitled "La France et les Bonapartes" in the form of a letter addressed to M. Conti, the quondam secretary of Napoleon the Third. In it he examines the chances of success that "the man of Wilhelmshöhe" would have in attempting to return to the throne, and concludes by telling Napoleon and his family that the only right left to them is the right of silence, and warns them as they value their safety to retire to the island from which they originally came.

Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh, has just issued an interesting little memoir of Milton's tutor from ten to fifteen years of his age.—Dr. Thomas Young, the celebrated Puritan divine, Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk, a Scotchman by birth. Mr. Laing's volume, "Biographical Notices," contains a lithograph of Milton's mulberry-tree, and the old Vicarage, where he was often a visitor, with a portrait of Dr. Young, fac-similes of his writing, and the title-page of his "Dies Dominica;" also a full list of the tracts connected with the Smectymnus controversy.

Mr. Henry Green, the author of *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, has ascertained that no less than four hundred writers have treated the subject of emblems in no less than three thousand distinct works. He is himself about to bring out a life of Andrew Alciat, with notices of about

seventy editions of his emblems. The principal English libraries, both public and private, have been searched for the materials of this work, and the indefatigable bibliographer has also obtained returns from the librarians of all the chief European libraries of the various editions of Alciat which are in their charge.

In Constantinople a new weekly periodical has appeared, written in modern Greek, and entitled *Euridiki*. It is chiefly intended for female readers, and its aim is to promote the intellectual development of women; with this view a series of lives of women distinguished in art, science, and literature will be published in its pages; and the first of this series consists of a eulogistic biography of the Princess Dora d'Istria, whose literary works are so well known. A lady, Emilia Leonzias, is the editor of the new periodical, which, when we remember that it is published at Constantinople, may be considered a remarkable sign of the times.

The new number of the *North British Review* contains an article on "Provençal Versification," in which the writer dwells at length on the high artistic finish of the poetry of the Troubadours. Besides the works of the poets themselves, the chief sources laid under contribution are the old Provençal metrical book *Las leys d'amors*, and the *De vulgari eloquentia* of Dante, the application of whose rules to Provençal canzos throws a new light on the construction of the stanzas. The harmonious forms of these skilful combinations are traced back to their metrical and, as far as possible, musical principles. Considering, however, how little is known on the subject in this country, the writer might have done better if he had prefaced his difficult bit of exposition by a literary article of more general interest.

Some new Inscriptions.—Mr. E. H. Palmer, of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a report on the Desert of the Tih, &c., recently published by the Palestine Exploration Fund, mentioned some inscriptions, which had been recently found at Hamath, in Syria, by Mr. A. Johnson, brother of the American Consul-General at Beyrout, and urged upon the Committee the advisability of investigating the subject. The inscriptions are in a character as yet entirely unknown, and will, Mr. Palmer believes, turn out to be of archaeological importance. The Palestine Exploration Committee have therefore requested Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake to procure accurate copies and squeeze-impressions of the stones. The neighborhood of Hamath is full of historical interest, and the decipherment of these inscriptions may not improbably lead to curious and instructive results in this direction.

Dean Alford.—The *Contemporary Review* for February contains a slight but graceful sketch of the late Dr. Alford, as a scholar and an ecclesiastic, by Dean Stanley, supplemented by some biographical details by the Rev. E. T. Vaughan. The time for criticism, as both writers naturally felt, has not yet arrived; we can but deplore the loss of one whose industry was so indefatigable, and whose scholarship so truly progressive. We may be allowed, however, to follow Mr. Vaughan in describing the labors of Dr. Alford as essentially preparatory. He saw that a pioneer in the critical study of the New Testament was required,

and he deliberately accepted the position. "The work which he did in making those critical and exegetical helps, which had hitherto been the property in England only of a few readers of German, to become the common heritage of all educated Englishmen, was a work which no other man of his own generation could have achieved equally well, or was likely to have attempted."—*Academy*.

The London Publishers' Circular, which in the last issue of the year always tabulates the results of the publishers' work for that period, records the number of publications in Great Britain during that time at 5,082, of which 1,279 were merely new editions, 426 American importations, and 3,377 actually new English publications. August was the duldest month, with a total of 261 books in all; December the busiest, with 610. Of the grand total, the numbers are distributed as follows:—Theological, 811; juvenile, 695; educational, 568; historical and biographical, 396; fictional, 381; poetry and drama, 366; arts and science, 347; travel and geography, 338; year books and bound serials, 338; belles-lettres, 249; medical, 193; legal, 123; political, 119; miscellaneous, 159. This proportion would very nearly hold good in this country, though fiction would go higher and history lower, while books on agriculture would probably rank high. There were 90 more educational works published than in 1869, but 83 less novels. In this last class nearly half were merely new editions. In history America furnished no less than one-fourth of the new works.

The Provençal Almanac for 1871.—Professor E. Böhmer gives in No. 4 of *Im Neuen Reich* an interesting account of the *Almanac provençal* for 1871. This almanac is written entirely in the southern patois, the wreck of the magnificent langue d'oc, and the chief aim of its editors, the Felibre brotherhood, is to preserve the national language and customs of Provence against the centralizing tendencies of Parisian civilization. Not long ago Professor Böhmer gave us instances of the strong anti-northern feeling expressed in such poems as "The Countess," the fair lady, brown with the sun and crowned with the fruits and flowers of the south, who was kept in confinement by her nearest kindred for the sake of her riches. In the present emergency, however, the sympathies of the Provençaux seem to be patriotic to a degree, and the chief part of the almanac is filled with songs of hatred and defiance against the German invader.

One peculiarity of the Provençal literary movement is its religious character, which is represented in the almanac by a penitential psalm by Mistral, and some "Provençal Prophecies," the latter containing an account of two marvellous apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, who, as the author remarks with patriotic pride, "on both occasions used the Provençal language."

The Recovery of Jerusalem.—Of the volume under this title, just published in England by the Palestine Exploration Fund, and in this country by D. Appleton & Co., the *Saturday Review* says:—

Mr. F. W. Holland's *Explorations in the Peninsula of Sinai* form a worthy close to a volume which, however disjointed and desultory in parts,

forms one of the best monuments of our countrymen's energy and skill in scholarly and scientific exploration. It will be difficult in future to identify any other peak than Jebel Mûsa as the true Sinai, or to cry up the Israelitish origin of the famous inscriptions, though little has been gained towards laying down the precise track of the tribes across the Red Sea. Lieutenant Anderson's surveys of the Sea of Galilee and of Palestine at large, elucidated by his own and Captain Wilson's careful topographical studies, have done a great deal to settle and define our knowledge of the historical sites, as well as that of the physical geography of the country. Mr. Phené Spiers and the Rev. Greville J. Chester further deserve our thanks for their respective contributions on the architectural remains of the Holy Land, and the works in pottery and glass which have been brought to light by the agency of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

An Innuendo against Dickens.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* in gossiping about Stevenson's bookstore, Edinburgh, tells of a wager laid there which called out a letter from George Cruikshank, under date of Nov. 12, 1870, as to his share in the illustration of Dickens' works. He said that he did much less than was generally supposed, a mistake arising from the imitation of his style by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) and other artists. He continues:

I was, however, the first artist to illustrate any of Mr. Dickens' writings, and the earliest of these was the first volume of "Sketches by Boz" (January, 1836), and the next was the second volume under this title, the greater part of which were written from my hints and suggestions.

Some time after this, Mr. Bentley started his *Miscellany*, appointing Mr. Dickens as editor, and myself as the illustrator; and the first plate in that work is a design of mine, which Mr. Dickens wrote up to. There was also a wood-cut of a Beadle, &c. Then followed [1839] "Oliver Twist," which was entirely my own idea and suggestion, and all the characters are mine. And this will account for the fact of "Oliver Twist" being very different from any of his other writings. When Mr. McCrone, the publisher, died (he having published the "Sketches by Boz"), a volume was brought out for the benefit of his widow. Mr. Dickens wrote some part of this, which I illustrated, and these are all the designs and etchings that I did to illustrate the works of that author. I am preparing to publish an explanation of the reason why I did not illustrate the whole of Mr. Dickens' writings, and this explanation will not at all rebound to his credit.

SCIENCE.

Composition of the Water of the Nile.—The water of the Nile has recently undergone investigation by Herr O. Popp, *Annalen der Chemie*, September. The sample of water taken for analysis was obtained from the middle of the river, some six miles below Cairo. Previous to being analyzed, the water was left standing for two days, after which time the water was first filtered; but, even after this operation, it did not become quite clear, and it was found necessary, consequently, to leave it standing for some few days longer,

when it deposited a flocculent sediment, which, on being tested, was found to consist of silica, a minute quantity of organic matter, lime, and magnesia salts. One litre of the water contains, in grammes weight—carbonic acid, 0.03146; sulphuric acid, 0.00390; silica, 0.02010; phosphoric acid, 0.00054; chlorine, 0.00337; peroxide of iron, 0.00316; lime, 0.02220; magnesia, 0.01467; soda, 0.02110; potassa, 0.00468; organic matter, 0.01720; total, 0.14238 grm. Percentage composition of dry residue—carbonic acid, 22.155; sulphuric acid, 2.755; silica, 14.150; phosphoric acid, 0.379; chlorine, 2.372; peroxide of iron, 2.227; lime, 15.640; magnesia, 10.332; soda, 14.852; potassa, 3.300; organic matter and small quantity of ammoniacal salts, 12.025; total, 100.187.

Bromine in Large Quantities.—The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* for November gives us some facts of interest. The writer says that five years ago bromine was sold in this country and in Europe as high as eight dollars a pound; now the price is less than a dollar and a half the pound, and the consumption has increased in a thousand-fold ratio. It says: "As a manufacturer of chemical substances, we did not have occasion to purchase for manufacturing purposes twenty pounds a year until after 1865, when a great demand sprang up for the bromides of potassium, sodium, and ammonium. Some idea of the increase in consumption may be formed from the statement that we have ordered of the salt-makers in Pennsylvania quantities as large as five thousand pounds, or *two and a half tons*, at one time, during the past year. Our bromine supply formerly came from Germany, the Stassfurt salt-mines furnishing it in considerable quantities after they were opened; but now our own strong salines in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia produce it in amounts fully equal to the demand."

Pneumatic Transmission.—A very interesting theoretical paper, on systems of pneumatic transmission for passengers and parcels, was read by Mr. Robert Sabine at the last meeting of the British Association. The results of Mr. Sabine's examination of the conditions of working of such a system may be stated to be:—That small pneumatic tubes may be worked more profitably than large ones. For small letter-carrying tubes, and for somewhat larger tubes for the transmission of metropolitan letters to branch post-offices, he thinks they will undoubtedly work satisfactorily. Large tubes of moderate length—for instance, for the transport of light goods between different parts of a factory—might be found useful. But he does not believe that a pneumatic line working through a long tunnel could, for passenger traffic, compete, in point of economy, with locomotive railways. In a pneumatic tunnel such as that proposed between England and France, he estimates that in moving a goods train of 250 tons, at twenty-five miles per hour, the mere friction of the air on the walls of the tunnel would amount to 93 per cent. of the whole resistance, and the work usefully expended in moving the train would be only 5½ per cent. of the whole power employed. To propel such a train engines of 2,000 horse power would have to be employed at each end, even supposing the blowing machinery to act with greater efficiency than has yet been attained. He

looks to the completion of the Pneumatic Company's works in London and of the pneumatic passenger railway in New York to settle the question of the availability of the system for such purposes.

The Sphygmograph invented by Galileo.—It would seem from a letter of Mr. Charles Williams, in the *Lancet* of November 26, that Galileo really devised an apparatus for estimating the velocity of the pulse. Whether his instrument and the present one are the same is a question, but there can be no doubt that a sphygmograph of some kind or other was devised by Galileo.

Wrought-Iron and Steel Guns.—It is stated that in a recent competitive trial between an Armstrong wrought-iron and a Krupp steel gun, the latter has proved to have the greater endurance. After 121 rounds the Armstrong gun split, and was so severely damaged as to be unfit for further service. The steel gun remains in good condition after 210 rounds.

Detecting the Blood of Animals.—It would seem that the questionable discovery of Herr Neumann has received confirmation by Dr. Day, of Geelong Institute, viz., that the picture or network formed by human blood can be distinguished under the microscope from that which is formed by the blood of other animals. He says he has repeated the experiment, which is "wonderfully simple," almost every day for the last two months, with invariable success. A small drop, not a mere speck, of the blood is to be placed on a microscope-slide, and carefully watched, at a temperature of 10° or 12° Réaumur (=54.2° to 59° Fahr.), until the picture or net-work formed by its coagulation is developed. Human blood speedily breaks up into a "small pattern" network; the blood of other animals (calves, pigs, etc.) takes a longer time, and makes a large pattern; but the blood of every animal seems to form a characteristic "picture." Dr. Day has examined the blood of calves, pigs, sheep, rabbits, ducks, hens, several kinds of fishes, etc., as well as that of man, and has found the results to be trustworthy and constant.

Dust in the Air.—At the British Association Mr. C. R. Titchborne gives an account of his later experiments on the Dublin atmosphere. His observations, so far as they go, seem to point to a curious phase of the subject—that is, that dust taken at a great height, and in such a position as in certain experiments, should appear to have as great, or greater activity, than that which would be obtained from a building which is nightly crowded to suffocation. This, in some measure, may be due to the extreme levity of the spores, which are supposed to be the life of the dust, and which lightness may be described as almost approaching volatility. *There is, probably, an altitude of the maximum of activity for all localities as regards dust.* It is so light that even that obtained in an ordinary house contains a large portion that refuses to sink when thrown upon water; and, even when the vessel is placed beneath an air-pump, a large percentage floats. To him the activity of the dust taken from the top of the monument 134 feet high is something marvellous—this source so far removed from the busy streets—yet its organic matter contains

what is capable of splitting up, in a short time, hundreds of times its own weight.

The Aplanatic Searcher.—Great things for science have been achieved by means of the microscope; but these will now be outdone by the aid of an apparatus which the inventor calls "an aplanatic searcher," and which, when applied to the microscope, increases its power, its penetration, and capability of definition to an almost incredible degree. Objects which under the best of ordinary microscopes appear as black patches, are seen to be full of beads, or lines, or grooves, or possessed of a fashion of some sort, with the aplanatic searcher. Some theories of vital organization are built on discoveries made by the microscope; and if these discoveries now prove to be delusions, the theories will have to be abandoned or rewritten. This is especially the case with the "germ theory" and the theory of spontaneous generation. The minute disk of jelly in which the germ was supposed to lie, is now proved by the aplanatic searcher to be a delusion, a false image, due to nothing more than the imperfection of the object-glass. From this it will be understood that a revolution in microscopical science may be looked for. The inventor of this new and searching apparatus is Dr. Royston-Pigott. A full account thereof will shortly appear in the *Philosophical Transactions*; meanwhile, some particulars have already been published in the *Proceedings* of the London Royal Society.

A Substitute for Steam.—An American engineer points out that a great economy might be effected in manufacturing districts by the use of compressed air, and supplying horse-power from a central condenser, instead of each factory having a separate steam-engine, as at present. He recommends the laying of a large "pneumatic main," after the manner of a gas main, from which any manufacturer could be furnished with all the power he required; the quantity to be indicated by a meter. He could, of course, regulate the supply to suit his business, and increase or diminish at pleasure. Besides which there would be no danger of boiler explosions, or of fire; smoke would be avoided, and the cost of water to feed a boiler would be saved. If any enterprising inventor desires fame and fortune, let him devise a way to turn this "notion" to practical account. In the large forges near Birmingham, each hearth, instead of a bellows to itself, receives from a central fan a blast, which, by opening or closing a valve at the rear of the fire, may be turned on or off at pleasure; and in this may be found a suggestion for the application of condensed air on a great scale.

Photographing the Sun.—The Americans, as well as the English, are making preparations for observation of the transit of Venus in 1874; and among them Professor Winlock of Harvard College has contrived a method of celestial photography which yields excellent pictures. He has a tin tube forty feet in length, supported horizontally north and south, with a lens of six inches aperture, and forty feet focal length at the northern end, and the southern end carried into a small dark house. This house serves as a photographic dark chamber, and is furnished accordingly. A little in advance of the northern end, a slightly wedge-shaped plate of glass is mounted so as to follow the sun,

and throw the reflection constantly on the lens. With the apparatus thus prepared, an image of the sun four inches diameter is produced on the sensitive plate; and so greatly are all the errors of the lens reduced by the long focus, that pictures admirable for their definition and representation of details have been obtained. From these experiments, it is anticipated that this apparatus will render important service when the time comes for observation of the transit.

Metals in the Sun.—Angström of Upsala finds thirteen metals in the sun in addition to hydrogen, and he is led to believe that the sun has few elements which are not found on our earth.

ART.

The Roman Catacombs.—The new number of *Im Neuen Reich* opens with a lecture on the Roman catacombs, delivered by Theodor Mommsen, on the 13th of January last, before the Berlin Unionsverein. The subject is treated popularly, and with the writer's usual brilliancy. His chief points are to show that underground burial-places in antiquity (originally *sepulchra*) were not a specifically Jewish or Christian invention; but proper to the poorer class in crowded cities, and hence most of all to Rome under the Empire. He brings evidence to show that, on the one hand, there existed a pagan necropolis of this kind at Alexandria, and that, on the other, the Christians at Caesarea and Carthage were buried in open "areæ" or graveyards. He scouts the notion of these burying-places having being constructed in secret, or without the sanction of the imperial police, but admits that they were employed by the Christian community as a shelter for such among their practices as may have been obnoxious to the existing laws. In describing the catacomb now known by the name of Domitilla, he pays a high compliment to the "equally acute and conscientious Giambatista de' Rossi," though not convinced by his arguments on this particular question of appellation. Finally, dating the disuse of the catacombs from the Gothic capture of Rome, he has thought fit to point his narrative with a series of allusions: thus—"In spite of the enormous circumference of the walls, the twelve gates were all beset, commerce on the Tiber was stopped: the pressure of hunger began, they began to ration out the bread. . . . The government resided far away in Ravenna, inaccessible and impregnable among its swamps; it sent armies to raise the siege, but they never reached, and were separately crushed. The Goth did his best to bring about a peace; his demand was for contributions in money and kind, and the cession of Venetia, Noricum, and Dalmatia. They offered him gold and silver as much as he would, but beyond that nothing was to be got," &c.

Italian Masterpieces in Chromo-Lithograph.—We have received from Mr. J. W. Maynard, 24 Old Bond street, agent for Herr Baumgärtner, of Leipzig, the first part of "Polychrome Meisterwerke der Monumentalen Kunst in Italien." This large and costly publication is intended to illustrate, in twelve perspective views, the most famous works of the kind indicated by its title, including the interiors of the Baptistery at Ravenna; parts of the Duomo in Orvieto; the loggia

of the Doria Palace at Genoa; the Hall of Ambassadors in the Ducal Palace at Venice, &c. The part before us displays the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican, looking towards the window, the head of which is surrounded by Raphael's "Parnassus," and including "The Disputa" on the wall on our left; the "School of Athens" is on our right. Overhead are three of the great circles of the ceiling, and two of the oblong panels on the pendentives. The other chromo-lithograph represents the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, looking east, with the baldachino, and a large segment of the dome. The illusive effectiveness of these pictures is extraordinary; within the powers of chromo-lithography they are perfect. We never saw, by this means, the appearance of sunlight slanting through an interior, with all its reflections, broken shadows, and dispersed lights, so fortunately given as in the view of St. Peter's. The effect of the manner of lighting, as reproduced on the great pier on our right, is admirable. In chromo-lithography the rendering of the light and coloring of "the Segnatura" is unsurpassed. Like nature are the sheen on the mosaics of the floor, the reflections of the window and the shadows about it, the lucidity of the gloom in which "Parnassus" appears. So far, we are thus enabled to speak of this work: it promises to be magnificently successful. To this part our criticism is strictly limited: we say this because nothing is more common than a rapid deterioration in publications of this sort.—*Athenæum*.

Miss Louisa Herford, whose death is announced, was the first female student who found her way within the doors of the Royal Academy. She wrote to the authorities requesting them to supply her with a printed form of application for permission to enter the college as a probationer-student. Neither her handwriting, which was masculine, nor her signature, which gave merely the initial of her Christian name, betrayed her sex, and she received the form. She filled it up, obtained the required authorization, and presented herself at the doors of the Academy. The result was that the Academy was thrown open to all female students. There are now more than forty on the list, and one of them, Miss Starr, carried off the gold medal last year.

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have purchased the portrait of Charles Dickens by Ary Scheffer. It was painted in 1855, when he was forty-three, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856. The countenance is vigorous, with deep brown hair, a happy medium between the showy youth with exuberant locks, as painted by Maclise, and the rugged countenance, with grizzled beard, of his latest period. The face is seen in three-quarters, looking over his left shoulder. The hands are joined on the opposite side.

A correspondent suggests that "the Italian Government, through some of the Antiquarian Societies in Italy, should place a dredging-machine on the Tiber; for, although we may not hope to fish up the Golden Candlestick, thrown over the Milerian Bridge on the defeat of Maxentius, yet some treasures might be found in such an unexplored field which would repay the labor and expense."—*The Athenæum*.

The death of Signor T. Minardi, of Rome, is announced. This artist was well known on account of his copy from Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and his leadership in the restoration of many Roman churches, the decorations of which, directly or indirectly, owed much to his care and learning.

The collection of paintings preserved in three rooms of the Hôtel de Ville at Strasburg was burnt during the siege. The loss is serious, and includes the "Marriage of S. Catharine" by Memmling, a fine Madonna by Perugino, portrait of woman by Miereveldt, and several altarpieces by Philippe de Champagne.

The frescoes by Guffens and Swerts, in the Liebfrauenkirche of St. Nicolas, at Antwerp, were uncovered on December 8th with much ceremony. By their extent alone they rank amongst the most important of late undertakings of this kind.

Mr. G. D. Leslie is engaged upon a painting of the subject of Nausicaa and her handmaids surprised by Ulysses, from the sixth book of the Odyssey.

W. Holl, the famous English engraver, died recently at the age of 64.

VARIETIES.

The New York Financial Association.—Several gentlemen of New York, among whom is Mr. Wm. T. Phipps, late president of the Merchants' Life Insurance Company, have organized the "New York Financial Association," for the purpose of procuring and settling life insurance and death claims, for buying and selling stocks, bonds, and mortgage securities, the collection of dividends, and, above all, for making loans on life and endowment insurance policies. There is no doubt that this latter will prove an immense accommodation to many, and by increasing the availability, greatly increase the value of an insurance policy. The whole plan, comprehending, as it does, almost all the ordinary financial methods, is a valuable one, and will no doubt prove a success. The capital of the association is \$100,000, and shares at \$10 each may be procured or information gotten by addressing John W. Simons, P. O. Box 6800. It is claimed that these shares are offered as a first-class dividend-paying security, and not attended with the risks and losses of ordinary banking.

The Power of Numerical Discrimination.—Prof. W. S. Jevons has a very interesting article on this subject in *Nature*, No. 67, for Feb. 9. Sir William Hamilton had maintained, in support of Ch. Bonnet and Destutt, that the mind had the power of grasping as many as six distinct objects at once, while Abraham Tucker limited the number to four. Prof. Jevons considers the lower number to be nearer the truth. By throwing a number of uniform black beans, fewer than 16, into a round white box standing in a black tray, he estimated the number which fell into the box at the moment of their coming to rest. Three and four he found were always estimated correctly;

with five there was an error amounting to about 5 per cent. of the number of trials, which gradually increased with higher numbers up to 15, when only two out of eleven trials were correctly estimated. From a statistical table of the results he calculated the empirical law for error to be—

$$\text{error} = \frac{n}{9} - \frac{1}{2}$$

n being the real number. The limit of complete accuracy, if there were one, would be neither at four nor five, but half-way between them.

*ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY-TREE,
Planted by Wm. Shakespeare; felled by the Rev.
F. Gastrell.*

THIS tree, here fall'n, no common birth or death
Shared with its kind. The world's enfranchised
son,

Who found the trees of Life and Knowledge
one,

Here set it, frailer than his laurel-wreath.

Shall not the wretch whose hand it fell beneath

Rank also singly—the supreme unhung?

Lo! Sheppard, Turpin, pleading with black
tongue

This viler thief's unsuffocated breath!

We'll search thy glossary, Shakespeare! whence
almost,

And whence alone, some name shall be reveal'd
For this deaf drudge, to whom no length of

ears
Sufficed to catch the music of the spheres;

Whose soul is carrion now,—too mean to
yield

Some tailor's ninth allotment of a ghost.

Stratford-on-Avon.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

General Prim.—Prof. Willcox, in recalling an interview with Prim, in *Appleton's Journal*, pays him the following tribute:—

Like Lincoln, Prim falls just as his work is done, just as he has guided the State through a great revolution. Both were hated alike by Tories and dreamers; both were upheld by the masses. Like Napoleon in France, Prim had the rare union of judgment and nerve that enabled him to see and to do what each instant needed.

Whether his aims were unselfish depends on definitions. In a land where the army is everything, he, thirty years ago, saw that the future belonged to liberal views, and cautiously so said. The only general of known progressive feeling, the progressists' hopes centred on him. While that party was down, he spoke and acted with great care, so as to win the love of the troops, keep the party's favor, and retain his rank. When the three liberal parties of Spain came into power, Prim came back from exile at their head, and, during the trying and eventful two years since, has toiled to found freedom of thought and expression firmly in ruined Spain, and at the same time to keep himself in power and fill his purse. All three he has somewhat done; and, having led the establishment of the new order of things, he passes from the stage as the king he has made steps on the soil he has helped to free.



Engraved for the Eclectic by Geo E Perins NY.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

